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DON SEBASTIAN,

OR,

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

FOUR VOLUMES IN TWO.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER,

AUTHORESS OF THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

.....Take Physic, Pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
So shalt thou shake the superflux to them,
And show the Heavens more just.

KING LEAR.

VOL. I. AND II.

EXETER:

PUBLISHED BY J. AND B. WILLIAMS.

1835.

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PREFACE.

The name of Don Sebastian immediately recalls to every historical reader, a character, which youth, faults, virtues, and misfortunes, have rendered highly interesting: I selected such a one for my Hero, from the wish of shewing how "sweet are the uses of adversity."

If I may be so fortunate as to instruct and to amuse at the same time, the utmost of my literary ambition will be gratified.

It has been my aim to keep as close to historical records, as was consistent with a work wherein imagination is allowed to make up for the deficiencies of [illegible]al tradition. In some places I have been obliged to [illegible]date an event, and to mix other motives of ac[illegible] with such as were avowed by the perso[illegible] on the great theatre of [illegible]

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Winthrop Wether
of Boston
(4 vols in 2)

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in event, and to mix other motives of ac-
such as were avowed by the persons then
he great theatre of Europe; but I have scru-
voided slandering the illustrious dead, and
scious of having materially altered any well-
trait.

ider may be offended or wearied with the
e which I have made of religious tenets; to
only offer one apology;—I had no other way
ing the conduct of Catholic powers, with
e been obliged to suppose, their conviction
bastian's identity when he re-appeared as
d as his chief calamity was the product of a
achment to the doctrines of Rome, I could

scarcely make that calamity effect the necessar lution in his general character, without changi the nature of his religious opinions.

In my delineation of countries, manners, &c. endeavoured to give as faithful a picture as wa ble to one who describes after the accounts of I consulted the voyages and tours of those da that the modern traveller, in journeying with n Barbary, Persia, and Brazil, must recollect that beholding those countries as they appeared in th teenth century.

By accident, I met with an ancient work upon So America, in which was the following sentence "twelve leagues southward from St. Salvador, appear the village of Cachoeira, formerly belonging to an un known Portuguese, who took great pains in reformin the savage people Guaymures to a civil life." Thi hint suggested to me the idea of making the Portu guese, and my principal character, the same person.

I am told that there has been a novel written i French on the same story, which forms the ground work of mine, but I have not seen it. The material with which I have worked, have been drawn fro general history, accounts of particular periods, the Har leian Miscellany, and a curious old tract published i 1602, containing the letters of Texere, De Castro, and others, with minute details of the conduct and suffer ings of the mysterious personage concerning whom i treats.

I trust the candid reader will excuse many defects i *this romance*, when he considers how long was th *space of time* to be filled up with events solely i

ich it was indispensible so to occupy, and to give the whole the semblance of vill reflect also how difficult it was for istorical action of sufficient weight and which I might have earlier concluded f Sebastian.

ning work should disappoint the read- r me to assure him that neither dili- ng information, and selecting circum- ustry in using them, has been spared. want of ability, but not from want of

[redacted]

INTRODUCTION.

Never has the pen of history had to record a more affecting event, than that which bore the house of Braganza to another hemisphere: animated by a noble disdain of submitting to foreign despotism, and bravely placing his country, not in the land of Portugal, but in the hearts of her people, the Prince Regent conquered in adversity, and triumphed even at the moment of despair.

Like the pious Æneas, who snatched from the flames of Troy, his father and his household Gods, he hastened to save some relics of Portugal; he hastened to embark his family and their adherents on board the national fleet to launch with them on the hitherto untried deep, and to lead them under the protection of Great Britain, to found a new empire in a new world.

It was on the morning of the 29th of November, 1807, that these patriot emigrants quitted the bay of Lisbon; they looked back on their forsaken capital, with emotions too strong and too complicated for description: every individual had left behind him some aged, or infirm, or timid relative, whom it was agony to abandon, and whom he quitted with the conviction of never seeing again; the scenes of their childhood, their vineyards, and their cities, nay even the shores of their native land, were never more to gladden their eyes!

A solemn pause had followed the noise and distraction of their embarkation; Lisbon was motionless: profound stillness, like that silence which surrounds the death bed of a mother, rested within her walls: every heart felt its impression.

Advancing with majestic slowness down the Tagus, the Portuguese fleet crossed the bar, and entered between the lines formed by the navy of England: the cannons of the two fleets answered each other; the sounds, doubled and redoubled by numerous echoes, were prolonged after the smoke had cleared away, and discovered the ships of Portugal and of Britain mingled together on the Atlantic ocean.

Having exchanged gratulation and farewell with the Embassador and the gallant Admiral of the friendly squadron, the Prince Regent gave a last, long look to Portugal, and forcibly tore himself from the deck of his vessel. In the cabin, he found part of the royal family

yielding themselves up to regret and anxiety suffered them to weep without interruption, till the ment in which lamentation made a pause; he took the united hands of his daughter, and of Ma phew, the Prince of Spain, and pressing them to his own, held them with a look, serious, sad, yet lected.

"Let us dry our tears, he said; let us bravely to our fate, and bless God for having allowed us to tain that which ennobles every situation—Freedom! We go, my children, to seek a new world; to found there a new empire; it belongs to us to stamp the future character of an unborn nation:—May we feel the gratitude of such responsibility!—As our example shall persuade, as our authority shall impel, so will vice or virtue prevail in Transatlantic Portugal; her existence, her expansion, her dignity, her immortality, depend upon her princes and nobles. Be this truth engraven on your hearts! may its awful voice resound for ever in your ears, influencing your lives to the exercise of all the social duties.

"Among the state treasures, I have preserved one most precious; 'tis the history of an illustrious ancestor, more unfortunate than ourselves, but for whom misfortune was a blessing.

"We will read this MS together; the style and the arrangement may offend a nice judgment, because they are the production of an humble pen; but the story itself is interesting, and the character of our ancestor may serve as an important lesson to ourselves: compose your spirits my dear children—listen to me with attention."

While the Prince was speaking, he drew from his breast a large roll of written paper, and after such of his family, as were present, had seated themselves eagerly around him, he read in a voice somewhat agitated by late emotion, the following narrative.

[redacted]

f SEBASTIAN,

OR

USE OF BRAGANZA.

CHAPTER I.

January, 1554, Juan, prince of
ıis last, in the palace of Ribera, at

nent grief and dismay seized the
ıarents; as they alternately clasped
ı their arms, and thought of all he
ıost forgot their hope of soon pos-
of his fair-promising youth.
ısband's danger, his young consort
to the palace of Xabregas, in the
ıile he was struggling between life
as impatiently awaiting the hour
ı her with the first pledge of their
r love. Under such circumstances
prince Juan's death became an act
st as it regarded the princess, whose
er unborn infant, would have been
ıre.
ıderly deceived by all around her;
ın painfully dissembling their afflic-
usual, daily bringing with them lit-
ir son whose anxious love had early
led against this trying occasion. He
m several letters without dates, ex-
lest attachment, and pathetically la-
rogress of his recovery, which alone
society; he had ordered these to be
ıne to time, until she should have
the world another heir to the crown.
that period deception was to cease.
sweet error the young princess yield
f her royal parents, that she shou

ppily unconscio...
young and beauteous p...
er, in the grave!

Lisbon became now a scene of hope and
amentations for one beloved prince was mix
nxiety for the birth of another: solemn fas
rdained, vows offered, pilgrimages undertake
cessions made. On the eighth day after Jua
cease, at the dead of the night preceding the
St. Sebastian, all the religious orders in Portug
seen headed by the archbishop, and cardinal
walking in awful silence, barefooted and de
bearing in their hands mourning torches to ligl
on their way to the grand church of Bethlehem
mass for the soul of their departed prince w
brated, with all the pomp of that church whic
and overwhelms the heart by its powerful app
senses. Images, relics, incense, music, all co
to heighten pity and grief into madness: gr
prayers were for awhile the only sounds h
gling with the wailing tones of the organ:
even these ceased, and the priests and the
mained in silence prostrate before the host.

At that moment a shout from the multitu
broke the solemn pause: the next instant
"Prince! a Prince is born!"
...ted from the eart

s swooned repeatedly; reviving only to call, tic cries, upon him whose "ear was now stop- dust."

hat hour no human effort availed to comfort ely sixteen, this heaviest of all mortal sor- the first suffering her heart had known: infant son, though she loved him to agony, reanimate her hopes; as she held him in her would bathe him in tears and think but the is father. A curtain of adamant had fallen her and the world; she felt it; and fearful of ed into new engagements hereafter, deter- m withdrawing to the sanctuary of a reli- ession.

he widowed princess was inwardly revolving to compass this melancholy desire, she was d into Spain by her brother Philip II. then g out for Flanders to negociate his nuptials y of England. By accepting the regency absence, she hoped to find an opportunity illizing her mind previous to a renunciation lunary ties; and trusted, that when far from of past happiness and future anxiety—when from the afflicting pleasure of her infant's e might succeed in giving up her whole soul and God. Aware of the opposition which made to this resolution in Portugal, the prin- ed it to her own breast; but while she took g leave of the King and Queen, could not re- exclaiming—"O my parents! we shall never ." These words were at the time ascribed ebodings of a heart which believed itself but were afterwards remembered as proofs ly pursued resolution.

r child the youthful mother tore herself with in the midst of its innocent endearments, t all delightful emotions had not been buried usband. For the first time her heart whisper- e was not utterly desolate, since she had yet precious to relinquish.

rom her purpose, trembling, and bathed in na sunk upon a seat: "Ah, my child!" she , straining it to her breast—"how can I leave thee no more?"

g and Queen not venturing to speak, folded around her: their tremulous, yet strong poke a joyful hope of detaining her: at that raised her eyes, overflowing with consent; l on the picture of Juan drawn in his bridal this piercing sight, she shrieked, covered

her face, wildly repeating—"O no, no; I s
love him and lose him too."

Impressed with this sudden dread of livi
ness the premature death of her son, the princ
from every attempt to detain her, and hurrie
the palace. Her retinue waited at the gates: she
herself into a carriage, and amidst guards and
ants left Portugal never to return.

A destroying angel seemed at this period to be
missioned for the affliction of that unhappy co
The death of prince Juan had been followed
voluntary departure of his interesting widow; a
gret for the last misfortune, was absorbed in gr
the loss of Louis, Duke de Beja, brother to the
the King himself, sinking under sorrow and sickn
shortly afterwards terminated his exemplary life, le
ing a monarch of three years old, whose long mino
threatened many political calamities.

The Queen now unwillingly undertook the regen
a task imposed on her by her late husband. For awh
she administered the laws, and guided public measu
with a wise and impartial spirit: but at length wear
with groundless animadversions, she grew timid of
own counsels, and gladly transferred the reins of
vernment into the hands of Cardinal Henry.

The new regent possessed much ability, and m
integrity; but he was a prelate of the church of Ro
and thought less of instructing his young sovereign
the art of governing well, than of teaching him to
vere and defend all the superstitions of popery.
confided him to the care of four preceptors; tw
these were zealous Jesuits, and were charged with
spiritual education: the others were noblemen of
tinguished reputation, who were to instruct their pri
in history, philosophy, and moral exercises.

Don Alexes de Meneses, the first of these nob
was allied to the Italian family of Medici, and had b
nurtured at Florence, under their auspices, in
newly-discovered learning of the ancients: havin
genius for active scenes, he devoured with avidity
works of their historians and poets, while he coldly
rused the peaceful theories of their philosophers.
came therefore to the task of education, with no o
aim than that of making his pupil a conqueror.

His coadjutor, Gonzalez de Camera, facilitated
aim. He had served in the wars of Germany, u
Sebastian's maternal grandfather, Charles V.
though no longer young, talked with youthful ar
battles, and sieges, and victories. He failed
paint every virtue in the justest colours; but w

were of themselves too much inclined to tread a prec
pice: had he fallen into the hands of men of calm
feelings, and cooler heads, he might have risen wit
steady wing to the empyreal height of true glory: as
was, he became the prey of passion, and the slave
error.

Years now rolled away: Portugal gradually recovere
from her domestic losses, and began to anticipate wi
eagerness the end of her young sovereign's minorit
the regent himself panted for a more tranquil statio
and Don Sebastian burned to seize the sceptre Prov
dence had destined him to wield. At the age appoir
ed by law, this was voluntarily resigned to him.

The young monarch's coronation was as magnifice
as his spirit: all the riches of the new world, the go
of Mexico, the diamonds of Brazil, the pearls of C
mutz, were displayed on the persons of the nobilit
Their very horses, proudly pranced under housings
cloth of gold and precious stones.

As the long procession passed from the palace to t
cathedral, crouds of spectators lining the streets a
windows, easily distinguished their prince by the su
rior nobleness of his air. In the very flower of l
youth Sebastian appeared mounted on a white Arabia
the trappings of which were studded with rubies: l

covered. From that moment he became thei
Such is the effect of youth, beauty, and urban
high stations!

At the gate of the cathedral, the cardinal Her
tended by the archbishop of Lisbon, and the r
the clergy, received the King: he was then con
into the body of the church, where the three
took the oaths of fidelity, and the crown was pla
his head. Immediately after, Sebastian went
monastery, where his illustrious grand-mother
lived retired, in order to receive her blessing, a
express a dutiful sense of her past kindness: he
returned to his palace, where he directly assume
functions of royalty.

The first acts of the young monarch's govern
were calculated to inspirit the Portuguese: his
nistration of justice was so impartial, that not
those who suffered by this impartiality, ventured a
plaint: neither friend nor enemy expected fro
the least bias on their side. In his domestic rela
he was generous and forgiving; but in his public
racter, inflexible. By presenting the court of ju
ture with a copy of the laws, abridged and transc
by himself, he early informed his people that no
was so valuable in his eyes as their rights.

Sebastian displayed much magnificence in his
and infinite liberality in his gifts; yet, he was not
surable for extravagance. By giving splendor t
own appointments, he believed himself honorin
nation over which he reigned; and by rewardin
ents, he gratified a munificent spirit, while he see
important services to the community.

Impressed with an exalted notion of the *divine*
of Kings, he would not hear that authority questio
though indeed, he prized absolute power, for the
of being enabled by it to succour and to bless ot
Too keenly alive to the impressions made by his t
some thirst for distinction as a warlike King, ins
bly mixed with this laudible motive: religious p
dices united to stimulate him; and the voice of
resounding from the depths of time, at once in
and commanded him to seize a crown of imperish
structure.

His head was soon filled by visions of future g
ness, and his heart fired with holy zeal: he medit
the conquest and the conversion of half the globe.
conquer from the mere mania for dominion, wa
horrent even to him who felt that war would her
be his element; but when he associated with the
conquest, the prospect of rescuing whole natio

allow of death," from Mahometanism or Pa-
he gave way to military enthusiasm, and daily
fancy with plans of heroic enterprise.
thing with Sebastian was a passion: his friend-
is love for his people; nay, his religion itself;
e each, so many internal fires which sometimes
ut, and desolated instead of cherishing. But
ald, that the most fertile regions are to be found
eighbourhood of volcanoes, so the finest qualities
nected in Sebastian's nature, with a dangerous
He would at any time have sacrificed his
his life, or what is dearer than life—his tender-
"for the sake of adding one paise breadth to
dom;" he would have denied himself any gra-
, if he believed it reprehensible in itself, or in-
another; he was at all times, and in all things,
to *self*: his faults therefore, were the sole pro-
the age he lived in, and the education he had
; had he been born two centuries later, how
might have been his character, how different

lished by many fine qualities, it was not won-
at Sebastian, though tinctured with imperious-
impatience, should be generally idolized: his
new him only as a benefactor, and they were
enough to foresee the evils which the rashness
position might produce.
gst the nobility, he lived with the freedom of
ingenuous youth, trusting to the influence of
liar conduct for the preservation of their re-
le shared their amusements and other exerci-
without a single rebuke, purified their grosser
y his temperate example. The spirit of Sebas-
led no effort to rise superior to every debasing

, he knew little of the female character; but
have disdained himself had he believed his
able of loving the bondage even of love: he
oy the light of beauty without feeling its fire;
gh courteous to all the ladies of his court, was
r to none.
ing delicate amusements, he affected those only
nder the frame robust, and the spirit intrepid.
bodily exercise he continued to accomplish
nal advantages, while he steadily fixed his eye
period in which those advantages of health
gth would become important.
t object he meditated, was an expedition to
whence he might carry conquest and Chris-
r the whole of India: but towards so remote

a country, even his governors Camera and M
clared it would be madness to turn his arms
horted him to weigh maturely the inade
present resources, and those evils which m
Portugal from her sovereign's removal to
tance: finally, they prevailed on him to defe
ry projects till a few more years had given
his opinions.

Among the nobility by whom he was
Sebastian distinguished Antonio, prior of Crato
though an illegitimate son of the late Duke d
was considered throughout Portugal as the Ki
knowledged relation.

In conformity with the customs of those tim
tonio had taken the vow of celibacy, in order to
him for holding the rich priory of Crato, and the gr
mastership of the knights of Malta: in other resp
he possessed nothing of the priest. Nature had
dowed him with an animating cheerfulness of disp
tion, to which every one resorted for pleasure: he
liberal of his purse, liberal even to carelessness in
judgments; naturally indolent and indifferent in
ters of importance; but capable of catching the fe
of enthusiasm from another. This last quality gave
his influence over Sebastian.

The King was flattered by the appearance of hav
roused Antonio from a degrading apathy: for, inde
except in the prior's attachment to him, he seemed
void of any serious feeling. Every impression lef
beauty, by accomplishments, by goodness, by wisd
by affairs of the state or the church, passed off f
his volatile mind, like sand drifted by the wind.
laughed and trifled with Sebastian, alternately deligh
and provoked him, for ever beguiled him with the p
pect of improvement, and for ever disappointed h
but it was this unsubstantial character which fixed
in Sebastian's heart. A character which received
best impressions with the most seducing facility,
never retained, and always lamented them, was
pressly formed to excite partial solicitude. Ant
became by degrees his constant companion, his
intimate confidant, and at length his chief counse

The deaths of Meneses and Camera, which hap
ed in the course of the same year, greatly affected
bastian, although these events left him more free
the bent of his own inclination: He could now re
his resolution of plunging into a religious war, wit
apprehension of being restrained by opinions to w
he was used to yield. The habit of believing t
solution highly meritorious, had given some imp

ness to his mode of carrying it into execution; and could not always conceal his disdain for such pers as represented that no zeal for general good, sho make him risk the particular good of his own subjec But towards Antonio, he turned with redoubled favo for Antonio warmly embraced the revived projects, c fering to accompany him into Africa, a country no become the object of his contemplation.

The Moors, though driven out of Spain, still con tinued to increase in strength and dominion among the mountains of Barbary: they frequently attacked the fortresses belonging to Portugal, which remained to her upon their coast, and not only treated the prisoners made in these engagements with extreme rigour, but terrified or seduced some of them into the profession of their impious faith. Sebastian meditated the destruction of this growing power: he communicated his design to Antonio alone, who consented to become his companion in a secret excursion to the fortress of Tangier, from whence they might gather certain information of the nature and the resources of the Mauritanian states.

As it was the young King's wish to avoid controversy with his ministers, by keeping the whole affair secret till he had reconnoitred Africa, Don Antonio was di ected to make private arrangements for their convey ance beyond sea, while under the pretence of a hunting atch, he should draw together all the young lords ely to embrace their enterprise.

Gallantly provided, those favorite nobles met their ereign in the province of Algarve, where ed his project of crossing over

princes began to hope that in their contests
macy, he might reap solid advantage.

Having thoroughly acquainted himself w
important subjects, the King hastened his re
tion: flushed with the conviction of bein no
lear down every cautionary suggestion of his
lors, by arguments drawn from actual obse
the country he was going to invade. After a
sence he set sail again with his followers for the
of Portugal.

In mid sea they met and engaged a Turkish
The Turk was greatly superior in size and force
band of brave spirits animated into heroes by
ample of thei ot to be conquered b
mon efforts. ught like a roused li
fought for t he fought for the liv
liberties of rashness had endan
he fought to d he fought against i
After a lon stance, the Turk strec
flag, and S the ensign of the cros
take its pl hailed an omen which
mised victo t.

Elated w royal galliot proceede
rect for Lisbo re entering the mouth c
Tagus, a su se, and for some hour
bastian beh aching in a more appa
shape than en among the flashin
arms. But his c not desert him even t
nay, it shone with ste brightness as the da
darkened. By remaining undismayed himself, h
called the energies of others. Every effort and a
ty were exerted; and it proved ultimately success
they rode out the storm in safety through a sta
night, and the next morning were seen entering the
gus in triumph with their prize.

The return of their beloved prince thus accompa
circulated extreme joy throughout Lisbon:—in
safety and his conquest, the boyish imprudence c
conduct was forgotten, and exultation alone appe
on the faces of the Portuguese. But alas! this
tation was quickly swallowed up in horror; fo
plague, which during the King's absence had appe
in several provinces, now broke out in the city,
swept away thousands with resistless fury.

Sebastian's strenuous exertions were applied to
the progress of this calamity: he refused to
his capital, confidently reposing on the pro
heaven, while engaged in the performance
Often was this youthful father of his p
passing from house to house, to witness the

of the orders he issued for the relief of
subjects; often was he seen to weep o
wounds, which not even the hand of
prince could heal.

When the contagion had exhausted its r
few remaining inhabitants awoke from the
tion, the King's safety became a miracle in
and Sebastian himself, recollecting his co
the infidel and the tempest, believed his lif
for some admirable purpose.

It was with bitter regret that he now saw
can enterprize frustrated for awhile: his
wasted by sickness, and enfeebled by terror,
capable of affording him those supplies, ne
success; he therefore laid aside the plan, and
his cousin Antonio, to recover from their fa
mortification among the romantic scenes of t
residence near Crato.

It was in this enchanting retreat that he was
by a proposal from his first minister, for his
with a princess of France. Though Sebastian
the idea of love (such as he saw it amongst hi
courtiers,) with infinite scorn, and wondered
man's heart could find room for any other passi
glory, he had at this moment a confused ide
preference at least, was necessary to make the m
joke pleasant, or light. He hastily caught up t
picture of the lady (which had been sent with th
proposal,) and looked earnestly at it: the next inst
threw it away, exclaiming with his usual impet
"'tis a peevish, *little-souled* face, and I would no
try the original if she had all France for her do

Antonio took up the picture and eyed it with
admiration—"and pray my good, insensible cou
said, what wouldst thou have?—here is a very
neck, a skin like roses and lilies, a delicate
adorable eyes!—the princess is, I dare say, a cha
little doll, with which a man might amuse himse
agreeably when he had nothing else to do."

"But I shall always have something else to
and Sebastian, I cannot bear the thought of h
contemptible play-thing for a wife; yet I shoul
myself were I ever to be fascinated by any
the servile bondage of love,—no; you m
t my time: I shall marry some day; but I w
ven, not before I have combatted the hab
own ground."

"hat is a very foolish vow, observed An
ive you recal it."

ver! exclaimed the king, never! (a

spoke, his eyes lightened with youthful ardo
know my character Antonio: it is formed of
materials than yours, it does not easily be made
necessity. Though our exhausted country n
fainting before us, she will revive, she will re
and then, strong in a divine cause, conscious of n
tive beyond the love of mankind, (whose bodies
accursed Mahometans torture in slavery, and
souls they draw into everlasting perdition,) I w
vance under the banner of the cross, confident of
tory.—What is it I seek?—not dominion, not pow
nor the mere name of conqueror? I combat for
eternal good of the human race: I pant after no eart
honour; exce, roud distinction of hav
extirpated th rist."
"That is able, and very true,
royal cousin, r, but as neither pri
nor laymen ad the will of Heaven,
must not be at of success, at least
should con ity of your being ordain
(which Go I in the very moment
triumph, pa our blood the saintly
tinction to wh ." The young king w
was traversing th t, turned quickly round
this; transported with th zzling thought his enthu
astic spirit blazed on his e; he looked at his cou
with rapture. "Such a death!—Antonio, would
not envy such a death?"

"Not in the least," replied the prior gaily, "
must excuse me if I pray for a very different end fo
both.—But if *you* are bent upon thus expiring like
Phœnix amidst the cloves and cinnamon of glory, su
me to remind you, that Portugal will then have rea
to lament the princess of France's peevish countenan
and her monarch's imprudent vow."

Sebastian was struck with the observation: aft
pause he said, "you are right; yet I am not incli
to retract. While I study the happiness of my peo
surely it is not required of me to sacrifice my own
Though at this instant, I could contentedly take
vow of celibacy to please them (if that were necess
for any good purpose,) I do not find in myself a dis
sition to embitter my domestic life merely for the s
of leaving them an heir to my crown.—I can imag
infinite happiness with a wife suited to my taste, c
sonant with my principles, and capable of c
some of my own wild-fire; and I feel a jealou
thing in my breast—call it pride, call it delic
you will, but it is a sentiment of abhorre
thought of cherishing a woman who would

sented to fill the arms of any other King that mi, have sat on the throne of Portugal.—For this reaso, cannot, I will not marry one to whom I am personal unknown—this is my determination, carry it to Alc çava, and let him manage the refusal with the custom ry decorum."

After a little good-humoured railery, Antonio pre pared to set out for Lisbon, and the King, without suffering any one to attend him, mounted a horse and rode forth.

His spirit was disturbed by that prevalent anxiety for his marriage, which his ministry had urged in support of their late proposal; and it was saddened by the small prospect there was, of his being speedily able to realize the darling wish that had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Disinterested as he firmly believed himself, and purely actuated by zeal for the holy faith, yet he could not conceal from his own conscience, that a boundless ambition of fame, had its share in regretting the delay of his purposed expedition: the enfeebled state of his dominions had prevented him from contributing any assistance to the grand coalition then forming against the Turks—and the splendid success of that coalition, deepened his chagrin. The victory of Lepanto haunted his nightly dreams; he secretly repined at the thick laurels of Don John of Austria: painfully contrasting that young admiral's achievements, with his own blighted and withering hopes.

Wearied with thought and motion, Sebastian th- himself off his horse in a solitary spot lls, and suffering him to

dragging along a half finished gar[illegible] and
t with a suddenness which made the Kin[illegible]
The wanton animal was swiftly follow[illegible] ed [illegible]
:gin, who stopped confounded at sig[illegible] at [illegible]
rt of her veil was off, and filled with t[illegible] he [illegible]
ad been employed in arranging, and a p[illegible]
right golden hair, picturesquely disorde[illegible],
eat and the pursuit, was scattered on a
sparkled in the sun like alabaster. The e[illegible]
her feelings had heightened the lustre of he[illegible]
such perfection, that Sebastian almost believe
ject before him a celestial vision. The blue
her eyes, the glittering bloom of her comple
gracefulness of her attitude, and the animati
whole person, gave him for the first time in
complete idea of female charms.

Abashed and surprised by an exclamatio
escaped him, the fair stranger turned blushi
hastily endeavoring to cover herself with her [illegible]

Sebastian pointed to the goat now trailing
rustic trappings along the ridge of a steep
"You will not go, fair creature! he said, till
given me permission to attempt the recove
runaway?"

Fresh beauty was diffused over the exq
tures of the lady, while she willingly essaye
him: "I have imprudently ventured too f
my father's park, she added, or you would
thus unattended sir. I ought not to remai
a stranger perhaps, but your countenance
respect, and I think, I hope, I am not wro
ing your services!"

The King now led her to the shade, whe
herself, while he ascended a neighboring
returned with the gont: at the playful
lovely mistress, the little animal lay dov
penitence beside her, suffering Sebastian
hold it prisoner. The panting fatigue o
salva and the peculiar freshness of the a
afforded him a plausible excuse for se
her: Gonsalva herself, flattered with
she inspired, was in no haste to rec
struck with the noble air of her com
some womanish curiosity about his nan
Sebastian desirous of concealing hin
ticipating any further acquaintance,
tions. He found from her own acc
the only daughter of the count Vir
the court of France,) and was the
mily mansion, under the protecti

An abundance of enchanting gaiety led Gonsalva into unreserved conversation: she rallied the King upon the solitude in which she had found him, and with arch naiveté told him she should never in future address her saint without remembering to pray for the *gallant solitary*. "But by what name shall I pray for him?" asked she, rising to depart: the King hesitated; as he was born upon the eve of the joint feast of two Saints, he believed himself entitled to the name of either, so bid her remember him by the title of Don Fabian.

Donna Gonsalva repeated the words. "I shall not forget you; said she, remember me, when you look at this flower, that will be just five minutes, for it is withering now." She threw him a lily out of her bosom with a smile of such magic beauty, that Sebastian could not refrain from snatching the fair hand which dropped the flower, and printing it lightly with a kiss. Gonsalva drew away her hand in displeasure. Would she have done so, had she know that this was the first kiss those lips had given to beauty, and that it was the King of Portugal who gave it?

She disappeared the next moment, leaving Sebastian endeavoring to rally himself upon so unusual an impulse of gallantry.

The beautiful Portuguese had successfully dispersed the young monarch's gloom; it did not return: he loitered awhile longer in the scene where he had beheld her, then seeking his horse, returned to Crato.

—oooo—

CHAPTER II.

As Antonio had business to transact for the King with his cabinet, he did not return immediately from Lisbon, and Sebastian having visited him without any of his favorite Lords, was now thrown principally upon his own resources for amusement. The weather was so hot for hunting or tennis, reading stirred his ardent spirit too violently, and he was not in the mood for general society; the next day therefore, he naturally thought of the last day's agreeable adventure: without absolutely proposing to do so, he rode out again unattended.

On reaching the pass leading into the valley, he left his horse in charge of a goatherd who was stationed there to watch some flocks, and pursued his way on. The heat was moderated by a slight shower, and had refreshed the verdant landscape, and birds sung from every copse: but the scene was

ed the presence of Gonsalva; she was n
bastian mechanically followed the track
her take, and descending the opposite si
hill, saw stretched out before him, a luxu
tensive vale, in which the villa and domai
were nobly conspicuous.

Proceeding through a thicket of ever-gr
King soon found himself in a labyrinth
chose one at a venture, and fortune desti
lead him to the entrance of a bower, whe
fair subject of his thoughts, occupied
letter.

At sight of him roseate blushes succe
trancing smiles, passed over her face. "I
she exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake wh
here?"

The question was unlucky, as it was
perhaps, which the King could not answer
to himself, he looked at her, hesitated, felt
and at length said timidly, "to ask forg
lieve, for the fault I committed yesterday.

Donna Gonsalva now remembered that
him in anger. "So then, you have the
increase that fault, by following me into a
if you were to be seen, it might cost yo
me, my reputation and peace of mind!—fo
do not stay here—I expect—I expect one
tions every instant—should he see you—a
go, for Heaven's sake go!"—As the bea
guese spoke, she unconsciously grasped
her hand and impelled him towards the

Sebastian's heart, for the first moment
throbbed with a tender emotion, nearly a
he understood nothing in this speech but
his preservation; and he knew himself n
was not the King of Portugal then, but
stranger, whom the daughter of the co
was thus solicitous to save. "Ah, cha
salva," he cried with an air of mental into
you are as amiable as you appear, the wis
my people, he was going to add, but chec
discreet expression, he finished the sent
sigh.

An excess of pleasure brightened the be
salva: she averted her eyes to conceal it
repeated an entreaty that he would conside
priety of her being discovered in convers
young nobleman unknown to her famil
still lingered: "you must not refuse me
ing!"—he said; and he said it with t

mmand is habitual, and refusal a novelty.
not!" repeated Gonsalva, laughing, "do
ser, Don Fabian, that you are speaking to
nd that woman the daughter of the count
our sex are not accustomed to yield even
t favors, at the mere expression of an ar-
we must be sued to submissively."
ion is my abhorrence!" exclaimed the
rch with vivacity, "I feel now, and for
e in my life, that I can admire, I can prize,
perhaps; But you must not expect me to
uality with the object. I must have heart
must excite as many tender apprehensions
'—
o are you, that can never speak without an
claimed Gonsalva, laughing excessively—
not time to hear your answer, leave me I
y perhaps meet again, and then—I hear
rewell count."—She turned abruptly into
and Sebastian desirous of remaining un-
ened out of the domain.
sooner at a distance from the villa Vimio-
began to muse over the confession of ad-
which he had been hurried, and to dwell
pleasure on the concluding words of Gon-
ey certainly intimated a wish to see him
ess than an hour, a complete set of new
aken possession of his mind: the conver-
Don Antonio and the wish of his people,
h the image of Donna Gonsalva, awakened
an emotion hitherto unknown; but an
sweet and subtle for rejection. The ad-
lf had the charm of novelty; as for the
his life he beheld a young and lovely wo-
far from dreaming of his rank, believed
uperior. Amongst the ladies of the court
beauty, but it was beauty divested of its
ng graces, the play of innocent freedom:
met with one who did not appear emu-
t the King's notice; and as he possessed
licacy to bear the thought of owing any
exalted station, he despised and avoided
.
solely with the romantic reveries of an
igh erring ambition, he had hitherto felt
oning upon the subject, that he had no time
ascious that whenever he yielded to that
would influence his happiness entirely.
as the only opportunity that might ever
or acquiring a female heart, without the

ateful aid of royalty; here was an opportu mi
ifying his people without mortifying his own
The prospect of arms and victories no long
the void of his capacious soul, and how could
ter console himself for this, than by trying to
modate his private inclinations with those of
jects?

The extreme beauty and graceful gaiety o
Gonsalva delighted the senses of Sebastian; h
to find her equally charming in mind and heart
all he passionately desired to make her love him
the imperiousness of a King he resolved to r
solute over her affections, to have his power
and submitted to, or not to reign at all: he de
ed to be preferred as Don Fabian, before he
be known as Sebastian. Every thing promised
to this romantic resolution; and the more he r
on it the more he was confirmed in the inte
concealing his real rank from Gonsalva; as s
much secluded and at some miles distance fro
discovery was unlikely, besides which, the cla
nature of their intercourse rendered enquiries
part almost impossible.

Satisfied with these mental arrangements,
rode gaily home, forgetful of the foolish vo
taken; treading lightly on the delightful pr
Love, whose first prospects are like "the
Heaven's everlasting gates, on golden hin
ing."—

He finished the day among his young n
uncommon animation.

The prior of Crato was expected the nex
Sebastian saw day dawn, after passing a ni
wakefulness, during which the immage of
salva had floated perpetually before him
behold her in reality, ere the return of his
King withdrew early from his attending lo
the road to Vimiosa.

As he was proceeding to enter the pat
thicket, he saw Gonsalva at a distance, i
of the domain, walking on a terrace, cut
a hill, that overlooked the house; he ha
but perceiving that she had a female com
ed and placed himself under the boughs
ladies turned, and walked towards hi
proached, his heart beat with an anxiety
himself: if Gonsalva should not see hi
branches of the tree with a tremblin
she started and put aside her veil.
glow of pleasure irradiated her eff

[redacted]

e that had charmed away the reason of Se-
gahi transported him; but she dropped her
assed on without speaking.
king several turns together, the ladies sepa-
aunt of Gonsalva descended a flight of steps
h the trees hung so thick, as soon to exclude
sight, while her fair niece at first advanced
e grove which concealed Sebastian, and then
ly struck into a path sloping directly from

etuous monarch disturbed at the thought of
ure, sprang forward, intreating that she would
nsalva half turned round—"So, you are here
good friend?"—she said, in a tone of care-
which her sparkling looks contradicted,—
come to teach me another lesson out of your
hism of female subjection?—let me tell you
authority that you have, is abominably pro-
nd I should like vastly to break its neck: one
umility would make you—not absolutely

shall find me humbler to you, than to any
g in the world;" replied Sebastian smiling,
vill but strive to think of me with tender-
Gonsalva laughed. "What a pleasant mad-
ce has introduced me to!—upon what do you
ese extravagant pretensions? pretensions too,
tly urged! did you never read the Spanish
who calls *Love that courteous affront offered to*
prithee con over his definition and profit by
k of you with tenderness! why, my presump-
nd, if I think of you at all in any way 'tis
you should expect. Think of you with ten-
when all I know of you is that you have a
figure, which sillier women than myself may
uaded you is irresistible!—A potentate could
vith more authority."
cidentally penetrating glance of her eyes while
these words, so confounded Sebastian, that
he blood mantle on his cheeks, she laughed
Come, this is the colouring of penitence, so
t chide you any more. Never let me hear a
uous word breathed, consent to be docile as a
l I may condescend to be so much interested
to ask you, who you are? whence you come?
her you go?"
this discourse Donna Gonsalva had entered a
ng off the terrace, and they were now advan-
gh an olive plantation which effectually se-
from observation. Sebastian was encou

raged by her arch freedom: "Whence I come, and whither I go, fair Gonsalva, he said matters not; what I am, you shall know. I am a soldier: one that hitherto had no other passion than glory; one that never yet bowed either heart or knee to beauty. If you see honor and honesty in my countenance, believe me when I swear that neither my rank nor fortune are unworthy of the count Vimiosa's heiress: but ask me no further; imperious circumstances render me mysterious. Suffer me to see you, suffer me to attempt winning *your* heart, and losing *my own*, and then,"—"O ye saints! interrupted Gonsalva, what excess of gallantry! So—you have not *lost your* heart yet! but wait most obsequiously for the surrender of mine! I protest count, or duke, or whatever you are, you have a very taking way of making love! This cloven foot of arbitrary insolence is forever shewing itself: I have a shrewd notion you are one of our young King's attendants, and have caught his character?" "And what is the King's character?" asked Sebastian smiling. "An excellent one for a King, doubtless, replied Gonsalva. He thinks of nothing but rule and dominion, breathes nothing but war and devastation, and would fancy himself *un-kinged* if he were to yield an *iota* to a woman. All the court ladies love him mortally, and hate him mortally: they are charmed by his accomplishments, but piqued at his coldness. I have heard some of them say so repeatedly. Give him the world to reign over, and he would not care if there was not a woman in it."

Sebastian did not reply: he was momentarily lost in rumination upon the injustice done to his actions by mistaking their motives. It was evident that Gonsalva had learned his character from report, and spoke therefore the prevailing opinion. After a pause he said, "I have been told that Don Sebastian young as he is, cannot be justly taxed with a thirst for mere power; he is *said* to be actuated by zeal for our holy faith."

"*You know* it perhaps?" rejoined Gonsalva playfully. "Come, come, confess that you are one of court. I hear his majesty is at Crato with Don Antonio, and of course some of his lords must be in tendance on him."

"Well then, replied Sebastian, I may frankly that I came with the King and must return wi *to Lisbon*. My visits here are secret; Don Se *has always* expressed such disdain at lovers, *knew me* capable of humbling myself to s *less tyrant as* your fair self, I fear he wo *my altered* sentiments. Allow me to ho *Gonsalva*, that you will permit me to

hour to-morrow? The King will soon re-
om, and then I shall see you no more."
pronounced the last words with a sigh, and
ooked on the heavenly features of Gonsalva
ession of answering regret: those heavenly
ere as usual brilliant with delight; her heart
ear touched by the intimation of this sepa-
Do you see that tower yonder? she asked,
o a part of the house which rose above some
apartments are there: under the tower-win-
s a neglected path half choaked with shrubs,
you chuse to ramble and take the chance of
s; and being noticed, I shall not command you
A short excursion by moonlight will do you
: but mark me—no serenading."
n it is at night I am to expect the happiness
g you?"
e I not told you, not to *expect* any thing? if
n't consent to take even trifles as unlooked-for
you will lose my friendship. I *will* be absolute
way; a very counterpart of your royal master.
ou well, Don Fabian, if you should miss seeing
ny window, take this as a complete adieu: and,
hear, when you return to Lisbon, do set about
both yourself and the King, of your abominable
ace."
ay flew the volatile beauty with the grace of a
, leaving Sebastian pierced with pains which he
d to analyze; too certain they were occasioned
seeming indifference. Something like resent-
welled his proud heart as he recalled the tender-
f his parting manner, and the carelessness of
he felt as if he had been duped; and execrated
for having yielded even momentarily to a weak-
hich had thus sunk him into the play-thing of a
. To have gained gently upon her affections,
nned an infant fire with the softest breath of res-
l love, had been the aim of his wishes; but to
ip an idol without a heart, feed an inhuman deity
groans and tears, to dote on what he could not
, was a meanness he scorned.
u *have* seen me for the last time, insensible
va!" he exclaimed, as turning from the view of
ver, he rushed towards the mountains.
ed at himself, and irritated with disappointment,
e to Crato in a mood that clouded his physiog
The prior was waiting his return: Sebastia
r *noticing* him, seized a bundle of despatc
m *one of his* ministers, and began to read t
Don Antonio ventured a jocular remark
rbed countenance.

an was usual with him; but at length this unnatural
straint wore off, and the remainder of the day was
ent in all the freedom of friendship.

Sebastian's resolution to avoid Gonsalva, lasted ra-
er longer than his indignation. By degrees the flat-
ing parts of her manner came oftener to his memory
an those gay airs of indifference which had mortified
s too sanguine nature: the agitating blush, the hope-
rakening smile haunted his day-dreams; sometimes
saw her in the visions of the night, yielding him
e of those "tresses like the morn," which shaded her
ory neck, and half-averting a cheek now glowing with
e sensibility of a melting heart.—He awoke, but the
ducing image still swam before him.

Sebastian then revolved the probability of his having
dged hastily and harshly: delicacy alone, or love dis-
ustful of its empire, might have dictated that spright-
carelessness which had shocked him: though she had
id they might not meet again, she did not perhaps
ink so, nor mean him to seek for her in vain at her
ndow; would it not be well then, to make another
y to observe the effect of his absence? the youth-
over decided in the affirmative.

ing unexpectedly summoned by state affairs to his
l, he determined to make a last trial of Gonsalva?

length this mut
of the day w

nsalva, lasted
degrees the
to his mem
had mortil
nsh, the hop
ns; sometim
yielding h
ich shaded
glowing w
woke, but

of his hav
ne, or love
d that spri
though she
d not
in

That lo

Alas! if
To haun
Still look
A world

O cease,
The only
O cease,
From ho

Rapt, ench
celestial voice
sweetness but
warblings of a
resplendent m
transport and
spired to heig
had evidently
situation like
toxication of S
"Angel!"
At this expr
flying forward

you, ungrateful Fabian!" she cried: her beaut
emotion completed the conquest over her sov
She was without a veil, and he now beheld fo
time, all the charms of that matchless face:
tears were on it.

Scarcely conscious of the extreme joy he
the king uttered a passionate expression at th
mark of sensibility; and forcing his way up
through shrubs and roots of trees, got sufficie
the object of his tenderness to kiss her hand
window. The night breeze blowing among
hair, and the moon-beams falling on his wl
head, gave lustre and animation to the nobles
nance that ever yet united sublimity with
Donna Gonsalva evidently beheld him with
tion.

Endeavouring to recover from the effects of
prise, she attempted to answer his ardent assu
repentance and gratitude, by light railleries:
knowledged that she had been in tears, but w
confess that his absence was their cause: So
she spoke in a tone of touching sensibility, then
ly flew off into sallies of gaiety: her air and h
were at variance. Sebastian, though little sl
the science of woman's heart, could not help pe
the whimsical inconsistencies of Gonsalva: w
voice fluttered, her complexion glowed, her ey
led, she persisted in assuring him that he h
once entered her thoughts since they parted,
even now, if his ridiculous speeches did no
her excessively, she would not stay a second
at the window.

It was in vain she asserted this: the delight
assured her in return, that the stratagem of in
was fruitless. Since he was resolved to win t
she seemed determined not to surrender.—"
you were to take it by storm, (as I perceive tha
mode of conquering,") replied Gonsalva, "wh
it avail? You know, daughters are not allowe
pose of themselves: I have a father, Don Fab
it is from his hand I must take my husband.

Sebastian gazed on her enamoured, smiling
consciousness of sovereign power: "Let us
of fathers, fair Gonsalva; were I beloved, I
fear nothing: what will not a joyful and ardent
accomplish? Do not deny me then the hope o
interested you?—I must quit Crato to-n
King is recalled by important business,
remain behind."

"O! how much you are in love!" ex

n air of tender reproach, "you profess to
ay sight, and yet you can leave me merely
of preserving an empty honor about the

ed Sebastian protested that nothing but a
r could make him forego the delight of
nterviews, which he would hasten to re-
sing soon to return. "Till that blissful
this remind you of Fabian," said he, (un-
his neck a brilliant cross of the order of
ich had hitherto been concealed by his
this *assure* you, that your lover is noble."
e were not"—exclaimed Gonsalva, stop-
ing the sentence with a tender sigh. The
ebastian was now complete: "and if be-
rming Gonsalva, you would not cease to
?—Dare I flatter myself that such was
t your modesty deprived me of *i*—Gonsal-
r fair neck without speaking, while rapture
er eyes: The King lightly threw over her
raidered ribbon by which the order was
nd when he did so, lifted some of the tres-
ir to his lips. "Might I bear away with
ese glittering ringlets!—Surely you will
the precious gift?"
nial only served to stimulate the young
nsalva refused, and chided, and jested, but
ist.
, the coy beauty would not utter a confes-
t, though she suffered the sentiment to sp-
wimming eyes. Sebastian was perhaps
ired by this conduct: the difficulty of sub-
ghty or so delicate a heart, gave additional
he attempt: and the spirit of domination
with the tender desires of love. He re-
ito with his golden prize, believing him-
ror when he was in reality a slave.
ity of Sebastian's feelings were in propor-
novelty: he loved for the first time, there-
d with his whole soul; and the idea of
d in return, *for his own sake*, finished the
t.
ir rapid journey to Lisbon, he disclosed
secret to his cousin.
on Antonio was evidently too discreet for
ce of ill-timed raillery or unpalatable re-
ng perceived that his imprudent attach-
sed and shocked him: the prince's florid
hanged frequently, and he spoke with a
nusual to him. Donna Gonsalva's com-

paratively inferior birth, was in his opinion s
mountable objection; but he forebore to pre
arguments upon his sovereign, whose suddenl
ed looks warned him to beware. Having by
effort conquered his excessive surprise, whi
circumstances rendered almost insufferable,
ually acquiesced in the passionate reasoning of
man, and began to assist him with plans for
pletion of these new wishes.

To facilitate the King's interviews with Don
salva, and yet conceal the affair from his cour
requisite that some plausible excuse should
for his visiting Crato again: Antonio therefor
to return almost immediately to his priory, fe
ness there, and intreat the society of his grac
sin. This offer was accepted: Don Antonio
refreshed himself in Lisbon ere he set out o
for Crato: the King remained behind, and
first time in his life gave audience to his minis
a divided mind. After despatching the vari
affairs for which he had returned to his ca
waited impatiently the prior's summons, and
receiving it, hastened, with a very small trai
hunting lodge.

The interviews of the lovers were now reg
every interview heightened the young monar
sion. His fair mistress stimulated this ardou
as much condescension as excited without s
hope; acquiring at each unexpected act of
fresh power over his peace. Sebastian gradu
that self-command upon which he piqued him
often found that he bartered some of his indep
for a smile or a kiss: but he had learned th
silencing his own reproofs; and constantly de
his cousin that he knew himself beloved to e
he would not stoop to acts which otherwise
mean submissions.

At length, the moment so long panted after,
Gonsalva one evening pronounced the tende
sion of reciprocal preference, and was rewa
next instant by an avowal of her lover's severe

Confused and agitated, the fair Portuguese
upon her knee, faltering out a few words of
and gratitude: Sebastian hastened to raise, a
her in his arms, while he explained his intenti
calling her father from France in order to wit
immediate marriage. Donna Gonsalva cha
lour, averted her eyes, hesitated, panted
and at length apprehensively confessed the
under engagements to a young nobleman;

given her to him in marriage at the age of
rv.
earth opened at the feet of Sebastian, he
have felt more horror.—Speechless with emo-
ooks only continued to interrogate Gonsalva:
led and wept, but conjured him to believe
the ceremony was performed, she had almost
t, as her bridegroom had gone out to Goa
randfather the viceroy of India, and was but
rned.
ou have seen him Gonsalva?" asked the
rnfully. "Yes, I have seen him thrice, but
ving him the least hope that I would ratify
engagement in which my infant mind had
When he visited me last, you were absent,
was doubtful, your real rank unknown, I was
whether you might ever return to me, and yet
my resolution."
you loved me from the first? cried the
d Sebastian, let not my Gonsalva ever again
with assumed indifference, when this con-
rs that she preferred the pain of concealment
ard of losing me by the early mention of this
stacle. Take courage, dearest! ties like these
oken without dishonour; and thank God! I
g."
petuous and imperious Sebastian forgot at
ent his character of *just*; he was incapable of
either a parent's or a husband's right, when
id used his power tyrannically, and the other
forced upon a child incapable of choice. To
pope's bull for annulling this mar riage seem-
natter of difficulty; the consent of Vimiosa
urse certain; and as the rival husband had
long returned from India, he was not likely
the divorce from any motive of attachment:
nts, Sebastian resolved to use his prerogative
ry, since Gonsalva had expressed for him the
ionate preference, and ought not her happi-
the first object of his life!—She now repeat-
romise of living for him alone, and at that
momentary obstacle disappeared from her
ght.
his conference the rash young monarch dis-
couriers into France with letters to the count
demanding his daughter, and inviting him to
d assist in dissolving the bands which tied her
manuel de Castro: at the same time he sent
ent embassy to Rome, praying for a divorce
ssioned his cousin Antonio to see and co
Don Emanuel.

Meanwhile Donna Gonsalva had hinted to S the impropriety of exposing his reputation to t dal of being discovered in a clandestine int with her sovereign: having no longer a reason cealment, Sebastian embraced the permission t gave him, and came with a splendid retinue t osa. His lords saw nothing extraordinary in monarch paying a courteous visit to the sis daughter of one of his greatest subjects, but n did they behold the transcendent beauty of Gonsalva, and the emotion of their royal mast a suspicion of the truth was awakened among

Lost in a round of new and delightful enjo Sebastian was from that hour continually at t of his mistress: his cousin accompanied him visits, and warmly applauded his choice. But quence of the latter had been used in vain to o hearing from Don Emanuel De Castro; the nobleman refusing to converse on the subje marriage with any other than the King himself

Sebastian's nature was too generous not t from some arbitrary measures which Antonio ed in the height of his zeal and displeasure; he to degrade or distress his rival; and the dictat licacy forbade him to attempt purchasing his cence by mere honours.

De Castro was indeed worthy of this liber ment: he had distinguished himself in the In der his grandfather, by the most brilliant servi intrepidity and genius for war were not the only of praise; to these were added justice, tempe benevolent attention to the natural propensities and even prejudices of the Indians, and a con manner which subdued them still more than h Filial piety was the first of his virtues: after years residence in India, a dangerous disease upon his aged parent, which compelled him t home: Don Emanuel was advised to remain where he would in all probability receive an im nomination to succeed the viceroy in his gove but he refused to act thus: abandoning this exp and resigning his military command, he left the world, chiefly for the sake of softening the dis of a tedious voyage to a relation he revered; *the idea* of claiming his young bride sweetene *crifice.*

On reachi ng Portugal, the viceroy had gon *seat at Santa* ren, from whence Don Emanuel *visited Gons* alva: but the death of his belo *father quickl* y followed, and prevented hi *ing her again* , till the first days of his mo

—Don Emanuel was preparing to appear at
ir the first time, when the King's pleasure was
ted to him by the prior of Crato. Refusing to
so important a matter with a third person, he
dered into the presence of his sovereign.—The
lone, and secretly at war with himself, received
th embarrassment: his excessive emotion form-
cided contrast to the grave and dignified compo-
'De Castro. The latter was just going to pay the
ark of homage to princes, when Sebastian impe-
r caught him by the arm, exclaiming, "Bend not
nee to one who would dismiss from your mind
conference all thought of his authority: I wish
hear me, Don Emanuel, not as a King, who
insist, but as a man who is willing to submit to
ision of equity. In conversing on this interesting
et us think only of the rights and the happiness
na Gonsalva—let us forget, if possible, our own
.—Believe me, if I did not flatter myself with
nexpressibly dear to her, if I did not abhor and
ce with my whole heart this unnatural practice
nt nuptials, I would not seek to release her hand,
certain of commanding it the next instant:—
ad I known earlier of her engagements, prepos-
as I deem them, I would have avoided the scan-
l the pain of dissolving them."
astro fixed his eyes upon the ingenuous though
ed countenance of the King; esteem and com-
were in the look.—"This is the first time,"
, "in which I have had the honour of seeing
nversing with my sovereign, and I foresee it
d to my former loyalty, the sentiments of grati-
ad admiration—my fortunes, my services, my
e, are at your feet, dispose of them henceforth
will, but I beseech you for your own honour
opiness, for the sake of your people, proceed no
in dissolving my union with Donna Gonsalva."
w! Don Emanuel," exclaimed Sebastian, "do
tend to persuade me of these animated senti-
and yet deny me the only favor peculiarly your
bestow? as your sovereign I may command
rvices and life; but when I ask of you with
plicity of an equal, to resign the shadow of a
er a woman whom *you* cannot love, whom *I*
th all the ardour of virtuous tenderness, and
esses me in return, when I ask this at your
ou capriciously, tyrannically deny me. What
is this? how dare you mock me with expres-
levoted regard?"
assed yet not confounded, Don Emanuel was

silent; the King pressed his remark with
dour, adding, in a tone of greater em
were contracted to Donna Gonsalva at th
teen, you went immediately after to India,
you are returned but three months; in th
have seen the fair Gonsalva only thrice, a
served interveiws before her aunt, where
yond personal graces could speak to you
charm of varied discourse; no enchantm
bility could penetrate to your soul; th
her feelings must have chilled yours: love
lives upon love! can you then, will you t
injustice to place your mere admiration o
upon a par with my lively preference of h
and my tender sympathy with her disint
tion? Have a care, Don Emanuel, force
sume the King; you may rouse me i
which otherwise I would have spurned."

"I trust, Sire, to your own conviction
of my claim," replied De Castro firmly,
Portugal is born to be the glory and the
Kings: he will teach the Portuguese to o
by first obeying them himself: he will
the simplest rights of his subjects; he wi
absolute power tempts to oppression, and
denial the greatest effort of virtue; and
as injustice is easy to him, his magnanimit
it difficult." Don Emanuel paused, but
silent; for there was something in Do
manner which at once inspired respect,
attention: interpreting his sovereign's l
bleman continued—"Pardon my bold
venture to tell you, that in marrying a sub
subject a woman ravished from her husb
stain your unsullied name, and disappoin
Hitherto, monarchs of Portugal have
their power by foreign alliances—you,
fused daughters of France and Spain; a
known that you have refused them for
son, may we not dread the consequences

"What! Don Emanuel," interrupte
"does your otherwise admirable theory
duties, lead to this extravagant conclusi
bound to sacrifice his domestic happine
shew of benefiting his people?—Is a pow
more than a political pageant?—When
find the dearest connections amongst ear
(and I blush for them whilst I urge it,)
balance the promptings of ambition a
every solid advantage would be as

Portugal by my union with a subject as with a princess. I am not the first King of Portugal who has declared that "marriage is the prerogative of every man."

"True, Sire!" returned De Castro, respectfully, "but your majesty will remember that the august monarch who made this declaration, coupled it with these words—*I promise never to invade this prerogative in the person of another, and for that reason expect never to have it invaded in my own.*"

"De Castro," said the King earnestly, "tell me that you tenderly, exclusively love her—swear it to me by your hope of eternal salvation, and whatever it may cost me, I will relinquish my own happiness, but never again expect to behold the face of your sovereign: for the man who would force to his arms an unwilling bride, must have a soul with which mine can have no fellowship."

Extremely affected by the honorable emotion of his royal master, Don Emanuel's voice faltered as he replied, "My nature, sire, is incapable of deriving gratification from any forced submission; much less from that submission of woman's heart, which must be voluntary to be sweet:—be assured Donna Gonsalva shall not be compelled into my arms. To swear I love her dearer than any thing on earth, would be false, for I love my King better; I take Heaven to witness it is more for his honour and prosperity, than for my own wishes, that I thus desperately risk his displeasure. Time, perhaps, may plead in my justification, and convince you, sire, that though I refuse every other ground of discussion except that of right, yet am I sincere when I repeat, that for loyalty and the most passionate wish for your majesty's real happiness, my heart may challenge any heart in Portugal."

Sebastian's indignant eyes searched the countenance of Don Emanuel; "There is a proud mystery about you, sir," he said, "which displeases me:—I have humbled myself too much.—Since it is to be a question of right, learn to respect the rights of your prince. From this hour know that I will be obeyed."

Don Emanuel threw himself at the King's feet.—"Then I must *implore* for justice, and conjure my sovereign to decide on my claim as he would have done in a similar cause in which he was not a party. Ah, sire! you turn pale! your upright soul feels the force of that plain appeal. Would to God, for your own august sake, that you would not precipitately do an act of violence.—*Have you no* fears, sire, that the woman *who could so long conceal*, and so lightly break a sacred *tie (however imposed,)* has been actuated by less disinterested motives than those of virtuous love?"

At this unexpected question, the King lo
mand of his passions, and fiercely motion
Emanuel to withdraw; his look and gestu
violent not to warn De Castro that he trod
of a precipice: that young nobleman ros
ground, and as he bowed respectfully, n de
caped him, he bowed again, and left the
own thoughts.

—oooo—

CHAPTER III.

Sebastian's mind was a tempest of
ings. It was now evident, that unless the p
arguments of the Count Vimjosa should
De Castro's obstinacy, he must be forced t
pulsion: such measures were so abhorrent t
that he felt increased aversion for the ma
rendered them necessary.

Don Emanuel was forbid to appear at co
still generous, though indignant sovere
abridged his honours nor his liberty: he
displeasure merely by banishing him from h
The prior of Crato observed this moderatio
ed it: Sebastian answered him by saying,
has to thank me for much more forbeara
to follow the dictates of my proud spirit, I
him with benefits, and render this persever
to the whole world. But I disdain to tak
an advantage." Antonio was not reconcil
refinement of honour, yet he attempted no
it. The arrival of the Count Vimjosa reviv
its of the King; from him he expected i
mission, and he found it. The Count had
ed the court lesson of obedience; and was
toxicated with the height to which his daug
tion would raise himself: he professed his
to repair in person to Rome for the dispe
veighing bitterly against the rash and selfis
thus ventured to contend with his prince.

Sebastian could not conceal from his o
that he despised this pliant father, who bo
escence as the fruit of reverence to royal a
as springing from the conviction of woma
dispose of her affection and her hand: Se
accustomed to estimate the value of men'
their motives; and scorning those of Vim
brooked his presence even in the society
ter. However, for her sake he gave hi

gas, to which she was shortly after removed with
secret aunt from the vicinity of Crato.
ugh debarred from personally appearing before
King, Don Emanuel addressed a letter to him full
tous affection, in which he offered to forego all
upon Donna Gonsalva, provided she continued
h it at the expiration of six months: but for that
d he stipulated that she must either retire into a
ent, or accept the protection of his aunt Donna
a di Nugnez, a lady of unblemished reputation,
r her roof she might receive his visits, and those
King also.
is proposal De Castro pressed with such earnest-
(offering to pledge himself under forfeiture of his
s and life, to use no authority over the will of
a Gonsalva,) that Sebastian was induced to con-
it—there was such an air of sincerity in the whole
t young nobleman's conduct, and his character
therto been so irreproachable, that it was impos-
even for the passion-blinded King to refuse be-
g him innocent of wanton insolence. Whatever
itic notions of right and honour might tempt him
he present opposition, it was evident that he ra-
ought to give his prince time to recollect himself,
inally to thwart his wishes.
nulated to convince Don Emanuel that his choice
not from a temporary gust of passion, Sebastian
esolved to accept these offered terms, and consent
months probation. With this view he hastened
he palace of Ribera to that of Xabregas, to com-
ate the letter to Donna Gonsalva; he found her
midst of her little court, like the Queen of beauty
nded by graces and loves. On his entrance the
retired, leaving only the prior of Crato, and
Sancha Vimiosa.
ile the fair Portugues read De Castro's letter,
od suddenly forsook her lips and cheeks; she
er amazed eyes on Don Antonio, as if uncon-
of what they looked on, repeated aloud "for six
s!"—at that moment Sebastian forgot his rational
tion; "but we are not to be debarred the society
h other all that time, my Gonsalva!" said he,
ly kissing her hand.
salva gazed at him with a mixture of astonish-
and apprehension—"already so indifferent!" she
ned—"*artful* De Castro, thou knowest but too
fear, how those six months would end!"
na Gonsalva!" cried the prior, with no very
ul roughness, "are you in your senses?—oh
e king."

you, ungrateful Fabian!" she cried: her beauty and emotion completed the conquest over her sovereign. She was without a veil, and he now beheld for the time, all the charms of that matchless face: trace tears were on it.

Scarcely conscious of the extreme joy he betray the king uttered a passionate expression at this vis mark of sensibility; and forcing his way up the b through shrubs and roots of trees, got sufficiently n the object of his tenderness to kiss her hand from window. The night breeze blowing among his hair, and the moon-beams falling on his white f head, gave lustre and animation to the noblest cou nance that ever yet united sublimity with bea Donna Gonsalva evidently beheld him with adm tion.

Endeavouring to recover from the effects of her s prise, she attempted to answer his ardent assurance repentance and gratitude, by light railleries: She knowledged that she had been in tears, but would confess that his absence was their cause: Sometin she spoke in a tone of touching sensibility, then sudd ly flew off into sallies of gaiety: her air and her wo were at variance. Sebastian, though little skilled the science of woman's heart, could not help perceiv the whimsical inconsistencies of Gonsalva: while voice fluttered, her complexion glowed, her eyes spa led, she persisted in assuring him that he had ne once entered her thoughts since they parted, and t even now, if his ridiculous speeches did not am her excessively, she would not stay a second mom at the window.

It was in vain she asserted this: the delighted lo assured her in return, that the stratagem of insince was fruitless. Since he was resolved to win the he she seemed determined not to surrender.—"And you were to take it by storm, (as I perceive that is y mode of conquering,") replied Gonsalva, "what wo it avail? You know, daughters are not allowed to d pose of themselves: I have a father, Don Fabian, a it is from his hand I must take my husband."

Sebastian gazed on her enamoured, smiling with consciousness of sovereign power: "Let us not t of fathers, fair Gonsalva; were I beloved, I sho *fear* nothing: what will not a joyful and ardent pass *accomplish?* Do not deny me then the hope of havi *interested* you?—I must quit Crato to-morrow; *King is* recalled by important business, and I ea *remain* behind."

"*O!* how much you are in love!" exclaimed

with an air of tender reproach, "you profess to
ly in my sight, and yet you can leave me merely
e sake of preserving an empty honor about the
p"

gratified Sebastian protested that nothing but a
of duty could make him forego the delight of
stolen interviews, which he would hasten to re-
promising soon to return. "Till that blissful
nt, let this remind you of Fabian," said he, (un-
g from his neck a brilliant cross of the order of
tus which had hitherto been concealed by his
"Let this assure you, that your lover is noble."
nd if he were not"—exclaimed Gonsalva, stop-
and ending the sentence with a tender sigh. The
ph of Sebastian was now complete: "and if he
not, charming Gonsalva, you would not cease to
im hope?—Dare I flatter myself that such was
entiment your modesty deprived me of?—Gonsal-
wed her fair neck without speaking, while rapture
led in her eyes: The King lightly threw over her
the embroidered ribbon by which the order was
nded, and when he did so, lifted some of the tres-
f her hair to his lips. "Might I bear away with
ne of these glittering ringlets!—Surely you will
eny me the precious gift?"
aint denial only served to stimulate the young
rch, Gonsalva refused, and chided, and jested, but
ed at last.
parting, the coy beauty would not utter a confes-
of regret, though she suffered the sentiment to ap-
in her swimming eyes. Sebastian was perhaps
enamoured by this conduct: the difficulty of sub-
g so haughty or so delicate a heart, gave additional
ure to the attempt: and the spirit of domination
mixed with the tender desires of love. He re-
d to Crato with his golden prize, believing him-
conqueror when he was in reality a slave.
e vivacity of Sebastian's feelings were in propor-
o their novelty: he loved for the first time, there-
e loved with his whole soul; and the idea of
beloved in return, *for his own sake*, finished the
antment.
ring their rapid journey to Lisbon, he disclosed
omantic secret to his cousin.
ough Don Antonio was evidently too discreet for
adulgence of ill-timed raillery or unpalatable re-
, *the King* perceived that his imprudent attach-
surprised and shocked him: the prior's florid
exion changed frequently, and he spoke with a
tion unusual to him. Donna Gonsalva's com-

paratively inferior birth, was in his opinion an im
mountable objection; but he forebore to press o
arguments upon his sovereign, whose suddenly inf
ed looks warned him to beware. Having by a str
effort conquered his excessive surprise, which se
circumstances rendered almost insufferable, he g
ually acquiesced in the passionate reasoning of his k
man, and began to assist him with plans for the c
pletion of these new wishes.

To facilitate the King's interviews with Donna G
salva, and yet conceal the affair from his court, it
requisite that some plausible excuse should be fo
for his visiting Crato again: Antonio therefore offe
to return almost immediately to his priory, feign s
ness there, and intreat the society of his gracious
sin. This offer was accepted: Don Antonio scar
refreshed himself in Lisbon ere he set out once m
for Crato: the King remained behind, and for
first time in his life gave audience to his ministers w
a divided mind. After despatching the various s
affairs for which he had returned to his capital,
waited impatiently the prior's summons, and sho
receiving it, hastened, with a very small train, to
hunting lodge.

The interviews of the lovers were now regular,
every interview heightened the young monarch's
sion. His fair mistress stimulated this ardour by
as much condescension as excited without satisfy
hope; acquiring at each unexpected act of kind
fresh power over his peace. Sebastian gradually
that self-command upon which he piqued himself,
often found that he bartered some of his independe
for a smile or a kiss: but he had learned the ar
silencing his own reproofs; and constantly declare
his cousin that he knew himself beloved to excess
he would not stoop to acts which otherwise woul
mean submissions.

At length, the moment so long panted after, arriv
Gonsalva one evening pronounced the tender con
sion of reciprocal preference, and was rewarded
next instant by an avowal of her lover's sovereign ra

Confused and agitated, the fair Portuguese half s
upon her knee, faltering out a few words of hum
and gratitude: Sebastian hastened to raise, and c
her in his arms, while he explained his intention of
calling her father from France in order to witness t
immediate marriage. Donna Gonsalva changed
lour, averted her eyes, hesitated, panted for br
wed at length apprehensively confessed that she
under engagements to a young nobleman; nay th

ther had given her to him in marriage at the age of ven years.

Had the earth opened at the feet of Sebastian, he uld not have felt more horror.—Speechless with emo- n, his looks only continued to interrogate Gonsalva: he trembled and wept, but conjured him to believe that after the ceremony was performed, she had almost repented it, as her bridegroom had gone out to Goa with his grandfather the viceroy of India, and was but lately returned.

"And you have seen him Gonsalva?" asked the King mournfully. "Yes, I have seen him thrice, but without giving him the least hope that I would ratify the cruel engagement in which my infant mind had no share. When he visited me last, you were absent, your love was doubtful, your real rank unknown, I was uncertain whether you might ever return to me, and yet I told him my resolution."

"Then you loved me from the first? cried the transported Sebastian, let not my Gonsalva ever again torture me with assumed indifference, when this conduct shows that she preferred the pain of concealment to the hazard of losing me by the early mention of this hateful obstacle. Take courage, dearest! ties like these may be broken without dishonour; and thank God! I am a King."

The impetuous and imperious Sebastian forgot at this moment his character of *just*; he was incapable of admitting either a parent's or a husband's right, when the one had used his power tyrannically, and the other had been forced upon a child incapable of choice. To obtain the pope's bull for annulling this marriage seemed not a matter of difficulty; the consent of Vimiosa was of course certain; and as the rival husband had not been long returned from India, he was not likely to oppose the divorce from any motive of attachment: at all events, Sebastian resolved to use his prerogative if necessary, since Gonsalva had expressed for him the most passionate preference, and ought not her happiness to be the first object of his life!—She now repeated her promise of living for him alone, and at that sound the momentary obstacle disappeared from her lover's sight.

After this conference the rash young monarch dispatched couriers into France with letters to the count Vimiosa, *demanding his* daughter, and inviting him to return *and assist in* dissolving the bands which tied her to *Don Emanuel de Castro*: at the same time he sent a *magnificent embassy* to Rome, praying for a divorce and *commissioned his* cousin Antonio to see and treat *with Don Emanuel*.

An opportunity of prosperously invading
now presented itself. One of the Moorish princ
had been dethroned by his uncle Muley Moloc
of Fez, Morocco, and Tarradunt, after vainly
ing the aid of Mahometan courts, came as a sup
to Portugal: he pleaded his rights and his di
offering the monarch in lieu of assistance, sever
able territories along the sea-coast.

Sebastian's zeal for the extension of Chris
would not suffer him to be contented with a m
cession of territory: he dictated new terms; stip
for the half of whatever was re-conquered and
enlargement of every Christian found enslaved a
the Moors. But the leading article in their trea
an agreement that no Christian hereafter sho
forced into the profession of Mahometanism, a
the Emperor of Morocco should make a law f
purpose, under the penalty of death to any of h
jects who should disobey.

By this arrangement Sebastian insured to hi
substantial hold on Africa; and though aware
small probability there was that Muley Hamet
fulfil the latter part of their treaty, he was no
scious of possessing in this article, (if infringed
tifiable plea for turning his arms against so faith
ally.

On completing this compact with the Moore,
ceiving some mercenaries from Germany and Fl
the King called a general assembly of his nobles
nisters.—After eloquently detailing his motives
ing arms, and the advantages likely to result from
Christendom, he proceeded to say, that he co
his council, not to ask their advice, but to instru
in his aim, and to receive their concurrence.
led God to witness, that his first and dearest a
the preservation of unnumbered souls who now
ed under the sinful yoke of a detestable religi
perhaps wanted only to live under a Christian
ment, and be taught by Christian teachers, to
from their delusion: he pathetically painted th
ries of his captive countrymen to whom the
guese arms were about to give freedom: he the
mented on the political advantage of acquiring
ritime frontier in Africa for the protection o
trade with the gold coast; and lastly, he av
strong desire for honourable distinction. Hi
tuous youth here dwelt delighted, and laid e
some indulgence for this last infirmity of noble
hofinished an animated confession of that infi
these words from Cicero.

"Should we in the pursuits of virtue have any of its rewards in view, the noblest of all, is glory: this alone compensates the shortness of life, by the immortality of fame; by this we are still present when absent from the world, and survive even after death. By the steps of glory, in short, mortals mount to heaven."

This speech produced very different effects upon its hearers: the younger were already converts to his opinion; but the old and experienced, who had lived long enough in the world to foresee the probable termination of this military romance, received their King's determination sorrowfully. Each, in private, endeavoured to persuade him of the impracticability of subduing Africa with a handful of men, unsupported by foreign succours, and depending for their safety in a great measure on the good faith of an infidel ally: they expatiated upon the exhaustless numbers of the Moors, and their knowledge of their own country, where he, would fight upon the ground he knew little of, where in the event of a defeat he might be so bewildered as not to get back to his transports, and must consequently resign his troops either to starvation or captivity.

Similar arguments were pressed on him by the ambassadors of foreign courts; but they served only to inflame the courage of Sebastian, and to exasperate them against their masters, those cautious monarchs who proved themselves nominal sons of the church, since they would not contribute one detachment towards his enterprise. His uncle too, the Cardinal Henry, opposed the expedition, and aided by the foreboding lamentations of the Queen dowager, frequently agitated their rash kinsman by unavailing remonstrances.

Sebastian listened respectfully to each; but, seduced into the belief of being born for the destruction of Mahometanism, persevered in his resolution.

To the enchantments of Donna Gonsalva he continually turned from these vexations: her wit enlivened him, her syren voice soothed the most turbulent emotions of his soul, and his unsated eyes found ceaseless delight in following the graceful varieties of her faced figure: yet Sebastian had a void in his heart; a something unfilled, unsatisfied, which he placed to the account of the imperfection of human felicity. Donna Gonsalva was exquisite in person and mind; she certainly loved him, but her love did not meet either the delicacy or the intensity of his: her feelings were obtuse to those trifles to which sensibility is tremblingly alive: he would often pursue her own sprightly pleasures

with such eager forgetfulness of him, as to mortify and displease him. Two or three times he had entered her apartments at Xabregas in the bitterness of a spirit traversed and exhausted by political disappointments, and she had not observed it: his watchful passion was never one moment insensible to the slightest variation of its object: not even the mist of an unpleasant thought could shade that heaven of beauty, without disturbing his repose—and she—yes she, often saw him agitated or depressed, without observation.

It was at these periods that Sebastian acknowledged the torments and the omnipotence of love: he saw a defect in his idol, yet he worshipped her still.

But what could he desire more than to be loved with all the powers of her soul? if that soul wanted some of the energy of his, was it not her misfortune rather than her fault? his reason assented to this, though his heart frequently burst out into fond complaints which Gonsalva silenced by the warmest assurance of preference. Under the immediate impression of his grief, she would lose no opportunity of evincing her tenderness, and then Sebastian's transports would return; but attentions which do not flow spontaneously from a natural softness, seldom are lasting; Donna Consalva would soon forget her lover's character, because her own was of a lighter stamp, and gay thoughtlessness uniformly succeeded a short solicitude.

This perpetual inconsideration deeply wounded the King; for a lover like him, expected to throb in every pulse of her heart. Racked with repeated mortifications, that perhaps owed their existence to an impassioned fastidiousness "which I beseech ye, call a godly sin"—he looked anxiously towards the hour of his departure from Portugal, secretly hoping to endear himself by danger, or at least to rouse some of those sensibilities which were as wholly concealed now by ceaseless gaiety, as when no anxieties existed to call them forth.

Don Antonio was ever Gonsalva's advocate; sometimes rallying, and sometimes more seriously reproving his royal cousin for pampering a sickly sensitiveness, which thus poisoned life's chief blessing.

Sir Thomas Stukeley, ignorant of his illustrious friend's discontent, unconsciously increased it; for one night in a walk among the gardens of Ribera, under the boundless and starry heavens, he poured into the attentive ear of Sebastian, the story of his early life: that story, though it might be comprised in a single incident, was deeply interesting to the young King whose heart, penetrated with one affection, delight

thine with every other; yet he listened sadly, ought the more of Gonsalva's temperate feel-

timely death of a brother, long and justly be- d driven Stukeley a wanderer from his coun- : brother's character, made up of every estim- d endearing quality; his fraternal love "ex- he love of women," were depicted in the heart- language of a regret increasing with time. ived in our native Devonshire," continued , "far from the excitements and the tempta- i court; ignorant of aby mortal happiness be- h other's deserved encomiums. One fatal day, among the woods round Illfracombe—my err— —I cannot describe it!—this brother, dearer an existence, this soul of my wretched life, gh a disastrous accident by my hand!—But with forgiveness on his lips—he died kissing that smote him!"—

ey's voice assumed a fearful hollowness as he s last words, his eyes rolled back upon them- nd his pale countenance expressed the extre- despair; but the next moment rapture illu- m, and he wildly resumed—

t in the dead of the night his voice I hear,
harp angelic, bidding me rejoice,
weep his fate; for now he dwells in bliss,
full, seraphic, far transcending all
heart of man can image, and with eye
ed from its mortal dross, beholds the end
uman suff'ring; weeps no more the woes
llow dust, but sees unnumbered crowds,
itudes vast—of ev'ry race and tint—
ming of pain awhile, but to awake
atific and eternal heaven!"

emed to hear his friend converse by snatches in resembling poetry, Sebastian made no re- this momentary rhapsody: Stukeley paused and then continued:

r the loss of my brother, I know not what calamity fell on me. I sometimes think I t have been in my right mind. Memory re- onfused notion of my having once formed a r project of colonizing Florida, then but newly ed, erecting over it the sovereignty of an other r and more self-denying than the order of and Malta: I can recollect displeasing the een Elizabeth with my romantic ambition.—

[redacted]

At length, when my intellect recovered its cruel
I found myself in a court, filled with the profes
a new religion; it was impossible for me to stay
to hear their doctrines. I passed from England
land, from Ireland to Italy, sorrowing and se
demned for my involuntary crime; there, my
have been constantly employed against the ene
our holy church. This wandering warfare; t
nunciation of home, country and kindred, is t
nance to which I have condemned myself: may
to expiate my guilt!—My grief it cannot cure."
Stukeley mused awhile, and again he abruptly
"'Tis a distinguished privilege to die in defence
sacred cross! I swear never to abandon it! W
plant the blessed banner on every mosque in M
or perish in the attempt."

Gladly seizing the last subjects suggested by St
Sebastian forebore to comment on the melanchol
mencement of their discourse, leading him to
the meditated war, of which religion formed th
basis.

Public affairs now hastened to a crisis: the
ment was complete, and the fleet equipped; th
had transmitted his blessing, with a present exc
in value that of the consecrated rose: it was an
which had pierced the side of St. Sebastian!

In their armour and field accoutrements, the
ty displayed infinite splendour; and as desolate
tugal could not furnish many private soldie
troops composed chiefly of gentlemen volunteers
ed but a gallant shew of accomplished knights.

The royal-standard (embroidered by Donna (
va) was carried in procession through the st
Lisbon, to receive the benediction of the archi
it was then delivered into the hand of the M
Villa-real, and the army marshalled around it.

After this august ceremony, the troops prepe
embark, while his officers and men were exch
adieus with wives, sisters, and parents, Sebasti
ried to to take leave of Donna Gonsalva: she
some days yielded to an excess of grief, and ha
herself up from all society. At sight of her roy
clad in the shining livery of war, she flung hers
his arms with tears and cries; distracted at the
bility of eventually losing him either by death or
ed sentiments, she wildly expressed a wish to
his by a secret, but binding tie.

Sebastian pressed her to his breast in a tr
tender delight, "dearest treasure of my life!
claimed, covering her fair brow with kisses,

our Sebastian is blest to the utmost extent of
ic desires.—Ah, Gonsalva! why have I ever
ou indifferent, or incapable of exquisite love?
d I go now, confident of possessing your
o to conquer for your sake, to return worthy
vered with the spiritual dew of heaven, its
d the blessings of millions:—but ask me not
by right to this dear hand, by evading the
upon which it has been awarded to me; I
ised our holy father to engage in an expedi-
st the infidels—successful or unsuccessful, I
a to Portugal, and either share my glory with
erish the possibility of mischance!" Donna
now redoubled her tears and her endear-
nd tying round his neck a picture of herself
sim to remember that her existence was inter-
th his own.
enamoured King repeated his belief of her
he added tenderly. "These tears, these sighs,
lva, can never be absent from my thoughts:
l that whenever you think of your Sebastian
t the dead of night, or in the hurry of day, he
moment thinking of you."
s overflowed as he spoke; he strained her to
held her there an instant, then broke away.
ving towards the door, a favourite dog that
rs been his companion, leaped up, and licked
ad. "Farewell, Baremel!" said the softened
cannot take thee,—Stay with my Gonsalva,
erished for thy master's sake." On pronounc-
words, he gently pushed the faithful animal
l hastened out of the apartment.
yal equerries waited with their sovereign's
at the gates of Xabregas; Sebastian vaulted
eat, and with a soul raised to rapture by the
ed fondness of Donna Gonsalva, rode towards
at which the troops were ordered to assemble.
the King and the soldier took their turn: he
g the lines formed by his army, proudly ex-
their strength and appearance. His animation
heerfulness through the soldiery; and a short
exhorting them to patience, perseverance, and
was answered by loyal acclamations: the word
given, and the army began its march.
ure of the young King, (clad in a suit of green
full of youth, spirit, and hope, was picturesque-
sted by the wild sadness of Stukeley, the light
of whose countenance at one time flashed
a warrior, at others was lost in a gloom of
regret. Don Antonio of Crato, formed a

contrast of another sort; his gold armour
adorned with bosses and chasings, which
vestment did not entirely conceal; his flor
seemed equally free from thought and care:
was one knight among the troops whose face
many thoughts and many feelings: It was
nuel de Castro.

Without attempting to see or to address
he had signified to the master of the horse
tion of furnishing five hundred harquebusie
expedition: through that nobleman's interfe
offer was not only accepted, but he was pe
head them himself; and thus allowed an oppo
retrieving his sovereign's lost favour. De C
rode among the noble volunteers, with a seri

His steady judgment, neither hurried aw
romantic sanguineness of the unexperienced
nor actuated by that indifference to life
Stukeley without a wish to estimate danger,
tutionally careless of every thing beyond pres
ment, like the prior of Crato, foresaw much
hend from the inadequacy of their armament
sand gallant vessels, with their bravery of tac
of sails, made a noble shew in the bay; an
thousand troops in all the gloss of unstained
unbroken spirits, presented an imposing specta
gaze of enthusiasts. But what were these
when contrasted with perhaps more than
thousand enemies upon their own ground? D
prophetic heart ached in the midst of gener
tion.

The various regiments were now embarkin
marched along the shore the sun flamed
banners and coats of mail; the inspiring tr
sounded from all the neighbouring echoes; pe
rung joyously from the city; and at interval
charge of ordinance from adjacent forts, wa
shake the ships and the hills.

Impatient to be the first embarked, Sebas
eagerly through his people, amid their shouts
ings, as if returning in triumph; his youth,
sonal graces, and the imposing dignity of h
made every heart follow him. As he leape
boat which was to bear him to the royal gall
covered his head, and waving aloft his flowin
seemed to be commending Portugal to the
of Heaven. By his side stood his favourite
the Duke of Barcelos, two young sons of th
of Braganza, his near kinswoman, and next
crown: their tender childhood and gallant

yet wet with a mother's tears, caused a
pang in the multitude, but the sunny look
rightened regret into exultation, and loud
pursued the track of his departing boat.
ours more, the whole army was embarked,
fleet weighing anchor, sailed out of the
sperous winds swelled their sails to Ca-
ney waited awhile for the promised suc-
Philip II. the Duke of Medina Sidonia
ing and the knights there, with a munifi-
nferior to royalty. After a week's delay
supplies arrived; they consisted but of
foot soldiers: the enraged Sebastian would
em back to his dissembling uncle, had not
Medina found some plausible excuse for
conduct, and faithfully promised further
me.
ritated, and as easily appeased, the inge-
rch believed this hollow apology, and re-
ourteous entertainment of his host by con-
im an order of knighthood, re-embarked
y for the shores of Africa.
uguese fleet crossed the mouth of the
d passing within sight of Cape Spartel,
g as far as Tangier, where Sebastian, with
friend Stukeley, were landed, and the re-
ps under Diego de Souza, and Antonio of
ded to the fortress of Arzile.
sh princes Muley Hamet and his brother-
Albequerin, were at Tangier, with a few
ers, to receive the king of Portugal: they
to his hands hostages for their fidelity,
eir Christian ally not to listen to the de-
esentations of the Xeriff Muley Moloch,
ssador was now arrived at the fortress.
assured them, though he could not refuse
envoy an audience.
admitted to the royal presence, the Afri-
d a letter from his master, wherein mode-
pirit were admirably blended. This letter
Xeriff prepared in all points for war, and
et it; but while he made such a declara-
ught Don Sebastian to weigh well the va-
lives ere he rashly threw away his own
his subjects: he described with terrible
e immensity of his resources, and the
is armies, proving the improbability of
gh the Portuguese King were at the head
es. Having exhorted him to spare to
se virtues of his, that were yet only in

the bud of blooming youth, he entered into a
cussion of his own pretensions and those of H
this discussion he laboured to show that his
the crowns of Fez and Morocco, was super
of his nephew; and that even were it othe
latter had forfeited his claim by acts of cr
oppression. To secure peace, and the frien
the christians, he offered Don Sebastian undis
possession of every fortress in Africa that ever b
longed or did now belong to Portugal, and he
sed to add to each of them, a moderate tract of
land.

After pressing this proposal upon the youn
narch, he on ured him to weigh w
real interest s; concluding with a
ment memor otic prince.

"You kn ce, (or ought to know
the regal pov , makes us common se
of our creato se people whom we g
so that observ es we owe to God, w
ver blessings in providing for the
good of our s agnify the honour of
like the celestial hich, though they have
veneration, yet se to the benefit of the
It is the excellency of o office to be the instru
whereby happiness is delivered to nations."

Negociation upon a proposal of this kind, so
quate to the grand object of Sebastian, was not
to meet with his concurrence: he bade the amba
bear his refusal to Muley Moloch, with an exp
of regret that such noble sentiments were not t
duction of a lawful and a christian ruler. He th
missed the ambassador, and went with Sir T
Stukeley to examine the state of the fortress.

Stukeley was now become as dear, as he had e
peared admirable, to this warm-hearted soverei
the close intimacy and domestic habits of a sea-v
the amiable parts of the Englishman's characte
ually disclosed themselves: and their tastes an
ciples proving consonant, the partiality of Se
increased so much, as to lead him into a disc
which had more of friendship than of justice
This respected the disposal of Barbary.

Every one presumed that in the event of a co
Sebastian would yield the empire of Morocco t
Ay Hamet, and be himself crowned King of F
he had long resolved to prove the disinteres
his motives, by awarding the throne of Fez to
should most distinguish himself in the exped
rescue the Moors from ignorance and infi

the grand army.

Such generous conduct increased Sebastian's ardour; he freely granted the request, adding—"They will all have my good wishes for their success, but you, Stukeley, will have my prayers."

Orders were now issued for the Moorish forces under Muley Hamet, and the Portuguese who had disembarked at Tangier with their king, to be ready for marching to Arzile: there, the whole strength of their little army was concentrated.

A tedious march along a hot and arid coast, produced sickness among the soldiery; when they reached the main body, under Don Diego de Souza, they found it somewhat enfeebled through the same cause: but a spirit of enterprise still animated every breast; and as the immediate siege of Larache was determined upon, a military council was called for the purpose of ascertaining whether it were most advisable to proceed directly by land, through an enemy's country, to the destined siege, or to re-embark and proceed thither by sea.

At this suggestion of prudence, the rash monarch took fire: he had not yet learned to separate true valour from that vain contempt of danger which makes a man put his life to the hazard for an inadequate object, or for the attainment of a good, attainable by less perilous means: he vehemently protested against the latter measure, and his experienced commanders were silenced without being convinced.

During the king's stay at Tangier, his officers at Arzile had had time to learn the exact strength of the enemy, and what dependence was to be placed on the succours so largely promised by Hamet. Don Emanuel de Castro now ventured in council to address his sovereign, informing him that their Moorish ally had *grossly exaggerated* his ability and the inclinations of *the Africans*, as they appeared mostly unanimous in *defence of the* present Xeriff's authority. That intre*pid old man*, he said, was now sick of a fever, but w

yet rapidly approaching at the head of a hundre
sand men; fresh armies were forming in the re
flank of the christians; and should these suc
turning their other wing, (which they might ea
if the Portuguese were marched inland towa
rache,) so surrounded and cut off from their Re
struction must follow. He therefore suggest
propriety of extreme caution. At this remar
King frowned, and issued decisive orders for pro
ing to the river Lucos, (upon which stood the for
and fording it, though in the mouth of the ene
cannon.

"If we begin to think of defeat, or of providin
our own security," he said sternly, to De Castro,
are lost!—we have nothing to oppose to this oce
Moors that you talk of, but the belief that we a
vincible.—Give us only the *enthusiasm* of our a
tors, and the glorious field of Ourique will no l
stand unrivalled in the imperishable page of histo

De Castro granted the justice of this reliance
the omnipotence of opinion; yet a lurking suspici
the Moorish Prince Hamet, made him foresee ulti
disappointment: he pointed out several traits i
infidel's conduct, which indicated jealousy o
Christians, and Sebastian admitting their force,
ised to observe him narrowly.

The army now began its march towards Lar
and halted between Arzile and Alcazar-quiver,
proceed without a decisive engagement, was be
impossible; for the Xeriff's force, consisting of
thousand horse and forty thousand foot, had adva
by forced marches from Morocco into Fez, se
the passage of the Lucos, and suddenly shewn
selves, encamped in the plains of Alcazar. Do
bastian was for immediately advancing to give
battle; but against this step Muley Hamet opp
many plausible arguments: he proposed that the
tuguese should draw nearer to the coast, where, in
of extremity, they might be received into their s
by throwing up entrenchments, they could ther
defiance to any assault, and would be secured from
ry species of want, by supplies of ammunition
provisions from the fleet.

"And for what is this delay proposed, now
cried the astonished Sebastian, "are we to aba
our enterprise even on the threshold? are we to s
from the very difficulties we have courted, an
before an enemy with whom we have not exche
a single blow? do you think we came only to l
your countrymen?—In the name of God, prince
coward's counsel is this?"

...coolly replied, that Muley Moloch ...master of all the fords and passages of the Lucos, from the ocean to the mountains of Benzeroel, that consequently an attempt to force these would be the attempt of madmen, since their troops were already fainting with a long sultry march, and nearly destitute of provisions: by avoiding an engagement for at least some days, they would give time for the arrival of King Philip's promised succours, and might be further re-inforced by deserters from the usurper Moloch.

Perceiving his aim at last, and transported out of all patience, the unreflecting Sebastian forgot every thing but indignation: he started from his seat with a look of fierce defiance, crying out, "away with such dissembling! Moor, I can read your heart:—you would do without the aid of the Christians.' In a few days, perhaps hours, you expect death to rid you of your uncle, and give you these kingdoms by some political trick——then would our treaty, aye and our safety, be left to your honour!—but thank heaven, my brave Portuguese are not to be thus trifled with!—we shall march forward; if without you, for ourselves,—for the release of Christian captives—for the sake of the blessed cross; with you, for your advantage as well as for our own, and with a conscientious resolution to preserve our ...are in the compact inviolate.

'Prince! we are in sight of the enemy—behold ...draw this sword, which I swear by the virgin mother ...esus, never to sheathe till it has cut my way through ...ler host!"

...sublime sternness sat on the brow of the young war... while he spoke: in one moment the clashing of ...ds and the murmur of vows were hea... ...e assembly; as if electri... ...e knights f...

Experienced and inexperienced, now de
bastian's side; even De Castro voted for
to the Xeriff. Conduct that would have
at Arzile, became cowardice at Alcazar:
treating towards the coast, seemed at this
hazardous than to risk an engagement;
mer case, an enormous army hanging upo
might harrass their retreat, and at last m
prey of the famished and fatigued sold
former plan the Portuguese would preserv
victory, or at least secure to themselve
graves.

Gratified with his council, and pleasin
to find Don Emanuel urgent for action, S
ciously acknowledged that pleasure, and
tribute to his rival's warlike talents, res
forth only to remember his services.—I
him his hand with a look so effulgently e
De Castro's tranquil countenance became
unexpected pleasure; he bent his knee to
and ventured to put his lips respectfully
that had been given him;—Sebastian su
main awhile in his grasp—then calling
their posts, hastened out to reconnoitre a
his troops.

All was now animation in the Port
dauntless hearts, hot with religious zea
eager for engagement; the King went
tent to tent, encouraging his men, and
emulation by proclaiming his intention o
new order upon that day, should Hea
arms: to the highest distinction in this
tion, even the humblest soldier might asp
rolled in the same proud list with his
From the private's quarters he returne
tent, where assembling his officers, he
magnificent prize destined for *their* r
crown of Fez!

How does the outward lustre of a cro
eyes, and blind them to its thorny lin
more potent even than love, sees no defe
but grasps at it with the avidity of a s
seizing beatitude!—The nobles round K
looked at each other for awhile without s
actuated by the same spirit, cast themsel
in a transport of gratitude; their tumultu
protestations infused confidence into t
whose breast beat with the certainty
missing them soon after, he threw h
pallass, for a few hours' repose.

[redacted]

[illegible] was impossible: Sebastian counted the night with impatience, and just as morning broke, [illegible]ertification to hear rain falling heavily upon [illegible]f his tent: he leaped up, and hurried into the [illegible] dawn was now beginning to glimmer over [illegible]sive camp of the enemy, but the sky was [illegible] dark: to commence an attack under such [illegible]nces would be fruitless; the showers blew di- the face of his army, and would render their [illegible]nd harquebusses, almost useless;—he was [illegible] forced to command a suspension of his orders. [illegible]wo hours of incessant rain, the clouds disper- the sun shone out with intense heat:—the [illegible]n hastily roused his page (Diego of Braganza,) [illegible]ildish hands trembled while they clasped the his master's vantbrace.

[illegible]at! you tremble my little cousin?"—said he, [illegible] his fair hair, and smiling more tenderly than [illegible]y.

[illegible]h impatience, Sire, not fear."—replied the boy.—Sebastian gave him a hasty embrace; [illegible]ast the soul of a soldier!" he cried, "if I fall [illegible]nay thy race sit on the throne of Portugal."

[illegible]uld rather see a son of your majesty's seated answered the intrepid child—"it is not my am- be a King; but I wish to make myself greater ordinary King:——I would willingly *live wor- [illegible] die nobly!*"

[illegible]u wilt do both, then, my brave cousin!" ex- Sebastian, "brief or lengthened, thy career glorious, for that sentiment contains a life of [illegible]mity."

were now issuing from the tent: Don Diego [illegible]d to remark his King's imprudence in wearing of a colour, which being held almost sacred by [illegible]ometans, would sharpen their resentment, and hem to take a surer note of his person. "I for that very purpose;" replied the monarch, [illegible] insult them, indeed, but to be easier distin- by friend and foe—besides, Diego, green is [illegible]ur of hope."

tian now left his tent, and put his troops in mo- [illegible]f the genius of Portugal could be supposed to held them from the heights of Benzeroel, tears immortals shed, might have flowed from her [illegible]e flower of her nobles and of her peasantry, [illegible]w *gaily marching* to certain death.

[illegible]e *first time* since the foundation of their mo- *the private* soldiers were stimulated by the *of chivalric* honour, and their leaders by the

chance of a crown:—following their royal gen as their King and their benefactor, the glow of emulation was on every cheek, and in every h

The army, drawn up in three lines, now h the plain of Alcazar: De Castro and Stukeley glory of leading the vanguard, which consiste of volunteers; the Portuguese infantry wer centre, and the rear under Don Diego De So the right wing were the Moorish horse of Muley and the squadrons of count Vimiosa; on the l the royal standard, the banner of the cross, flower of the Portuguese cavalry; round the seen the young dukes of Barceles, Contiul D'Aveyro, the counts Villa-real, Ridondo, an no, the bishops of Coimbra and Porto, and la prior of Crato.

Attended by his favorite page, the King w with his beaver up, mounted on a white Arabia along the lines, and animating his men to the His emerald-green armour, (on which the s sparkled) and the white plume of his helmet, (ed by rising winds) rendered him fatally cons

Meanwhile the Moors were steadily advanci all the pomp of gaudy banners and magnificen in the midst of a chosen band was seen the litte sick, but intrepid Xeriff.

A hundred thousand armed men, approachin form of a crescent, gradually extending their outstretch and inclose a handful of Christians, formidable appearance: momentarily checki horse, Sebastian looked at them with some po that awe which a vast and powerful object exc without one throb of apprehension, he believed under the immediate protection of an approvin dence!

Suddenly the Moorish music began to play, a troops advanced with a quicker step: the king tugal rode to the left of his little band, and plac self before the royal standard, bade his lords ber that they fought for a crown. "I, for a h one, and for Gonsalva!" he whispered to himse tily darting his eye athwart the mingled banner cross, and of Portugal.

The two armies were now so near each oth the Portuguese could distinctly see the Xeriff *from his litter to a horse; age and sickness* *feebled his* body, but his energetic soul was yet *paired.* In the act of haranguing his men, he w *slowly* riding through the lines, with flow *and a long* white beard, which gave him

r: Sebastian pitied his infirmities, and beheld his grey
cks with reverence; he commanded his followers to
are, and to respect Muly Moloch, should he fall in-
their hands, and then he gave the signal for battle.
A general discharge of artillery began the action:
e Portuguese horse charged with impetuosity, their
oung King, like a destroying angel, leading them on:
s terrible looks, and still more terrible arm, scattered
e infidels on every side. Stukeley and De Castro's
ack resembled the path of lightning; for by the blue
oom of their steely armour they were distinguished
ar off, flaming through the dark ranks of the enemy.
The Moors assaulted with all the fury of religious hate,
d all the fire of chivalry, gave way in every direction;
eir nobles fell in heaps under the arrows, the swords,
d artillery, of the Christians: frantic with despair,
uley Moloch exerted the remaining spark of life in an
tempt to rally them; he spurred his horse, and bran-
shing a massy scymitar, aimed a blow at Don Anto-
io of Crato: that effort was his last; he fell dead upon
e field.
His body-guard with difficulty rescued their master's
orpse from the Portuguese, and conveyed it to the
tter, where his death was concealed from the army;
it the hoisting of a particular pendant over the litter,
r one of his ministers, who had secretly corresponded
ith the Xeriff Hamet gave the signal so long waited
r by that perfideous wretch. He had hitherto hung
ck in the action; now he ordered his troops to turn
eir arms upon their allies.
At this command, the left wing of the Moorish
ose wheeled round, and took the Christians in flank:
dreadful carnage ensued: the brave Portuguese amaz-
d, bewildered, not knowing who were or were not
eir enemies, fought in darkness; even their German
d Castilian auxiliaries shared the fate of the treach-
ous infidels, for they now dealt the strokes of death
ithout discrimination: the presence of their King all
icked and bleeding, only increased their consterna-
n.
At this critical juncture, Stukeley appeared; waving
s fiery sword as a call for them to rally, and aim at
nquest still, he broke through the squadrons of Mu-
y Hamet, like some tremendous comet that traverses
e wilds of æther, scattering terror and dismay over
tions. He rushed towards the traitor: Hamet read
struction in the deadly eyes of the Englishman, and
ok to flight; Stukeley followed; his indignant threats
unded through the field: gaining upon the Xeriff, he
aiming a mortal blow at him, when the affrighted

and defended himself with determined intrepi
at length, bleeding at every pore, and exhaus
exertion, his resistance became fainter and fai
staggered and sunk down. The dying hero
eyes around as if in search of his friend, the
ment they closed forever. Thus fell the gr
Thomas Stukeley, in the bloom of manhood
reign land!

Meanwhile, Don Sebastian was attempting
the advantage of the day: a short contest c
him that it was no longer for victory, but f
they must fight; of all his troops, there rema
a remnant but he bravely resolved rather to
to desert them.

Antonio, and the dukes of Barcelos and
were taken prisoners; De Castro was sinki
many wounds; the King himself was disabl
shoulder by a musket shot, and was besides
with sword-cuts: two horses had already be
under him, and after fighting some time on
of his officers had mounted him upon a third.

Again, he charged the enemy with a few gall
again his powerful arm scattered the Moors lik
fore a mighty wind. Streaming with blood, h
followed his glorious path. That faithful noble
appeared throughout the whole of the battle
only of his sovereign's honour, his sovereign
now interposed his body between him and de
the battle-axe of an infidel was raised to fall o
armed head of Sebastian, when Don Emanu
forward, and sprung on the Moor; dashing
lifted weapon, he grasped his body and grap
him till they both fell: Sebastian threw hims
horse and valiantly defended him; but the M
ing in at every side, like so many torrents
swept the brave friends asunder, and De C
taken.

The fight now turned into a slaughter: th
and Castilians were all cut in pieces, the b
nobles lay in heaps over the plain, and amo

ers, but a solitary Portuguese was here
be seen vainly combatting for life.
towards the river, (allured by a distant
ir Thomas Stukeley's) Sebastian met his
arer with the colours wrapped round his
ated with the remembrance of Donna Gon-
ing exclaimed, "Bravo Brito! let us die.
"

had he spoken, when a body of infidels
ultuously towards them; Sebastian fought
peration of love; De Brito and the colours
and re-taken repeatedly; but alas! the
the former, was exhausted, and his single
no longer encircle a faithful servant with
De Brito more solicitous to save his King
him, contested at last but faintly, and suf-
lf to be surrounded.
rs, clamorous in disputing the honour of
ed the royal standard, hurried off their pri-
dless of a solitary individual covered with
blood, evidently on the point of sinking
e slain.
ly for Sebastian, these accidental circum-
ether with the loss of his coronetted helmet
se, concealed him from suspicion: he re-
nding where they had left him, supporting
h difficulty upon the fragment of his sword.
now ebbed apace: the blood pouring from
on his head, and oozing through the scarf
his arm was bound, sickened and enfeebled
ery thoughts partook of the mortal languor
er all his senses: a confusion of images, of
f Stukeley, of his page Diego, swam through
he staggered a few paces, fell, and breath-
!

—0000—

CHAPTER IV.

he battle of Alcazar, there remained but
Portuguese troops alive in Africa: most of
prisoners to the Moors, and the remainder
h difficulty the Christian fortresses, at length
mewards. The Moors in return lost above
their gigantic army, but the pillage of the
amp, (filled with all the riches of the East and
ly atoned, in their opinion, for such a loss.
orable battle lasted from morning till long
ay, and the sacking of the field of fight
l the next morning's dawn.

While the infidels were thus employed, a ber dervise, whose piety was his authority and hi tion came to seek for such Christians as migh main capable of receiving assistance: on the the Lucos, among a heap of tall Lentiscos, he gleam of light as if the moon-beams fell upon ar dervise stooped, and pushing away the shrubs, his lanthorn to the object. It was the figure of man in armour, which bore marks of heavy and ed blows; over his forehead curled a profusion steeped in blood; the white and polished br trenched with a gaping wound, and the coun lovely in death, was yet embellished by a look o ful sweetness, which melted the good Maho heart; he knelt by the body, and gently rai dropped balsam upon the wounds; he then p cordial into the lips.

Presently he thought the brows were contract returning sensation: animated by this, he ca unfastened the knight's cuirass, and opened shirt beneath it; under this he saw the picture man, which carefully putting aside, he exclaime poor youth, here is one, doubtless, that will s ment thee!" As he spoke he gently rubbed an liquid upon the Christian's chest; the experim ceeded; by degrees the motion of the heart w rent—it increased—the body began to glow— last the stranger visibly breathed.

Many minutes elapsed ere the benevolent man saw the object of his anxiety unclose hi when he did so, he knew not that in succouring late stranger, he was bringing back to life the Portugal, that foe to Mahomet.

Sebastian felt as if in a dream, but the last fe which he had been conscious when he fell, was first he was sensible of: he thought himself stil ing towards the river in search of Stukeley, pressed with that idea, uttered his name, and m effort to rise. Too feeble for exertion of any fell back upon the breast of the dervise, who Portuguese assured him that he was in safety.

The unfortunate monarch bowed his head mournful smile of bitter recollection, without sp Meanwhile a servant attending the dervise, litter of oak branches, covering it with some soft, high grasses, which grow abundantly thr Barbary, and placing Sebastian upon it, assi master in bearing him to their dwelling.

This was a retired cave formed by nature's rock almost wholly overgrown with flowerin

ice was shaded by lofty sycamores, and above
rd the cooling sound of waters issuing from
springs.
llity, the tranquillity of perfect solitude, sur
his habitation; Sebastian found himself con-
ough one rocky apartment, into an interior
he was laid upon a mattress, and having
k cordial given to him, left to repose; his
powers overcome with this simple nourish
sunk into the blessed oblivion of sleep.
vise now and then came to watch his slum-
taid not to disturb them: whenever his pa
ed, he administered to him small portions of
ead melted in wine, (which was easily swal-
dissolved) and gently replacing his head
ushion of the mattress, watched to see him
into his medicinal slumber.
was at its meridian height the next day.
ting of Portugal fully awoke: the good Mus-
by his bed-side. "How dost thou feel, my
sked with an air of compassion.
drew a sigh from the very depths of his
s one," he said, after a long pause; "as
d of all that makes life precious. Tell me,
t have become of the Christians? have I yet
ese in Africa?"
ny son!" replied the dervise, they are all
en captives; but the great Muley Moloch is
Xeriffs who fought againt him, are also
now his brother reigns in Morocco."
answered by a heavy groan, and threw him-
on his mattress: the slaughter of his peo-
him with unutterable grief; though the con-
of pious motives, and the certainty that
one had produced defeat, served to recon-
himself.
d with apprehensions for the fate of Stuke-
ercome with the remembrance of many of
s whom he had loved, and had seen fall.
y King uttered such deep and doleful
the dervise believing him concerned at the
slavery, bade him be of good cheer, and
that he was still free.
not fallen into the hands of a master, but
said the aged man, "I will but detain you,
till I have healed your wounds, and then
ssing of our holy prophet, we will journey
he castle of Tangier: it will not be the first
ensallah has conducted an unhappy Chris-
ntrymen."

"And art thou a Mahometan?" exclaimed Se
half raising himself with surprise, "how is it th
breathest the very spirit of our benevolent faith

"The same God which spake through the lip
Sidie Messika," replied the dervise, "inspires th
of all good men: besides, we venerate thy p
moral laws, though Mahomet, a greater propi
he, arose to outshine his brightness, as he ha
outshone that of Moses. We are not so unlik
faith, young soldier, but we might live in brot
on the earth. Would to God! that thy King Se
had studied his prophet's laws more and his
superior's less!"

"Hold, Moor!" cried the King, "I must
you impeach the authority of the representati
Peter."

"Ah, my son!" returned the old man, sha
grey locks, "dost thou not remember, that wh
Peter struck off the ear of Malchus, though in
of his Lord's sacred person, thy prophet reb
zeal, bidding him put up the sword! How, th
the pontiff of Rome turn his sheep-hook into a
of offence?"

Struck with the force of this remark, which
not prepared to answer, and disdaining to pa
retorting the bloody intolerance of Mahometan
bastian was silent.

The dervise continued: "But let us not tal
different creeds at this period; thou art sick an
and I should think of thy suffering body."

The good man then dressed his companion's
afresh, and spread before him palm leaves fil
fruit, together with a cordial drink and some
bread: by moderately partaking of these, the
so refreshed, that he found himself able to r
walk up and down the cell. As he walked
versed courteously with Abensallah, though
course was mingled with many sighs, and he fr
lost himself in other thoughts.

The dervise noted his dejected looks with be
curiosity. "Thou hast lost, I fear, some dear
in this fatal battle—some brother, or father,
and thy young heart not yet enured to sorrow."

"O, dervise!" exclaimed Sebastian, burstin
agony of grief, "every living soul in the
army were to me like fathers and brothers.
trymen, my brave countrymen! when you ma
so gallantly, could I have foreseen that I w
you to——," he stopped, then suddenly w
one of his rash impulses, abruptly added—
lah, you see before you, Sebastian of Portu

ervise prostrated himself at his feet, "Young
, I bow to the Lord's anointed! thy misfortunes
security. Let the conduct of Abensallah teach
after to believe that there may be charity
Mussulmen.
sibly affected, the King motioned for him to
bensallah," he said, squeezing his hand be-
th his, "Africa has already taught me a lesson
never forget; but I did not wage war against
nce from a false notion that he ruled over mis-
I was actuated by zeal for that religion which,
ng the prerogative of kings and the obedience
ts, bestows equal blessings upon both. I would
quered Africa to have freed her people from
al rulers and tyrannical errors, to have afforded
portunities of understanding our holy faith;
ave established a new despotism, and swayed
iron mace of persecution—these ardent hopes
; you see me here a fugitive, but with God's
King still.
bastian spoke the last words, a noble imperi-
sat on his youthful brow, his heart swelled with
uickly sunk again at recollection of his compa-
arms.
us to learn the fate of Stukeley, he besought
ise to assist him in ascertaining whether he
ad, or captive; by searching the field of battle
l to arrive at some certainty. Abensallah in
onstrated against this hazardous enterprise, but
nents availed with the still imprudent Sebas-
was therefore reluctantly induced to propose
ng on the night of the ensuing day, when all
rs would be engaged in the celebration of one
feasts, and the Portuguese monarch might
pass unnoticed in the dress of a servant.
g the remainder of the day, Sebastian carefully
l to all the prescriptions of the dervise, he went
rest, and at break of day rose to breathe the
fety at the mouth of the cave.
wo short days before how differently had the
Portugal beheld morning dawn!—then at the
a gallant army, surrounded by zealous friends,
youth, health, and hope; now, a solitary fugi-
e some desolate wretch escaped from ship-
or an earth-quake, sunk in despondency, and
to infantine feebleness.
light spread over the distant plain of Alcazar,
grey mists rose, from the stream of the Lucos,
not refrain from shedding some tears, they
ed to the sorrows of all who had lost friends

on that luckless field: his softened heart th
fondly to the image of Gonsalva, a treasure
remained to comfort him under affliction. Its
beauty; the dewy smile which sat upon the
tearful tenderness of the eyes to which a skilf
had given all the effect of sadness, renovated
ing spirit; he kissed it repeatedly, exclaim
sight of thee, will not all this be forgotten?"

The appearance of the dervise, checked t
like weakness, he concealed his picture, and
to meet him.

They proceeded together along a narro
formed by the rocks near the cavern, where
resting awhile, they breathed the refreshing
trees, and gently returned homeward.

Whenever Abensallah and his servant wer
devotions in the mosque of a neighbouring v
fastened the entrance of his dwelling, to pr
intrusion of ill-intentioned persons: he now
Christian guest, with many intreaties that
recruit his strength with frequent nourishm
continue to inhale the fumes of Tauz Argent,
weed which in those days was esteemed, whe
sovereign for inward weakness.

Left a whole day alone, the King had leis
volve over the extraordinary revolution of his
uprightness of his intentions (for it must be
bered that he measured his conduct by the rul
church of Rome) seemed to warrant him in
that had not the treachery of Hamet interp
arms must have been successful, and half Afric
from its tyrants: he did not therefore accoun
suffering under the wrath of Heaven, confident
favour he was again ready to risk his crown an
if required. The kindness of the dervise
little less than a miracle worked for his pres
and he fondly trusted therefore, that his prese
tunes were but passing trials.

Of the possibility of being betrayed by A
he never once thought, convinced that the man
performed one act of solid benevolence is inc
being tempted by any reward to an act of base

As returning strength and calmer reflectio
ued to banish the gloomy impressions under
had first entered Abensallah's cave, his spirit
his hopes; he felt as if he could hazard u
perils for the sake of regaining Portugal, and
ing his captive soldiers. Fain would the sa
narch have persuaded himself that most of
had escaped to the sea-coast; but among

hope to find Stukeley,—Stukeley, who had
ollow him either into slavery or death!—
ny poor little cousin!" he exclaimed aloud,
become of him?—Ah noble boy, thou hast
wish perhaps!—yet surely these barbarians
t kill a child!"—he sighed profoundly as he
his heavy heart denied the confidence of his

with fearful impatience, to him the day seem-
rably long: his devotions were merely short
is breathed over a plain cross of the order of
which he had worn under his cuirass, yet ne-
foot of the golden crucifix in the church of
ors, and surrounded by all the religious in
had he prayed with such warmth or sincer-

lah did not appear to interrupt his medita-
night was begun: cautiously entering, he
s first chamber, and advancing to the interior
with satisfaction that his guest was safe.
praised!" he exclaimed, "I had fears for
on; for the robbers of the mountains some-
ider even the dwellings of poor solitaries.—
ow venture forth; every one is enjoying the
of their feast, and we are sure to pass un-

n gratefully thanked him, and taking off the
t and cloak with which the dervise had re-
uneasy coat of mail, exchanged them for the
er attire of Ismael the servant. At the mouth
ey he saw a mule tied to a tree, which Aben-
provided for him to ride; this humane atten-
d the King; he was, indeed, ill able to walk
cost him an effort to accept such accommoda-
the venerable man had no other support than

ruly be said, that at the period which brought
e knowledge of Abensallah, Sebastian first
sweet bitterness of obligation.—Gratitude is
t unknown to kings; for having all things in
r, they learn to believe that they have a right
d all things. Sebastian, now stripped of that
gan to feel the original equality of man, and
heart warmed by a perception of pure bene-
itherto unknown: from this perception flow-
notions of human nature in general, which
welcome his new emotion of gratitude, not
nourable but delightful.
n shone cloudless above the rocks and rivu-
lay between the cave and Alcazar; bright

ening the tops of the high palms, while the g
neath their branches was thrown into deep
Some fortresses, (visible from afar,) gave an a
like severity to the scene. Sebastian procee
lence, for his thoughts were now busied with
anticipations: Abensallah spoke not, and not
turbed the universal stillness but remote bur
joicing from the Moorish villages.

As they moved among steep and thickly
hills, a new and horrid sound made the King p
look enquiringly at the dervise: "That co
amidst the unburied slain;" Abensallah faulte
served—"It is the howling of hyenas and
While speaking, he took a small harquebuss fr
his garment and prepared to load it.

For the first time in his life Sebastian's c
completely blanched and his nerves shaken;
ly image those words had raised, moment
manned him, but recovering, by a violent
quickened the pace of his mule, and came di
the plain of Alcazar.

The moon shining above the arms and arm
dead, covered them with a sheet of light:
hastily put his hand to his eyes, and remai
moments without courage to look again; b
explosion of Abensallah's harquebuss, he
head and beheld the beasts of prey which t
had alarmed, hurrying away, with backward
their horrid banquet.

The dervise's harquebuss was re-loaded
fired, till every savage animal had disapp
then assisted his shuddering companion to
and having fastened the mule to a tree, supp
across the plain.

Their steps were soon impeded by scatte
of horses and riders, that had evidently p
flight: these groups become more frequent, til
the ground was no where visible.

As Sebastian knelt down among these per
dios, his senses were nearly overcome with
some exhalations and ghastly appearance: so
were half devoured by the wolves, and eve
the *divine image* fearfully effaced: except by th
and the caparisons of their horses, he coul
known his most intimate associates.

Grief and horror become now too strong fo
expression; Sebastian neither spoke nor s
moved from heap to heap with fixed e
swan cheek: sometimes he forgot his erra
nained gazing on a confusion of bodies,

ams, till the voice of the dervise recalled him. "This is a lesson for Kings!"—said Abensallah;—Sebastian shuddered, and at that moment felt as if his single hand had murdered every victim before him: his countenance expressed this sentiment so strongly, that the dervise sought to change the current of his feelings by suggesting, that his friend might have escaped, since they had not yet found his corse.—Revived by his suggestion, the unfortunate monarch rallied his scattered spirits, and proceeded in his painful task.

Advancing a little onward, he stumbled against the venerable bodies of the bishops of Coimbra and Porto, lying together, embracing the staff of a standard, which had belonged to the holy banner: a few paces beyond these, among a heap of swarthy Moors,

"*Like some white poppy sunk upon the plain,*
"*Whose heavy head was overcharged with rain,*"

lay his page, Diego. The noble boy had been killed at the moment his master's Arabian was shot, and now lay stretched out beneath it.

At this piteous sight Sebastian's heart was wrung with an excess of regret; he burst vehemently into tears, and bending to the fair body as he raised it, repeatedly kissed the half-closed eyes: their conversation on the morning of the battle was present to him again. —Vain prophesy! here was its fulfilment!—

Overcome with this recollection, and with the thought of Diego's parents, Sebastian staggered as he arose, and was forced to catch at the dervise for support; another shock awaited him; his eye fell on the mangled body of Count Vimiosa: his limbs now shook violently, and the idea of Donna Gonsalva's grief, displaced every other image. Shocked by his looks, the dervise caught his arm and hurried him away.

Insensible to any outward sensation, the King suffered himself to be led along, till suddenly starting from his stupor, he found that they were many paces from the slain. Abensallah would not hear of returning. "We must pass three nights there instead of one," said he, "before we can examine half that woful field.—Let us return then, my son, trusting that the same merciful providence which succoured thee, has preserved thy friend. Sorrow and fatigue overcome thee —lean on my shoulder—if we can but reach yonder tower, its walls will shelter us."

Without answering, Sebastian turned his head back and fixed an earnest look upon the wide scene of slaughter behind them: fire kindled on his cheek, and his eyes;—it suddenly blazed out.—"Accursed be-

yond hope of mercy," he cried, "is the sou
whose treachery caused all these to perish! f
plain their blood will cry aloud for vengeance,
the last dreadful day!"

Exhausted with this momentary transport
feebled monarch suffered his head to fall ag
shoulder of Abensallah, who seized the oppor
drawing him towards a resting place. The
tower in ruins, and shaded by high cypress tre
dark and noiseless; as they approached it, t
of their steps alarmed some goats that had lai
there, and they bounded away: in their fli
rolled along a broken helmet, which Sebastia
diately recognized; breaking from Abensallah,
to an object under the tower, and beheld the
Stukeley. Throwing himself on the body an
ing it to his arms, he exclaimed, "O gallant S
and art thou too, fallen!"

The accidental circumstance of having
alone, removed from the contagion of other
and sheltered from hot winds by the tower
trees, had preserved the chivalric Englishm
any change: his features were indeed paler th
in life, but the same character of wild sublin
impressed on them. It seemed as if the soul,
ing its mortal habitation had left there the ete
press of its own greatness.

The armour of Stukeley was completely rust
blood, by his side lay a lance shivered to pie
his hand still grasped a broken battle-axe.

Abensallah lifted up the helmet his compan
dropped, and saw that it was beat in upon the t
with repeated blows of a mace: he gently repla
the ground.

Meanwhile Sebastian hung over the remair
friend in an agony of blasted hopes, bitter re
tions, and unavailing regrets: it was long ere l
command this tide of grief; but recovering by
he rose with a calmer air, and besought the
to lend his aid in committing the honoured
earth.

Without hesitation the charitable Mahomet
sented to carry the slaughtered warrior to h
dwelling, and there see him peacefully burried

"Moor!" exclaimed the young King, with
ate gratitude, "Should I live to regain my ki
and with it my African possessions, your cour
will owe to you blessings and privileges hit
known."

Abensallah called on Alla to witness this
then hastened away to bring the mule.

ebastian was left alone, he threw himself
ground by Stukeley's body, and remained
looking on it: the well-known face, the still
melancholy midnight, and the destructive
e him, together with the mournful sound of
ring rivulet, deepened the desolate sadness
oment: he fastened his lips on the chilling
is unconscious friend, while the hollow echo
sighs rung through the neighbouring cham-

lah found him in the same mournful attitude.
sisted each other in placing Stukeley's corse
le, they proceeded slowly, by a longer though
ne way than they had come, to the rocks.
hey reached the cave, Sebastian was so sick
fretting of his wounds, that he could with
gain its entrance: Ismael met them, and lift-
mented burthen into the second chamber.
King watched it for the remaining hours,
ael and the dervise were digging the last bed
o.

irs after day light the grave was finished.—
was buried with his sword and spurs, as the
adges of knighthood, which was supposed
accour and strong to avenge; his body was
n a coarse shroud of Moorish cloth, but his
uncovered; the thick glossy hair gave beauty
e now marble features: Sebastian thought
e when he had hoped to have decorated that
ead with a crown.
he grave was closed, he placed upon it a rude
ood which he had shaped during the night,
ing down by it pronounced a prayer for the
it. Abensallah and Ismael moved away.
rom his knees, the young King attentively
the place that he might remember it at a fu-
it was particularised by a few marks not ea
tten: the place itself was a narrow recess
t of the valley; it was half encircled by per-
heights of stupendous steepness, the sides
were only clothed with mosses, and at their
l an inconsiderable rivulet; towards the lower
a cluster of locust trees, between which and
tain rose Stukeley's grave.—So concealed,
likely that any human eye would ever dis
isturb the sacred cross.
nal soothed by this thought, and the consci-
having performed the last duties to a faith
Sebastian rejoined the dervise with less
"*We must* now dismiss painful recollec-
the worthy Abensallah," let us think of

no my son, but your perfect recovery and yo
sa yance from Africa.
ther," exclaimed Sebastian, you speak like
ma out hopes and without regrets!—Your ho
life pt from particular affections or selfish wishe
pla beyond the reach of that grief which re
der possible for me *to dismiss painful recolle*
tion
" not, therefore, free from sorrow:" replie
the , " th! I do mourn—but it
for na l: alas, I mourn more
its tha ies."
" l Sebastian, smiting
breast—" y nsallah; had we no erre
we should erings."
Our derv s to impress humane sen
ments than eager e peculiar tenets, seiz
this opportunity of discoursing with much wisdom
on the duties of a sovereign: his companion listen
with attention and replied with frankness.

He detailed with simplicity some of his own pla
for diffusing comfort in more equal proportions throu
all ranks of his subjects, and noted the salutary refor
already made by him in the Portuguese governmen
he described the liberal mode in which he had inter
ed to conduct his African conquests, mixing these
tails with so many just and noble observations, t
Abensallah could not help lamenting the battle of
cazar.

To have lived under the rule of a King (thou
Christian,) who would have ameliorated the bloo
condition by parental care, and sought to win them
to schools and churches, without prohibiting th
mosques, appeared an object of desire, when compar
with the grinding tyranny of thir native Xeriffs, and t
brutish ignorance to which their laws condemned the

Abensallah continued to hear his royal guest w
that complacent pleasure with which virtuous old
perceives generous principles in youth; but he had
ved long enough in the world to know that youth d
not always act in conformity with its principles, a
that its most amiable qualities may be wrought by
terested persons into a foundation for the opposite vic

So blindly devoted to the infallibility of papal autho
ty, and so abhorrent of any religion which disputed
Abensallah rightly doubted whether Sebastian, in t
event of complete success, would have persevered
his system of moderation: intolerant persecution m
have been easily brought to bear the aspect of reli
duty, and that commanded or recommended

spiritual superior, would soon have swept away every barrier opposed by a character naturally candid.

Such reflections as these, by teaching the dervise to consider his companion's misfortunes as a necessary discipline, silenced any further regret; yet Sebastian's sweet and animated manner had so won upon his affections that he could not help exclaiming, "I shall be loth to part with thee, my son; but we shall meet again in paradise."

Touched by such kindness, the King pressed Abensallah to accompany him into Portugal, adding to many arguments the entreaties and promises of a grateful spirit, conscious of possessing in his own dominions the means of fulfilling them all.

"Did I live only for myself, answered the dervise, I should perhaps gladly leave a land where I see nothing but misery, but the more miserable it is, the more I am called upon to remain. My holy profession, and the peaceful life I lead, give me frequent opportunities of assisting captives to escape, or of conveying intelligence from them to the Christian fortresses; if the old man of the rocks were gone, what would become of these poor strangers?—Added to this, I am frequently able to terminate the bloody feuds of my countrymen—to restore harmony amongst brethren, and bring back rebellious children to their parents; these are my treasures King! which would be poorly exchanged for all your benefits. I shall however, bless you daily; and I will preserve from injury the grave of your departed friend."

At this mention of Stukeley, clouds gathered over the face of Sebastian; making an effort to dispel them, he hastily uttered some grateful expressions, and then discoursed upon the means of discovering such of his subjects as might have survived the battle.

Abensallah promised to make diligent search for such captives, and to use all his influence for their release.

Sebastian squeezed his hand, exclaiming with generous warmth, "Slacken not your exertions Abensallah for the meanest of my people; I stand indebted to every man whom I brought from Portugal for his liberty. If I part with the whole of my revenue, pawn the jewels of my crown, make myself a debtor to half the monarchs in Christendom, and after all, become a beggar throughout my own dominions for contributions and gifts, I will do it to ransom these gallant sufferers—*Should I reach Lisbon* my first step will be to raise *money and send it* over to the governor of Tangier: *on his hands you* will then receive whatever sum *needful.*"

—"And should I in my inquiry, find Chri other nations, perhaps aged men bowed do sorrow and toil, languishing to die in the land—."

"Ransom them—ransom them!" interrupt tian, tears glistering in his eyes, "first resto to my Portuguese, for remember, freedom i owe them—then take all the superflux, and with it happiness for others. There are two r tuguese, Abensallah, whom I pray you to s with a father's anxiety: one is my dearly-love the prior of Crato, the other Don Emanuel d he saved my life at Alcazar. When you fi shew them this ring and say that he who gav is alive, and then I hope in Portugal."

"How shall I know these gallant gentlemen the dervise, "you may know Don Emanuel de replied Sebastian, "from all the world: the should behold him in the vilest habit and emp yet will such an air of nobleness shine throu that you cannot help discovering in him an e nary man. He is of larger proportions th visage oval and full of thought, his complex olive, his eyes dark grey, somewhat melanc very sweet; on his left hand he has a deep sc the wars of India.

The prior of Crato is of a different mould some years older than De Castro, he has p almost the roundness and floridness of boyh fair curling hair, light blue eyes, and jovial will soon point him out: he will rejoice to ring!—and so will De Castro," added the Ki a pause, "as it is a token of my safety, he wil though it was a gift of Gonsalva's."

"'Tis a fanciful ring for a warrior," obse dervise, curiously eyeing the bauble, which gaudy fashions of those times was formed by precious stones into a miniature garland of fl

"Oh father!" exclaimed Sebastian, passion ing his eyes on it also, "that ring was given m loveliest and most beloved of women.—I have token to send to my friends, or I would not p that—it must serve too, as a pledge for the go Tangier; she who gave it knows I would have ed it with my life, and therefore would not *but for the* sake of fulfilling a duty."

Hurried away in thought to the beautiful *whom this* incident recalled, Sebastian for *taing else* and sunk into silence: he dwelt w *delight* upon the unequivocal proof she had

tachment, which bestowed and avowed ere
suspect his royal station, carried with them
n of disinterestedness. He then reproached
or those fantastic jealousies to which he had
s given way, when he saw her dancing with
and confessed now, that her apparent insensi-
times, had arisen only from a little female
delighting in power, and willing to prove its

atisfied with her affection, he felt no appre-
f being coldly received, because he returned
aqueror; the Moors themselves attested his
nduct in the field, and the brilliant success of
et had shewn, that but for the perfidy of
he day would have been won by the Chris-
/hat then had he to fear? perhaps given up as
ould return to revive his Gonsalva's widowed
e would love him the more for his dangers
sses, and that delicate pride which had stifled
ssions of tenderness to a powerful, splendid
would impel her to the same monarch, be-
r and unfortunate.

ing his guest absorbed in reflections, which
expression of his countenance did not appear
it, the worthy Abensallah gently removed into
chamber, for the purpose of giving audience
distressed people who came to implore his
-Meanwhile Sebastian remained leaning on
ouch, his ideas wandering from late sorrow,
enchanted ground of the more distant past,
r wearied, thought glided into dreams, and
last ended in long and profound sleep.

unds of Sebastian and his consequent feeble-
daily disappeared, and Abensallah was there-
ed to make longer excursions from the cave,
ke of gaining information for his guest: his
, always considered sacred, was not likely to
spicion as a Christian's hiding place; and
did so, the inner apartment was a secure re-
ig so contrived as to deceive the most prying
-Ismael's fidelity had been too often tried in
ircumstances to be doubted now, so that
h left him without apprehension to attend
; whom, however, he knew only as a Portu-
ght.

good dervise's return from Alcazar-quiver,
t strange intelligence.—After the fatal battle,
dulcrim, the new emperor, had strictly en-
the King of Portugal; he was told that he
this assertion having been made by Don

Nugno De Mascarenhas, the King's ch
was sent to the field in order that he m
proof of his veracity by finding the Kin

In the place he described was indee
in green armour, much maimed and
Portuguese who saw it, confessed it to
sovereign, and therefore assured Ha
that any farther search forSebastian alive
Information of his nephew's death was
to Philip of Spain, (the late Xeriff havi
ance with him), and when Abensallah
a messenger from Madrid was hourly
the body, and to procure the release of
prisoners.

On first hearing this account, Seba
ble blood took fire, for he believed h
abandoned by his people; but the ne
him cool again. It was impossible not
Marcarenhas, who had always loved h
be only actuated by the desire of facil
cealment in Barbary, should he be livi
the means of escape; this well-meant
dently given a hint to the other perso
the Xeriff, and to it, probably Sebasti
owe his preservation.

Neither the King nor the dervise c
absolute falsehood; though they were t
it excusable, under such peculiar circu
present, flowing as it did from loyal z
considerations.

Alarmed at the diffusion of such an
Europe, Sebastian's anxiety to revisit
extreme; but as they must travel on
assured him that it would be culpable
mence a long journey before he was c
ed to health; Arzile, the nearest Chris
at some leagues distance, and to avoid
take a circuitous route thither, hiding t
day, and proceeding through the ch
night.

Sebastian's impatient nature was i
delay, but necessity is an imperious
therefore obliged to turn his attention
ing health; and by obliging Abensall
facilitate the hour of their departure.

Each night and morning he now t
among the mountains, in excursion
length, gradually habituating himsel
and evening damps: his wounds we
ly healed, and even the dervise co

sent to the fresh glow that began to mantle on his eek.

Sebastian's eagerness had nobler resources than sel- h satisfaction: he lamented every hour thus wasted a distance from the kingdom where all his duties ere centred, he wished to ease the hearts of such as urned him dead, and above all to commence the omised work of liberation for his followers: it must confessed that the prospect of again beholding Don- Gonsalva, and of restoring her to happiness, gave ditional ardour to those honourable anxieties.

When his importunity finally prevailed on Abensal- h to fix the day for their departure, pleasure sparkled his eyes; it was the first time pleasure had appeared ere since he had seen the dervise.

"Ah my son!" exclaimed the holy man, "thou must ffer many more sorrows I fear, ere the spirit that eaks forth in that bright light is finally quenched."

"And why should it be quenched?" asked the young onarch.

"Because," replied Abensallah, "it is full of an ex- vagant hope of such unfading raptures as are only to found in paradise. 'Tis the very spirit of youth hich falsely believes all it loves, immutable: Time at shews thee the mutability of every thing, even of man character (for alas! how insecure sometimes is tue herself,) will extinguish, or give a new direction this erring fire.—Hast thou my son never felt, even the midst of what is called felicity, a sort of feeble- ss in thy power of enjoyment, which seemed to make ppiness mock thy very grasp? Commune with a be- ved friend, behold this glorious scene of earth and aven, and thou wilt acknowledge, even at the mo- ent of liveliest emotion, that in all sublunary things feel the want of some faculty by which we might joy or possess them more intimately: this faculty, hatever it may be is doubtless reserved for another ate of being. Turn and plant thy thoughts then on sub- ner objects: with views thus changed, thou wilt no nger hurry impatiently through life, in search of that essedness for which our souls are expressly formed, it will journey calmly towards the eternal abiding ace, where our Creator treasures up for the faithful, ptures ineffable."

"I am not unmindful of that glorious eternity, be sured good father," returned the King, "yet I frank- acknowledge, that unless I were to believe in the manence of human excellence, long known and long d, life would not merely lose its charm, but become ful to me. In yon humble grave lies one, who, had

he lived, I could have anchored my sou
lant Stukeley! our knot of love was s
the memory of thy noble and endeari
never leave me!"

At this short apostrophe to his frie
animation disappeared, and a train o
ceeded, well calculated to amend an
heart.

The ensuing night having been fix
journey, Abensallah and Ismael went
of the present day to a neighbouring
purchase of such portable provisions as
site to take with him: left free to ran
ley, Sebastian's steps naturally turne
place of his friend, as he was so soon to
return; but it was among his mental p
the honoured dust transferred to Po
should return thither.

The shadows of evening were now
gloom of the rocks as he passed alo
sun had been long set, the air burnt like
ground too was scorching; and the co
dure being lost in the grey of twilig
with this unrelenting heat, to give an a
rility to the scene.

Dried up by the powerful suns, the n
was known only by its stony channel; S
crossed it and pushing through the matt
locust trees, a solitary bird shot from
and startled him with her piercing cry
was flown, he stood listening to her fe

What a spot for the last bed of a here
slept in it undisturbed!

Never before, had death been so im
senses of the young monarch. The d
place, its now awful stillness the deep
the devouring element by which he w
(for he knew not how to deem it air)
contrast to them in his own animated
thoughts, agitated him strangely; he st
fixed, gazing on the mound of earth, wi
to pollute what seemed to him so sacr
embrace.

He was roused from this trance by th
ces; one resembled that of the dervise,
ing on Alla for succour: regardless of
(*though* unarmed) Sebastian rushed into
soon reached the spot whence these
an aged Moor was struggling with a
though not Abensallah, he could not

e plunderers, and attacking them with the
e, which, blown off by some storm, ha
is path.
s of this unwieldy club, falling wit
idity on every side, soon obliged t
their prey, and turn on their new
urrounded him, attacked him fierce
l knives, and one of them, succee
n behind, he dropped from loss of blood
at the escape of th
who had been comi
,) the Alarbes, or mounta
were on the point of w
guese to their vengeance
cast a gleam over his b
the folds of his coarse gale
onna Gonsalva's picture; the head of the
diately seized this precious prize, and soon
iration of the diamonds all ideas of slaugh-
v ordered *the Christian dog* (as he scornful-
is captive,) to be lifted on a mule, directing
nen to bandage his wound, and ride on the

nconscious of what was doing, having faint-
ision of blood, the ill-starred monarch was
and placed before one of the Alarbes; the
red his beast, and followed by the whole
ff on full gallop out of the valley.

—0000—

CHAPTER V.

ebastian was again capable of observation,
imself in the heart of almost impenetrable
surrounded by savage tribes living in tents
bark and leaves of the palm-tree. These
eemed to have just as much civilization
em as rendered their vices more hideous, by
them the plea of ignorance; their business
r and murder; their pleasures, drunkenness
hery.
ts of such people were a constant source
d indignation to Sebastian; of their barba-
indeed he knew nothing, but the force of
rs' passions imparted a detestable expres-
every action of their bodies and features,
him but too well comprehend their ferocity
ofligacy.
surly old woman had dressed his wound,

and supplied him with food, and from her he
tempted to obtain by signs Donna Gonsalva
she either did not or would not understand h

Maddened by this loss, and desperate of
norant of the place where he was, and hope
fore of escaping, he began to disregard life:
threats nor the violence of the Alarbes preval
his resolution of never submitting to the be
tions they assigned him; he was a monarch s
deprived of his people and of liberty; and w
lived or died, he was resolved to live or die
by submission to miscreants.

The firmness with which he endured al
ments, at first astonished, and at length exasp
brutal captors; they suffered him to behold
ful image of Gonsalva (now robbed of its s
lated by their brutish admiration, but stendil
it, in defiance of his frantic entreaties, his ra
to regain it, or his offer of treasures in excha

One day when Sarhamet the chief had e
him beyond control, by deridingly kissing t
his fury burst forth so fearfully, that the Ala
out of his reach, and hastily dashed the co
ject into one of the neighbouring torrents
short of regaining his treasure could have
captive King such joy; his wrath suddenly
dropt the arm just raised to clance a mortal
approaching the torrent, beheld with satis
divine colours of the portrait effaced by i
waters; he then turned quietly away, and
his former station.

Tranquillized by the certainty that his
representative was thus rescued from prof
was able to control his indignation at oth
stances, and to strive at obtaining his own
but though he endeavoured to explain to the
that if they would convey him to a Christi
they should be liberally paid, and loaded
they either did not comprehend, or much
his veracity: at length, wearied out by his st
racter, and tempted by the great price give
some Europeans by the Moorish grandees,
meditated selling him.

This information, which was meant to
gratified their prisoner: to be again brough
plains, was to be once more placed within
liberty, and chances of meeting the rever
saliah: Sebastian's health returned with
though his last wound had been deep, it h
fully managed; and the purity of a good
adding force to an invincible spirit, enabl

by the piercing mountain air, and the fre-
o which the Alarbes had wantonly deemed

ving looks quickened the eagerness of Sar-
illing him: solicitous to secure the moment
a high price for his captive, the robber
ozen followers, and mounting them and
on stout Barbs, set off with them one morn-
break, for the country house of a Moorish

and his brother rode on each side of the
were armed with guns and Moorish knives,
gns to him that if he attempted to escape,
vitably fall by the hands of the troops ch-
, whose naked weapons were placed in
ready for that purpose:—Sebastian smiled,
ed acquiescence; but it was a grievous
f he disdained himself" for so submitting

ney was long and wearisome: the Alarbes,
very change of climate, travelled indifferh
nightly dews and noon-day heats; some-
halted after a burning day, upon the very
snow-topt mountain, where they supped,
ith no other covering than the clouds; at
they would journey through the night, and
ves to rest in valleys, among scorching
eflected thrice the heat of the sun.
contemplated this iron strength, with seme-
ivy: by rendering a man's body indepen-
s additional stability to the freedom of his
lt conscious that, had he been thus disci-
invulnerable strength, he might have at-
d perhaps effected his escape: but the in-
had re-opened his last wound, and had in
so reduced his natural vigour, that he
ope to succeed, though he should master
who constantly watched him while the
Completely unarmed, and cautiously re-
the spot where the horses were fastened,
are, that a contest with one Moor must
others, and that he should perish under
s long before he could meet any shelter:
ng at present, he might obtain his object
n the neighbourhood of a populous city,
ous means might be found, and providence,
throw Abensallah in his way, or some
iend, with whom he might share an at
ual deliverance.
ghts often occupied him, as he rested or

rode among his ferocious companions; and filled his sanguine breast, pointing to his cou Gonsalva.

From the length of their journey, Sebasti tured that his late residence had been at the of the Benzeroel mountains; he had therefo the same tract of country with the benevole and was now far distant from him: at thoug seeing him again, his feelings saddened, gli rally from Abensallah to the gallant Stuk thence to the slaughter of Alcazar.

On the fourteenth day, Sarhamet exchang soner's worn-out galebia for a coarse, but me ing habit, telling him that they were on the nishing their career: Sebastian for the firs quired the name and rank of the person to w were now going; he learnt in reply, that h Almogadem of a cavila, (that is, governor vince) high in favour of the reigning Xerif ably assisted in securing him the throne) n respected throughout Barbary. His dwelli the Valley of Palms, a delightful place, ne leagues beyond Mequinez.

After bathing, and re-dressing themselves, party mounted their horses, and proceede winding declivity into a most luxuriant vale: try-house of El Hader lay before them. Ha a royal gift, the building was a Moorish C much magnificence, covering with its interio squares, piazzas, and baths, an extent of Sebastian paused awhile, admiring its rude s

The high dome of green and gold, the t trees which appeared rising above the gild of the squares, the fountains of white and ble, the gay piazzas chequered with coloured lofty columns and massy arches, all present blance of regal grandeur, which made his he back to Ribera and Xabregas. The contrast e tion now, with what it had been when in the places, almost unmanned him; their scenes v sociated with the idea of Donna Gonsalva, t impossible for him not to heave some prof as he entered the dwelling of a Moorish no prisoner and a slave.

Sarhamet, with his brother and their ca admitted into a lower hall of the Cassavec they were soon after led into the presence mogadem.

As the young and imperious King of Por through a crowd of Moors to the audience

El Hader, and reflected that he was going to be sold for a price, like some ignoble animal, his heart might well be said to "grow too big for what contained it;" he was on the point of madly rushing upon all surrounding him, and so purchasing freedom with life. Had he not happily remembered that Portugal claimed a sacrifice at his hands, and that it was his duty to suffer, in the hope of living to repair the unintentional calamity he had caused her, his rashness must have transported him into violence that would have ended in his own destruction.

Fervently calling on every saint to endue him with patience, he walked slowly after Sarhamet, with a resolution of no longer observing the minutiæ of his fate: thus influenced, he scarcely noticed the approbation of El Hader and his retainers, but stood silent, wrapped up in his cloak, willfully inattentive to the long bargaining of the Alarbe, and the enormous price at length paid down for him.

When the bargain was concluded, Sarhamet departed; the Almoçadem then addressed his new slave in vile Portuguese, telling him to adore Alla, for having advanced him to so high an honour as that of serving the greatest man throughout the Xeriff's dominions; promising, in consideration of the Christian's fine appearance, to make him one of his household slaves.

The sentence of death would have been more grateful to Sebastian than this degrading favour. What! was he, a Christian King, the descendant of Kings, to wait upon an accursed infidel, and learn obedience to his nod? No, he would rather perish, he would suffer for his beloved country and for his friends all that pain, sorrow, and want, could inflict, he would for their sakes bend to almost any mortification; but it was impossible for him to yield to base servitude, and become the domestic servant of a Mahometan. Resolute to die in this determination, he calmly repeated it to El Hader, protesting he would only labour in the manly occupation of really useful work, the employments of the field.

The Almoçadem was a good humoured, indolent man, not easily moved to wrath: surprised, therefore, but not irritated, he turned to his interpreter, bidding him ask the foolish Christian if he knew the difference between a household and a field slave. The man who repeated the question, ended it by an explanation of the situations, assuring Sebastian, that if he remained in the *Cassavee he* would be superbly dressed, delicately fed, and comfortably lodged; that all his business would be to wait at his lord's back with his hookha, or ride out when he went a hunting, with his lances an

arrows: that, on the contrary, if he persisted in the field slaves, he would be doomed to hard fa worse lodging, and be urged to the most laboriou by stripes and blows.

At the last words, Sebastian's eyes sparkle fury, "Mark me, Moor!" he cried in a dreadful "I am a man that will not survive disgrace: immortal heavens! if but the shadow of one whips ever falls upon this body, I will wash stain in blood! Beware then!"

The Africans looked on each other with as ment: the Almoçadem smiled. "We shall s shall see! he repeated carelessly, if you do yo I give orders that you shall not be beaten; but have all my slaves do their duty; so do you hea abuse my goodness by insolence and idleness. are you, young man?—How did you get into that Sarhamet's hands?—Were you one of the mad followers of the mad King Sebastian?"

The captive monarch's blood crimsoned hi "I *was* in the battle of Alcazar," he said p "and were I free this moment, would again foll royal-standard of Portugal over the plains of B The mad Sebastian, as you call him, on that da the stoutest hearts in Morocco tremble.—May to make them quake again! I saw your routed flying before him like scattered sheep!—the fie ours, till one of your infidel race, the detested Hamet, turned like a traitor upon the troops he fecting to aid.—"

"He did right," interrupted El Hader, "by ing he made his peace with Mahomet, and gaine dise. But how could your hot-brained King b the faith of a man who had broken his faith w prophet by leaguing with Christians? Ah! I s touches you,—well, they are both gone to sett accounts together in the other world."

As he concluded, the Almoçadem turned to terpreter, "Ephra, we must give this Christi his choice; you know I am always desirous of my slaves to experience.—Conduct him to field and then, if he continues to despise the honour tending upon me here, we must leave him to h —Bid him withdraw."

As El Hader rose while he was speaking, Se *naturally* coincided with the movement, and *away*; he was therefore spared the mortificatio *ing told* to depart.

Ephra conducted him towards a long piazza *which* they passed into a large paved court.

laves were refreshing themselves between their
f labour: struggling with his imperious nature,
happy monarch neither saw nor heard any thing,
ssionate exclamation, in pure Portuguese, struck
; he turned hastily round and beheld a young
whose face he remembered to have seen amongst
ps,) who dropping upon one knee, repeated in
rs—"O sire! what a change is this."
and powerful were the reasons of Sebastian
aining unkown to the Moors, but his feelings,
perior to selfish prudence, now mocked control;
, and extended both his hands, which the sol-
erly kissed; he would have spoken, but the
lied on his lips; the Portuguese recovering from
isport of mixed emotion, into sorrow and hati-
rference, fearfully relinquished his sovereign's
and turned aside to conceal some tears: Ephra
advanced and asked the meaning of this scene.
e Sebastian could reply, the young soldier gen-
vered, that he was overcome by unexpectedly
his commanding officer in the new slave, then
ed permission to converse with him awhile, af-
ch he would return to his occupations with re-
diligence.
was a man not easily moved: he coldly de-
is indulgence, telling the Portuguese to mind
ent superiors and forget his past ones, adding
cally, "whoever your captain is, whether Don
go, he is now a slave like yourself."
out venturing to remonstrate, the poor youth
and disappeared, while Ephra morosely contin-
recede his royal companion.
thing now was unnoticed by Sebastian: this
at meeting with one of his subjects had subdued
e sound of those few words pronounced in their
ccent, brought into his mind such crowds of ten-
affecting images, that his heart was completely
: until this moment he had felt utterly aban-
nd now the unexpected proof of being still lov-
honoured, even by one he might be said to have
affected him to weakness.
the weakness of Sebastian to wish for the
his fellow creatures: time, only, could teach
e contented with their esteem.
g conducted his melancholy companion through
curest parts of the Cassavee, Ephra brought
a large square of ground surrounded by mean
, where a number of Christians were at work:
contained the slaves' habitations, and was
direction of a governor, whose office it was

to see the several tasks fulfilled, and at nigh
up all the captives in their miserable lodgings.

At sight of a new victim, this man came f
"Here, Ben Tarab," cried Ephra, "our il
master has sent you this refractory Christian
obedience; give him work, and see that he do
tempt to escape: if you do not present him to
El Hader when next he calls for him, your h
answer it."

Ben Tarab bowed submissively, and Ephra
court.

Sebastian's eyes meanwhile were anxiously
ed in scrutinizing the persons around him: t
Christians of all nations, some very old, othe
tender spring of life; but blood-drinking c
flesh-consuming toil had left their traces on th
est cheeks: every countenance was wan, eve
emaciated.

Amongst the various groups, he sought in
his cousin Antonio, or Don Emanuel de Cast
but strange faces met his gaze, and as no one
sed him, he rightly concluded that none of his
my were amongst them.

Sebastian wished not for partners in afflict
though anxiety led him to seek for Crato and
tro, he was gladdened by not finding them u
task-masters of El Hader.

Ben Tarab soon assigned him a portion of
too much occupied with reflections on the
lot of others, to think any longer of his own,
performed his task mechanically, while vie
scene before him.—In one quarter were grou
tives employed in stamping, with heavy we
damp earth with which the Moors form the
their inferior buildings; others were labouri
pare this earth out of various materials: oth
bringing sand, bricks, and lime, in loaded bas
their heads; while some where hewing ston
wood, melting lead, or moulding ornaments f
l r parts of the Cassavee.

Fainting with heat, toil, and thirst, these
people were yet urged to their tasks with im
and blows; neither age nor infirmities plea
moment's indulgence: they toiled on, cons
scorching suns, and unrefreshed by a single b

The sighs and groans of the Christians p
heart of Sebastian; he heard them with angu
was no longer that Sebastian whose nod com
erty; a slave now, he had nothing to bes
ward prayers for himself and for them.

his new workman totally ignorant of la-
arab roughly told him to observe how
d so learn the trade of them.—"What, I
ave been what Christian dogs call a gen-
therefore are good for nothing:—I have
nes the trouble with gentlemen; they are
t, lazy, or stupid, and are only fit to do
horses or asses; one poor fellow is worth
of you.—We never promote gentlemen
nay reckon soon upon being sent into the
to draw the water-waggons, or dig for
he plague am I to be troubled with you?
ou have been kept amongst the household

which seemed ready to burst in thunder
an, evidently intimidated Ben Tarab; he
y out of the reach of his arm, muttering
ne, "Get on with your job—do as well as

his self-command, the young King turn-
away, and pursued his occupation; it was
ple: The comparative easiness and delica-
ployment, when contrasted with that of
him believe that he owed some gratitude
Tarab, for having thus favoured him, he
resolved to disregard in future the bru-
f the man, and think only of escaping in-
rging his portion of labour.

this resolution he could never again look
without something so alarming in his
Moor feared to approach him, he shewed
tasks, not daring to threaten any punish-
ir non-fulfilment, and at length, sick of
t, offered to remove him into a different
Sebastian caught at the proposal; he was
ee all the slaves of the Almogadem; and
shed to meet once more with the young
dutiful remembrance had affected him so

:," said Ben Tarab, "that you know no-
orks we do here, and perhaps some other
ar capacity better; every man has not the
all things.—We have slaves, now, that
powder, and armour, and cast cannon; do
business?—What! you're afraid of such
?—You change colour at the very mention
re you and I agree.—We have others that
g timber, some that get in our three bar-
at make bricks, and a few that work in
ader's gardens.—I can promote you to

any of these departments if you know how to be thankful for such a favour."

"I know how to be thankful;" said Sebastian gently, "give me any occupation so it be but in the fresh air of heaven, and require little more than *bodily* exertion, and I will thank you sincerely."—

"Well then," replied the Moor, "you may as well change into the gardens; there you will have nothing to do, but trudge about, pruning and digging, fetching water from the fountains to the baths, plenty to do, and nothing to crack your brains with thinking of: if you behave well, and shew any signs of *rare sagacity*, you may get *promoted*, and become at last, *fruit-gatherer* and *flower-gatherer* for the *women*."—

"Ben Tarab!" said Sebastian, after a thoughtful pause, disregarding the brute's contemptuous air, "Is there any offer that could persuade you into becoming my friend?—Procure for me permission to send to one of the Portuguese forts, and I will not only engage to be ransomed at a high price, but will faithfully promise you a hundred gold crowns for your kindness."

"So then, you *are* a nobleman?" replied Ben Tarab, attentively eyeing him "I thought so the moment I saw you: but bark ye my friend, the great El Hader prides himself upon despising ransoms; if the King of Portugal himself were living, and a slave within these walls, he must offer a thousand of such crowns as that he was crowned with, before he could move a true Mussulman: Slaves here, are slaves for life; and I hate you all too cordially ever to betray my trust and risk my neck for such scoundrels."

As Ben Tarab ended, he disappeared with a malicious grin, and in a short time re-entered with an older Moor, who looked awhile at Sebastian, and then conducted him out of the court: the latter followed his steps in silence, strongly wrestling with his own outraged feelings, which were almost chafed into fury, by the mingled malice and cowardice of Ben Tarab.

After traversing several open quadrangles and stone galleries, they came at length to the gardens: they were admitted through magnificent gates, curiously wrought in open work of cast iron, and covered with gilding; as he entered, Sebastian felt an emotion long unknown to him, an emotion of delight.

The gardens were spacious and verdant, beautified *with marble* fountains and canals; their terraces were *shaded by* tall trees of the freshest green, and the air *that fanned* them was impregnated with the perfume of *orange flowers*.

Sebastian could not respire air thus perfumed, so

y thinking of the gardens of Count Vimiosa; he had seen Donna Gonsalva came back to ion with all the force of a present scene: it his eyes round, scarcely breathed, almost see her celestial beauty advance from some es:—But he saw no one, till his conductor urther, and brought him to a spot where a were employed in cutting a subterraneous m a bower of Arabian jessamine, to one of -Stopping at this place, the Moor shewed s new occupation.

ing in silence till long past sunset, the dismissed to their distant lodgings, where supper awaited them.

ering the court where he had first laboured, lid not see Ben Tarab, he passed slowly g every fresh group of new faces, without that he knew: at length he perceived a hristians gathered round one who was sit- rude guitar in his hand, playing the sym- ong; the King approached, and recognized Gaspar. The young man, without observ- gan to sing with little voice, and less skill, feeling, these stanzas.

'ime! thy waves that might have rolled
channels gay with bordering roses,
dow and sad and sunless flow
e not one flower its bloom discloses:

oill the blushing wreaths of joy
e thy waters blossom ever,
weets like breath of angels, throw
id the purple wings of Zephyr?"

is going to repeat the song, his eyes met King, and a flush of joyful surprise cover- d face; he rose hastily, reminded his com- pper, and in the midst of their tumultuous , drew near to one of the houses: he then an open door, making a sign for Sebastian

: obeyed: no sooner were they alone, than himself at the feet of his sovereign, utter- voice the most affecting expressions of sor- respect, deploring the fate of Portugal, thus her protector, and beseeching him to order and his life in any way conducive to his

ould not conceal his emotion: he raised

Gaspar from the ground, with many gracious acknowledgments, assuring him that the only service he could do him would be to discover whether a ransom would indeed be refused by El Hader, or to aid in their mutual escape.—Gaspar's answer destroyed every hope.

He represented that the Almocadem avowedly picqued himself upon never giving liberty to the enemies of Mahomet; that as the whole of the domains were inclosed by high walls, and these regularly guarded day and night, the escape of a prisoner was impossible; nay, that even such captives as worked in the fields and quarries, were watched by Moors completely armed, therefore as hopeless of escape as the household servants.

"For myself, I scarcely care," said the young soldier, (tears starting into his eyes even while he believed himself thus indifferent;) "but to behold my King so fated, drives me to desperation.—My life, sire, is of no consequence—except to a widowed mother and sisters, whom your royal bounty will hereafter save from want—perhaps you would deign to accept of my attempting something for your sake; should I fail, it will be nothing; I shall die in the performance of a duty; should I succeed, Portugal will owe her happiness to me."

"What is it you would attempt?" asked Sebastian, seeing Gaspar too much affected to proceed.

"To scale the walls," exclaimed the breathless soldier, "to flee by unfrequented ways to the nearest fortress, to convey thither the blessed tidings of my sovereign's safety, and either return with a royal ransom, or joined by every Portuguese in Africa, march hither, storm the Cassavee, and———"

"Brave Gaspar!" exclaimed the youthful monarch, animated with similar ardour, "Thou hast the heart of a knight: should we ever reach Portugal, claim knighthood at my hand. But I cannot accept of freedom on such terms; too many gallant soldiers have already been sacrificed by my imprudent reliance on the faith of a traitor: neither the lives nor the properties of my subjects shall be lavished to purchase my liberty. If these wretches knew my real rank, half my kingdom would not satisfy their avarice. No! let us trust to Providence.—I will watch the opportune moment like a lynx. I will try every method to bribe my gaolers—if I escape at last, be assured Gaspar, I will remember you."

Gaspar was going to press his former petition, when the sound of Ben Tarab's horrid voice made him start. "We must part, sire," he exclaimed, "haste—

vd—we meet again to-morrow night."
ıg, he hurried the King out of the house,
e immediately absorbed by the multitude

kept at a distance from Sebastian, who
lp smiling at his mixture of ferocity and
was soon bed time; and the slaves, sepa-
ng retired to a scattering of bean-straw
of a brick-room, where he threw himself
her captives, and sunk, overpowered with

of day awoke him to the same toil, and
pper again allowed him a short conver-
Gaspar. Every day brought with it but
for regret, while it diminished the delu-
. But where is the situation, however
of which it is impossible for us to extract
ion? Sebastian found in his present state,
rt of that remorse which had so long tor-

riencing the benevolence of Abensallah,
ally thought with so much esteem of the
icter, that his expedition appeared almost
and the destruction attendant on it, doubly
now that he witnessed the real miseries
d the detestableness of a tyrannical gov-
ch habituates every individual to the ex-
nny in his turn, zeal once more assumed
virtue, and lulled conscience to rest.—
this, his own sufferings were softened by
fortunately acquired of alleviating those

garden-labourers were two aged men, for
quently procured rest and refreshment, by
only his own task, but part of theirs: when
fainting with thirst and exhaustion, be
iem all that he had purposely saved from
akfast; their blessings were his luxuries,
ries, but such as warmed his heart far be-
njoyments of his former state.
now had he known the full transport of
or never before had he done so at the ex-
sonal privations: sovereigns, like gods,
bounties with unsparing hands, yet never
ed, soul-ennobling consciousness. Ought
envy, ah! should we not rather pity that
on which demands from its possessor so
and rewards him with so few pleasures!
governor of the gardens knew no other
his own, Sebastian managed to converse

with h[illegible] by signs, and to conciliate his favour: fro[illegible] the in[illegible] in which he found himself capable of bene[illegible] fitti[illegible] istressed, his servitude ceased to appear de[illegible] gra[illegible] d he toiled incessantly; his strength and h[illegible] tast[illegible] him inestimable; and by voluntary labour or i[illegible] s plans of decoration, he soon won so much on [illegible] hat he gained frequent intervals of rest for his [illegible] laves.

T[illegible] re now employed in constructing and adorning a subte[illegible] in imitation of a natural grotto: the[illegible] d himself with a thousand taste[illegible] chanted the dull Hafiz, and proc[illegible] oofs of kindness: from this suc[illegible] please acquired fresh stimulus [illegible] fforts, hoping to win so far upon [illegible] gain liberty through his means.

After each day [illegible] supper-hour was always welcome; it brought him into the society of Gaspar. The conversation of his humble friend was now Sebastian's chief pleasure, for with him he felt himself Sebastian still; sympathy of suffering, gratitude for affection, and esteem of native goodness, united to heighten this pleasure: he talked with Gaspar of Portugal and liberty, of days past and days to come, with all the ardour of unbroken youth.

Gaspar, in return, canvassed every possible mode of escape, continuing to bewail the fate which separated him from his King: he was, however inspirited by some information lately obtained—it was as follows: at certain periods the Moors permitted a few travelling friars, called brothers of the redemption, to inspect their slaves, and to agree for the ransom of such as they wished redeemed; one of these charitable men, a native of Spain, was expected at Mequinez, by the next new moon; but the Almoçadem having resolved never to sell any of his slaves, had always refused to admit the friar, so that it would be necessary for Sebastian to exert all his eloquence upon Hafiz, for him either to petition the Almoçadem himself, or to let the friar know there was a Portuguese nobleman under his care, who would reward him amply for importuning El Hader in his favour.

This information roused the sanguine nature of Sebastian; he believed himself already on the threshold of liberty, and faithfully swore to Gaspar that he [illegible] not accept of freedom without him for a compani[illegible]

Intoxicated with joy, and overflowing with de[illegible] ness, the young Portuguese fell at his sovereign [illegible] pouring forth a broken torrent of gratitude:

verence and obey his King,
lities of that King, being
st affecting light, added to
sentiment of affection.
ssing the earth beneath Se-
lly meditating a rash enter-
ight with heroism: expect-
ir meant only to wait till
been made and frustrated
tely execute his own pro-
pen country, where he was
s in felling timber; there
oors who guarded them,
therefore to escape with-
could get the start of them
g very swift of foot, and
-road to Mequinez, where
d waggons) he might hope
unicate the secret of Don

n pursuing him the Moors
woods and hills leading to
uently, though he was al-
ly into their hands, his ob-
friar would convey the im-
ian ferts, from thence it
d to Portugal and Spain,
army or a ransom would

as still connected with his
succeed: as Gaspar would
ster's knowledge, he could
racity, such as a ring or
ly solely on the sincerity
natural desire of crediting
lanted in the human heart.
n such an important point,
ne to his country: for Gas
ninth century, had an in-
untry's claims were supe-
her rulers.
rject, the young soldier
feet with an illuminated
s after they separated to

n Sebastian had asked for
passing his nights in a se
d had been granted, with
g an immense favour: he
which was a small room,

scarcely large enough to turn in, with a barred wi
and a straw bed. As he entered it with an emot
pleasure, the change of his destiny forcibly struck
what a cell for a King of Portugal, and the lo
Donna Gonsalva to behold with gladness!

He went up to the narrow window and as h
fell on nothing but the dark dwellings of the s
faintly lighted by the rays of a watry moon, he l
from them to himself, and sighed profoundly.
three months back, he had worn the habit, and
surrounded by the glories of a powerful prince; h
been ministered unto like a god, till the most exq
refinements of polished life had become natural w
he was now a slave, clad in coarse garments, denie
common necessaries of his poorest subjects, forc
labour without intermission through the day, a
night he immured in a wretched chamber, when
tude was his only comfort!

For awhile, thought took so gloomy a cast, th
felt as if all that sunny period of his life had be
more than a dream. The memory of Stukeley ap
ed but the memory of some brilliant phantom; his
ing eloquence, that had always acted on the s
Sebastian like the sound of the trumpet was now
ed away, his voice was hushed, his body gone do
dust!

Nothing gives such apparent length to any p
of time, as a complete change in outward scene
inward feelings. Sebastian was scarcely able to
suade himself that all these new emotions had
produced by the events of so short a period as
months; he reviewed the incidents which had hap
since his landing in Africa, with a bitterness of
which was at length dispersed by the idea of Go
in this faithful friend, providence was evidently p
ing for him a zealous assistant; at any rate, if
tachment might not aid, it would assuredly consol
and was therefore to be gratefully accepted as a
earnest of the divine succour.

Elevated by this thought, Sebastian's feelings c
ed with their usual rapidity, joy lightened his
and pouring out a fervent prayer over the little c
his order, (which he still preserved,) laid himself
with the confidence of pious reliance.

CHAPTER VI.

as sure of learning from the good-na-
o had spoken to him of the redemption
ther Mansonada would be at Mequinez,
ed the King not to put the absolute ques-
efore the friar's arrival was actually an-
employ the intermediate period in gain-
ill, urging the request at the time when
ther instantly refused of granted: this
ald leave no time for repentance.

this prudent resolution, the King con-
t his strength and his talents in every
n by Hafiz: under his hands the uncouth
ge grew into a romantic labyrinth, diver-
and mosses, and hung with natural gar-
ring plants. Often while he was placing
irub, he smiled bitterly at what to him
aish employment, and was forced to re-
o occupation is disgraceful which is sub-
great and virtuous purpose.

aired many of the Morocco words, he
to hold short conversations with Hafiz,
ave, and somewhat dull, was not insen-
; he liberally praised Sebastian, and for
d new indulgences to sickly slaves.

arked his increasing influence with re-
: having his eye fixed but on one object,
hich every blessing is included,] he dis-
se, distributing among his fellow captives
of dress and delicate food, as Hafiz occa-
him.

faction arising from these circumstances
bly diminished by an unforseen distress;
ken ill: he had been unusually fatigued
an insufferably burning day; and at night,
some marshy ground with other Chris-
ere all attacked the following morning
—The disorder seized his lungs. From
ffocating cough and slow fever preyed on
At all times delicate, he now lost his
leep; and appeared hastening fast to that
the weary are at rest."

yond measure, his royal friend no longer
erting any influence over Hafiz for his
gratification, but tried to use it for Gas-
ented his situation in the most moving
g the Moor to get him transferred from
he gardens, where he promised to work

is place, allowing himself no instant of rec reat
ough the day, and but four hours of rest at n ight
s importunities at length wrung from Hafiz a pro
that he would go and solicit the Almogadem
ave for the transfer.

Sebastian communicated this to Gaspar with all th
rdour of pleasure, the latter turned pale and faltere
ut an exclamation of regret; painfully disappointed
Sebastian enquired the reason of this disinclination t
be near him, and soon found, from the generous an
ther, that it arose from concern at the sacrifices whic
he must make on his account.

This indeed was part of the truth; but the mos
powerful cause was alarm at a removal, which howeve
agreeable to Gaspar, would put it out of his power t
serve his master: from the gardens he could not at
tempt escape without involving him in his ruin should
he be retaken, and therefore it was necessary for him
to wait no longer a return of health, but seize this fa
opportunity of flying from the fields.—Perhaps another
day would close the door of freedom for ever, as Ha
fiz, who had been sent for to Mequinez by the Almo
gadem, might return ere night: this thought determin
ed Gaspar!

Many and violent were his emotions when he part
from his beloved master at the door of their cheerl
lodging; the poor fellow felt death at his heart,
scarcely knew how to hope for sufficient strengt
carry him to Mequinez, where, however, the ar
of friar Mausonada was now happily ascertained.
fastened his eyes on the countenance of Sebastian
the most sorrowful expression; the benign smil
sat there, revived him for an instant, but fearful
traying any unusual agitation, he retired without
ing.

The next day Hafiz did not return, and at n
bastian was surprised by the non-appearance of
concluding that he was cruelly kept out at di
hour, he began to grow impatient for the sigh
fiz: still the governor returned not, and the n
and the one following that, Gaspar too was

Disturbed and alarmed, Sebastian appr
French Christian with whom he had once se
cater from work, and asked the man, in hi
guage, what had become of him: the an
whelmed him with grief.

Gaspar had attempted to escape two d
while the wood-slaves were dispersed, an
carousing; he had got half way to Mequ
was overtaken by two of the Moors, wh

always remember that he was no longer able to re-
d any one!—But these vain promises were no soon-
ast his lips, than he disclaimed them, with a stifled
m, and turned once more to entreaties.
he brutal Ben Tarab advanced cautiously, "You
I am armed;" was his salutation, (pointing to a
of huge pistols in his belt, and drawing out a Moor-
knife,) "in that case you dare not touch me: what
l this tumult about?—is it because the dog is a Por-
ese like yourself?—or because you are colleagues?
the holy prophet! I believe you deserve as sound
stinading as he does. If he dies under the thong,
night he shall receive a thousand lashes. Get you
ur sleeping hole, and pretend not to thwart a Mus-
man in his duty."
'ithout replying, Sebastian shot an eagle glance
d, as if in search of something, the next instant he
ed forwards, and snatching up a hatchet which lay
dentally among some rubbish, flashed it in the eyes
en Tarab.
I too am armed!" he exclaimed fiercely, "ap-
ch but one step nearer and this hatchet shall lay
dead at my feet.—I can die but once—yet if I *do*
I will sell my life dearly.—Mark me! the man
takes Gaspar to punishment from this prison must
his way to him through my heart."
s he concluded, the stern frown of the young mo-
h withered Ben Tarab's courage, he drew back
bling, and tried to pull out one of his pistols; Se-
an saw the action, and sprung on him like a tiger;
owerful grasp pinioned the arms of the Moor, who
ving himself in the very gripe of death, cried out
ercy: before any one could come to his rescue,
stian flung him disdainfully away, saying—
Take your worthless life—I want nothing beyond
for a poor *dying* man. Suffer me unmolested to
watch before this prison till Hafiz returns; then
e punishment of Gaspar be referred to the Almo-
: you will appear against him, I shall plead for
hope from the lips of the humane Hafiz."

ivid and trembling, Ben Tarab now sheltered him-
behind a group of Moors who had run into his as-
tance: conscious that Sebastian was indeed only to
conquered by death, and aware of the high value set
him by El Hader, he feared to order the violence
base soul longed to inflict.

"Stay then," he cried at last, "Stay! and may-
gues blister you for your pains!—There you may
tch and fast, for neither bed nor meal shall you have
Hafiz comes back and rids me of you altogether.
diers, take care he is not too subtle for you; look
him well." So saying, Ben Tarab left the court,
itting its huge stone gates after him, with a rage
t threatened to crash them.

Sebastian grasped his hatchet and sat quietly down
on the steps of the prison, while two Moorish guards
lked backwards and forwards, discoursing about
s mad Christian, who would certainly be condemned
the rack by their illustrious master.

n this situation, full of agitating thoughts, the King
Portugal past the night: fortunately for him, Hafiz
urned the next day, and having missed Sebastian in
gardens, came to inquire for him of Ben Tarab;
it brutal fellow related the events of the last few days
th all the exaggerations of inveterate animosity,
iding Hafiz to threaten his favourite slave with a
ain or a log.

Sebastian's character was one of extremes; he was
ernately the fiercest and the gentlest of mankind;
here he saw the trace of humanity he could quell
ery movement of passion, and enter into the calmest
d most considerate explanations: he now let the
ath of Hafiz take its course, waiting till it was spent,
fore he expatiated upon the natural love we bear our
antrymen; and the impossibility of refraining from
ne shew of violence when any object whom we sin-
rely love is threatened with danger. The poor dy-
g youth being menaced with the bastinado, was, on
s reasoning, a sufficient plea for his own vehemence.
Sebastian mingled these with strong appeals to that
atiment of Liberty which he presumed dwelt in the
som of Hafiz, in common with every honest man, he
sought his pity;—and finished by declaring, that if
aspar perished, neither whips nor daggers should
er compel *him* to any act of labour.

All these arguments had their weight, but especially
last; *Hafiz* feared to lose the very flower of his
kmen, *and* therefore promised to go immediately
ara Aziek, the daughter of El Hader, and try to
n Gaspar's pardon from her: this favourite and on-

ly surviving child of the Almocadem had come that morning from Mequinez, merely to see the subterraneous labyrinth, and having been enchanted with its novelty and beauty, Hafiz hoped might be induced to pronounce the desired forgiveness. Hastening away, he returned in a short time with the Moorish Lady's order for the release and removal of Gaspar.

Penetrated with gratitude proportionate to his late apprehension, Sebastian vehemently thanked the good Moor, and went with him into the prison.

As they approached the dungeon in which Gaspar was, his feeble groans alone broke the sullen silence; he was the only human being who had slept in that dismal place during three nights, and might have perished there, without even the hope of succour: at the sound of his royal master's voice, he slowly raised his head, and supported himself for an instant; but he sunk again, overpowered with pain and weakness.—Sebastian hastened to catch him on his breast, while Hafiz assured him he was pardoned, and going to be removed entirely from the influence of Ben Tarab.

The prejudiced yet well-meaning Moor accompanied this information with several animadversions upon the folly and ingratitude of attempting an escape from a residence where all the slaves were treated like trusty servants; bidding him remember, that as it was wholly for Fabians' sake he was forgiven, a second fault would draw Fabian into the same destruction.

Gaspar could only reply by a submissive motion of the head, for a merciless neglect of sending him food had rendered him so weak he could scarcely speak; he was besides too joyful for utterance; but he held his sovereign's hand alternately to his lips and to his heart, with an energy of gratitude that needed no additional eloquence.

The wound in Gaspar's leg was more painful than it appeared dangerous, so that Sebastian trusted he might yet recover both from it and his pulmonary complaint, if properly nursed, and kept for awhile from labouring amongst evening and morning mists:—he now made an earnest petition to Hafiz for permission to inhabit some chamber adjoining that allotted to Gaspar, in order that he might be thus enabled to devote every leisure moment to his suffering friend.

After long resisting, Hafiz reluctantly yielded: first stipulating some new exercise of his favourite's ingenuity, by way of equivalent:—Gaspar was then conveyed to another quarter of the Cassavee, where the household slaves are lodged, and a small but wretched apartment was assigned to him.

tion the nursery of fragrant exotics, whic
had requested he might attend.

Sebastian needed not an additional
these humble tasks: it was motive enoug
by fancying light decorations, requiring
than strength to accomplish, he spared
tives many a weary labour: Hafiz had lo
almost solely to his direction, well satis
beautiful novelties rising around him,
that they did not occupy half the t
half the bodily powers he had former
lavish.

The slaves blessed with longer
were no more pale and squalid; th
decent attention to their persons, an
for themselves many minor comfort
nation (for content can never dwell
to appear in their looks: at this sig
glowed within him, and the consci
source from whence these blessin
the glow. On retiring for the ni
day, Hafiz allowed the King to
fruits for Gaspar, with which h
gardens.

Gaspar was already supplied
finest grapes, and a flask of r
(balm of Mecca being infused in
Azick's: he had temperately par
and was even then revived by t

The details which now took
and his humble friend, were
ure; Gaspar could not conceal
of his mad enterprise, nor coul
from shewing the extent of h
the scene which had passed t
rab—new plans for their m
canvassed, and these might
termination of seeking the
through whose interference
son the Almocadem to perm
tween them and the Christ

At this prospect, Gasp
purely selfish: his cruel di
the fond hope of ever a
painful emotion burst fort
more grievous to Sebastia

"I must submit," he
deny me the joy of witn
tion to his people: dou
poor mother and siste

ransported with these fantastic day-dreams, he
cely heard the precise Hafiz, who was all this while
eavouring to explain to him, Kara Aziek's com-
ds about the gardens: starting at her name, he beg
to have those commands repeated.
afiz deliberately recapitulated them; adding, that
r young mistress, who was going immediately back
lequinez, wished her new orders to be fulfilled be-
the feast of Ramadan, on which she should re-
with her father; that on hearing the particulars of
ar's situation, she had instructed Hafiz, to have
carefully attended, and supplied with proper nou-
ment; avowing her intention of reporting Ben Ta-
s barbarity to the Almogadem, who though strict
his slaves, was averse to their being cruelly treated.
Then Hafiz ended, Sebastian abruptly exclaimed—
rhaps I should bless my captivity, since it daily
s me from prejudice!—Hafiz, when I first fought
nst your countrymen, I believed myself combat-
a set of wretches, devoid of every human feeling:
e then, I have learned to think that the Maker of
ven and earth, breathes so much of his divine spirit
ugh some rare souls, that not even the pollutions
false religion, can wholly deface their original
ity!—I had been told that your women were little
er than agreeable images, without thought or will:
is it that this young and admirable lady, has been
moved to compassionate a Christian, and con-
n a Mahometan?"
O, I can soon satisfy you;" answered the simple-
ded Hafiz, "I begged for this Gaspar, in the name
idie Absalom."
And who is Sidie Absalom?" asked Sebastian.
You would not ask that," returned his companion,
you had ever read the Holy Book of the Jews;
ras a beautiful young man, the son of one King Da-
—'*From the sole of his foot even to the crown of his*
, *there was no blemish in him*'—our women pray to
as to a saint; ask them any thing in his name, and
are afraid to deny you, for fear of not getting a
and as handsome as he was."
ebastian smiled at his simplicity; Kara Aziek's re-
s seemed worthy of a better motive, and he failed
to bestow on them one infinitely nobler.
afiz now hurried him to labour: the good Moor,
d of distinction, and aware that to the activity and
of his Portuguese slave, he should owe some vi-
mark of the Almogadem's satisfaction, exhorted
tian to employ all his invention in new adornments
baths and fountains, and in bringing to perfec-

tion the nursery of fragrant exotics, which h
had requested he might attend.

Sebastian needed not an additional inc
these humble tasks: it was motive enough fo
by fancying light decorations, requiring more
than strength to accomplish, he spared his
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finest grapes, and a flask of medicated
(balm of Mecca being infused in it) by a ser
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and was even then revived by them.

The details which now took place betwe
and his humble friend, were not unmixed
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of his mad enterprise, nor could his royal ma
from shewing the extent of his gratitude, b
the scene which had passed between him a
rab—new plans for their mutual liberatio
canvassed, and these might all be summed
termination of seeking the favour of K
through whose interference perhaps they m
on the Almogadem to permit some commu
tween them and the Christian forts.

At this prospect, Gaspar could not ch
purely selfish: his cruel disorder forbade hi
the fond hope of ever again beholding P
painful emotion burst forth, followed by a r
more grievous to Sebastian than it was to h

"I must submit," he said, "if it pleas
deny me the joy of witnessing my sovere
tion to his people: doubtless I sinned in
poor mother and sisters for the mere s

es (the most enviable be-
ts,) he was now compe-
n excellent Moresco; he
y one day when they were
nursery of exotics, and
heir gentle mistress.
ra Aziek was the sole sur-
lem by a Portuguese lady
a set of those pirates, who
neighbouring coasts, and
was scarcely passed child-
eeded in persuading her to
o become his wife, upon the
ould marry any others; this
g in harmony with her many
parated by death.
not a woman of much sense,
nd constitutionally humane;
d the prejudices of the Alma-
d her to educate her daughter
ion, in all respects save reli-
herefore mistress of the Portu-
ges, and the literature of both
Mahometan it is true; but her
g mind, her pure, beneficent
grossness of her creed, and
ristian, *in action.*
eath, Aziek became sole arbiter
; at her request he granted such
es as no other slaves throughout
but unhappily these indulgences
ully administered:—Kara Aziek
experienced to conceive the pos-
benevolent commands being dis-
obeyed with eagerness; she there-
istians to be well fed, moderately
reated; when in reality most of
ppropriated the liberal allowances
their surplus of labour; and in fact
their bodies and their souls.
a captive she had never obtained.
it argued well for his piety that
r persuasions could induce him to
of his prophet: on this point he was
nastian, on hearing it, scarcely knew
thing for himself:—but hope is a
will grow on the most rocky soil; it
aliment of man's spiritual part, and
ld not exist.
the gentleness of Aziek's character,

lulled the depressed spirits of his friend: it w
formed of cane; he had contrived to furnis
stops, &c. and had at length made it capabl
coursing most excellent music."

In the tranquillity of evening, when Gaspar
on his narrow pallet, and their minds equally
by agitating conversation, Sebastian would
flute and play Portuguese airs, till Africa was
and their native country alone remembered.—
these moments that love reigned absolute over
of the young King: he could not breathe a not
not recall some song of Donna Gonsalva's;
tial voice seemed floating around him, till te
melted him into weakness, or impatience la
into agony, and the instrument would then
his hand.

Experience alone teaches us the mutabili
tune: we hear of it, we see it, we think we un
and believe it,—but when we find *ourselves* pre
from an height of happiness into an abyss of
is then for the first time that we really dis
slightness of our former perceptions.—The ad
others "we write in sand;" our own "we en
brass."

Sebastian had now constant opportunities o
this reflection, for until his dismal change,
power had prevented him from even dreaming
verse in his own person: since that reverse
pened, he bitterly lamented his precipitate pr
the Pope, whose sanction might otherwise h
obtained, and then Gonsalva would have bee
least a queen, protected by wealth and auth

But these regrets could not recal the past; t
useful only as lessons for the future:—he av
mind from such reflections, directing all its e
towards the present objects of his care.

Some of these were attained: his fellow-slav
garden were comparatively happy through his
Hafiz continued to shew him increasing reg
Gaspar was losing most of those alarming sy
which so lately threatened his life.—Though in
and condemned to perpetual labour, the young
had never yet smarted under one degrading
which he would hereafter blush to have surviv
was a consolation almost transporting; it assu
of divine protection, he thought, seeming to
Providence might bend but would not crush

As it was from Kara Aziek that Sebastian
ed the completion of every hope, he was
talitive about her character and habits of

y of acquiring languages (the most enviable be-
the most useful of talents,) he was now compe-
converse with Hafiz in excellent Moresco; he
ore seized an opportunity one day when they were
together inspecting her nursery of exotics, and
oned him respecting their gentle mistress.
earnt in reply that Kara Aziek was the sole sur-
child of the Almogadem by a Portuguese lady
ad been carried off by a set of those pirates, who
ntly plundered the neighbouring coasts, and
it to Morocco: as she was scarcely passed child-
El Hader had succeeded in persuading her to
her religion, and to become his wife, upon the
ion that he never would marry any others; this
e he had kept, living in harmony with her many
until they were separated by death.
agh this lady was not a woman of much sense,
as accomplished, and constitutionally humane;
luence had softened the prejudices of the Almo-
, so that he suffered her to educate her daughter
he European fashion, in all respects save reli-
Kara Aziek was therefore mistress of the Portu-
and Italian languages, and the literature of both
ies; she was a Mahometan it is true; but her
led and inquiring mind, her pure, beneficent
etherialized the grossness of her creed, and
her almost a Christian, *in action.*
r her mother's death, Aziek became sole arbiter
father's decrees; at her request he granted such
ences to his slaves as no other slaves throughout
y ever enjoyed, but unhappily these indulgences
ever been faithfully administered:—Kara Aziek
o young and inexperienced to conceive the pos-
of her father's benevolent commands being dis-
, or rather not obeyed with eagerness; she there-
lieved the Christians to be well fed, moderately
d, humanely treated; when in reality most of
isk masters appropriated the liberal allowances
aselves; sold their surplus of labour; and in fact
ised over both their bodies and their souls.
freedom of a captive she had never obtained.
ler thought it argued well for his piety that
money nor persuasions could induce him to
an enemy of his prophet: on this point he was
le; and Sebastian, on hearing it, scarcely knew
hope any thing for himself:—but hope is a
plant that will grow on the most rocky soil; it
ed for the aliment of man's spiritual part, and
it he could not exist.
raged by the gentleness of Aziek's characte

Sebastian believed that she might be easily induced
pity, and finally to assist him—perhaps her intrea
might not always be unsuccessful:—Fraught with th
ideas he heard of her return with the Almocade
The day after their arrival he was sent for b
Hader:—"Young man!" said he in Moorish, "
hither, I want to ask you if you are now willing
cept the distinguished post I had destined for ye
of attending on my person wherever I go, even
presence of the illustrious Xeriff himself? I
have been a perfect whirlwind amongst my p
that you will do nothing but what you plea
true?"

"I have not been used to obey:" replied
proudly, "but I believe my incessant labou
that I am not ungrateful for kindness.
are young and strong, and capable of
but some of my unfortunate companion
old, and oppressed, and for them I have
"Aye, so it seems:" answered El
gracious nod, "my daughter tells me
attack upon my servant Ben Tarab, w
ed; to that I do not assent, for you
servants of the great El Hader as h
ever, we will pass that over, in co
youth and folly, and natural wish
uan.—I have pardoned both you
rebellious slave Gaspar, at my da
that you behave better in future
tempt a second escape, or brave
second time, not even the tea
Kara Aziek shall save you fro
me, are you inclined to acce
waiting on my person?"

The proud and fiery King
question; he surveyed the
with a look of insufferable
a scornful laugh:—his lau
it, independent of the c
Hader nimbly started up
he was rolling, and retre
—Sebastian did not wai
mediately withdrew.

The degrading mark
he esteemed only a f
brute animal, had st
most to madness; he
ling heart, but a gli
dignant throb into
little distance wal

his hands over his breast, he stopt and bowed
; she recognized him through her veil, and
y returned the salutation; her visiters half
d their faces to look at the Christian about
ey had been conversing, but Aziek moved
d Sebastian dared not remain.
at day he constantly beheld her in the gar-
etimes only at a distance, reading, or playing
itar. No opportunity had yet occurred of
her in private; for when she went with him
arter assigned to the culture of Portuguese
earn their names and qualities, she was sur-
her maids, and he was followed by Hafiz.
s only stimulated the King's impatience;
nstances tended to counteract them. For
e had every night found in his chamber
uisite confections, bread, and sherbet:
idently the product of female hands,) he
with Gaspar, not doubting the benevolent
e who had already been so generous.
turn he could make, was daily offerings of
d into garlands or arranged in bouquets,
and bosom of Kara Aziek; these were
ber by Hafiz, who reluctantly acknow-
ey came from his slave Fabian: Aziek
ecept them, inhale their scent awhile,
rangement, and then place them among
air instead of more costly ornaments.

—oooo—

CHAPTER VII.

n which Gaspar was able to walk out,
d leave for him to breathe the air of
cool of evening: all the slaves were
when the grateful soldier hesitatingly
ort of his King, and slowly proceed-
ber.
ke these," whispered he, "I cannot
vake.—So supported—so attended,
gal this would have been impossi-

Portugal I should not have known
astian could not forbear sighing as
ly smiling, he added, "Trust me,
el less a King when again seated
ncestors, for having administered
nd shewn my gratitude for your
ake your heart as a sample of all

my people's; and the refl
bilities have given rise t
their feelings, though at
travagant desires."

They now moved slo
stirred the leaves of the
gling their murmurs wi
tains and water-falls; a
flowers delighted the se
dered with pleasure ove
consciousness of reviv
heart and over his face
His pale cheek and fe
ing contrast to the y
like a young cedar o
spring, his manly be

Having conducted
King laid him down
fearing to exhaust hi
flute and played sev

The music, the
treme weakness, b
Gaspar, and he dro
silence; then fear
other slave who
chamber.

For this purpo
evening star tw
alone lighted hi
lent and friendl
looked even in
done in the ma
wrapt in a hom
There is a gra
meanest habit
deur to the co
head were ba
not have add
ture's hand
brown hair
curls over h
intervals, a
mouth who
court.

Hasten
Kara Axie
to the sou
the impet
uttered i
then rem

ments, and fearing to be overheard, he changed
cent, and spoke to her in Italian.
answered him courteously, though not fluently,
same language; but her soft voice was so broken
idity, so mixed with sighs, and interrupted by
tion, that she was scarcely intelligible. Sebastian
ned at her feet, and she had time to recover her-

hat is it I can do for thee, amiable Christian?"
sumed, "my heart is touched with thy situation.
oung, so brave, so generous as I hear thou art,
ust have many friends in thine own country, the
bsence of whom increases thy present sorrow:
I could restore thee to them! but I cannot; my
extends only to ameliorating thy condition.—
is it I can do for thee?".
las, nothing!" exclaimed the King, pierced
disappointment, "banished from my country,
it hope of return, I no longer desire life. I was
ady, in the midst of power, riches and honours;
the means and the will of blessing multitudes;
surrounded by relations and friends. I am now
! if forced at last to abandon the hope of re-
o you imagine that any thing can reconcile me to
lestiny? To your heavenly goodness I already
the comfort of which my miserable fate is sus-
: ah! could I persuade you to pity me yet fur-
procure for me permission to inform one
my captivity, and so be ransomed from the
em!"
tian!" said Kara Aziek, after a pause, "thy
egard of selfish considerations since thou hast
r the charge of Hafiz, deserves the exertions
love virtue: be assured, from this moment,
ast made a friend in Kara Aziek: she will
protect thee, she will cautiously labour to
release; but thou must not be impatient if
long, and the object lost. My father will
ter too frequent or too earnest urging: if I
the Christians, I must do it prudently."
ut the embroidered hem of her kaftan to
ou are my guardian angel," he exclaimed,
e hearts in Portugal worthy of knowing
all one day bless you!"
monarch's emotion interested Kara Aziek,
see him again more distinctly, and for
ted up her veil; the instant their eyes
it with a modest blush. But her soft
of the summer moon, instantaneously
etuous ardour of Sebastian; a serene

and delightful admiration succeeded to his agitation—her shape, her voice, her countenance, were all lovely; they breathed the tenderness and the purity of an angel; and though the radiant image of Donna Gonsalva outshone the Moorish Beauty in splendor, it could only have been preferred by a lover.

Every thing in Gonsalva was gay, resistless, triumphant; in Kara Aziek, touching, yielding, and humble; the one seemed a divinity to be worshipped, the other a tender creature to be loved.

Every endearing quality of woman's fond and faithful heart, beamed from the dewy eyes of Kara Aziek; those eyes bespoke a soul capable of wholly losing itself in the happiness and honour of one beloved object; they promised heroic devotedness, disinterested goodness, virtuous submission: they had never yet known how to express disdain, anger, or desire of rule. It was sufficient to have beheld Kara Aziek but for a moment, to be convinced that she was the sweetest and the gentlest of human beings.

Lost in the remembrance of a countenance so engaging, the young King did not remark that his companion heaved several deep sighs: at length, she spoke to him again. "it is then to Portugal that thou wishest to return? It was my mother's country—perhaps thou hast a mother and sisters there—or a wife—art thou married, Christian?—"

Sebastian answered in the negative with a sigh deeper than her own; Aziek eagerly resumed. "If thou hast neither mother, sister, nor wife, thou should'st not be so very unhappy at thy present misfortune: think how much keener would have been thy sorrows, had they been increased by the memory of such beloved relations. Learn to be grateful, Christian, to the *Great Being* for his smallest mercies!"

Sebastian was about to own that Portugal contained one as dear to him as a wife, when she asked after her sick countryman; on hearing that he was then in the labyrinth, she grieved at having detained his friend and bade him pursue his way to the house. "Pray warn this poor fellow," she added, "never again to attempt so rash an enterprise: he may get beyond my father's walls 'tis true, but wherever he goes he must encounter Moors, or perish for want among solitary places.—Adieu, Portuguese! endure patiently, pray *often*, hope constantly."—So saying, the lovely Moor *turned* away, leaving Sebastian standing where she *had* first met.

He could not forbear ejaculating a thanksgiving for *this* fortunate meeting, which licensed him in all

end: she stopt in the midst of her women after the invalid.

a seized this opportunity of describing his nstitution, and beseeching her to order him azardous labour than that of working through rs in the open air: at the same time he ex- licit indulgence for some other sick captives. c fixed her luminous eyes on him through ith a look of soft admiration.

s it," she said, "that thou dost never ask for thyself?—hast thou been taught to live others?"

the first lesson I ever learnt," replied Se- would to God, that I had always practised heart, lady, has not room at present for mi- ; I languish for liberty. While I am a slave, onal good is indifferent to me."

thee, Christian, indeed I pity thee!" said tone of touching sincerity, "if I were the r of thy fate, of all fates there is not a Chris- ing throughout Africa that should remain in -but, though my father indulges me beyond other present allows, he does not leave me ab- must win favours from him by degrees; asked these indulgences for others, thin-

them useful to El Hader: if a plan were f
bracing a variety of objects suited to differ
of strength and ingenuity, she thought its
ness would recommend it to her father, a
strong argument for her to use in urging its

Delighted with her benevolent idea, Seba
ly promised to sketch such a plan with Hal
to submit it for her approval: he accom
promise with an animated eulogium upon h
heart. At this she blushed timidly, telling h
owed her thoughtfulness to a few good book
mother had taught her to read, and whi
might now be a solace to him: the King w
ed by this offer, and, gratefully accepted it.

He then ventured to ask whether Kara
give him any information about the state o
she replied with benevolent minuteness.
answers he learnt that his throne was filled
dinal, Don Henry, and that his own sup
(obtained through the King of Spain) had l
at Belem, with royal honours. "Do they l
late King?" asked Sebastian, with extreme

"I hear he was in many things worth
greited," replied Aziek, "but his ill-advise
nearly desolated Portugal; for of the few
left in it, there was not one that has not los
tive, either on the field, or by captivity. In
of private grief, I suppose a public loss is s
Thou didst love thy monarch, I think, t
tear honours his memory." The eyes o
Moor filled with answering tears while she

Overcome by her obvious remark, Seba
a groan: again he saw the bloody plain
and again conscience accused him of cou
ders. Heart-wrung, even to torture, he
silent agony upon the shoulder of Gaspar,
ignorant of Italian (in which they spoke) w
prised and disturbed at his sovereign's agit
Aziek regarded him with a mixture of ter

"Alas! what have I said!" she exclai
has thus afflicted thee? compose thyself, an
tian! thou shalt see thy country again, if
parts with every comfort of her life to obt
felicity."

Without waiting to receive his thanks, sl
hastily, leaving Gaspar to make unsuccess
at soothing his royal friend.

Aziek had unconsciously planted the d
fixties in the very bosom she would fain
from every shaft: care for others, consta

eless projects of escape, had lately banished
astian's mind, all self-accusing recollections;
he saw at one glance his name forgotten or
l in the land which he loved with parental ten-
his throne filled by another, his people sunk in
loom, and Donna Gonsalva learning to hate his
hile she wept for her murdered father!
images were heightened to the wildest excess
ionate imagination, fruitful in self-tormenting,
hurried him in thought from object to object,
lly vowed never again to unsheath the sword
fence, or for the succour of others: this vir-
w checked the torrent of sorrow.
st words of Kara Aziek had escaped his ear;
erate of release through her means, (since she
vas so doubtful of it,) he came to the resolu-
aking some personal effort for his own deliv-
warmed by this new project, he gradually
l himself, and returned back with Gaspar.
ering his chamber he found several volumes
and Portuguese authors, which he took upand
, without knowing one of their titles; for
was otherwise occupied, and he laid himself
liet, not to sleep, but to think.

now that Sebastian found his first visit to
likely to produce benefit; by it he was made
ed with all the coast, and much of the interior,
lso acquired information from the persons he
l, which now promised to serve him essen-

ie days the Emperors of Morocco had a right
captive beyond a certain rank, taken either in
r on the seas, and the Moors therefore, fre-
ecreted their noble slaves and conveyed them
away for the sake of high ransoms: one of
ntlemen who was the property of a low man,
conducted by him to the castle of Massignan,
l which the King now tried to recollect. It
through a track of more than a hundred miles:
calculated on being able to pursue the same
liscovered, as it led principally through desert
ns.

ue, that before he could reach Massignan, he
ss the river Ardea, the fords of which were all
by Moorish posts, for the express purpose of
ng the escape of runaways. But he had been
safe passage in one part where the river nar-
nong the Green mountains, and which on ac-
its remoteness was left unwatched: once
might cross, and make directly down to th
ld he gain Massignan he should be safe.

Neither the savage beasts infesting t
must thus traverse unarmed, nor the ap
starving, staggered the resolution of Seba
that a mighty spirit has something of o
it; and believed that the All-seeing pare
the fowls of the air, would provide fo
wants: if he were destined to perish,
free, than to linger out life in slavery.

At first he thought of making Gaspar
ion, but a moment's consideration fo
indulge so dangerous a wish: Gaspar co
the fatigue and peril to which they must
during such an enterprise, and would in
prove the cause of their eventual re-ca
therefore, to hasten to Massignan and fro
a King's offer to El Hader. Long did
Sebastian pause upon this obstacle: he
appearance of abandoning his friend, a
have resolved on it at last, had he not
that, the only method of procuring his u
tion.

The next object of consideration w
beyond the walls of the Almogadem: s
he had long been, it seemed almost perfi
the lenity of El Hader, and the reliance
using them for the purpose of escape; y
cred liberty, is the birth-right of every
who would enslave his fellow-man, how
may weave his chains, has perhaps no le
to his fidelity.

Sebastian felt the force of this asser
ever scorned dissembling his thirst for
therefore believed himself still privileg
obtaining it by any honest measure. Ere
ested this sudden plan, he endeavoured

s success, she urged El Hader
ned Christian, who thus united
with pity for his own country
not forgotten their last inter-
prehensive of seeing a madman,
ter's wish.
eived Sebastian with his usual
e; and after having suggested
and demanded a few explana-
the desired acquiescence. Se
prostrated himself to any mortal
elfish; but at this mercy to so
st himself at the feet of Kara
up in her veil, exclaiming in

rble Lady! that the Christians
henceforth I will believe myself
ondage will be no longer abhor-

ried the lovely Moor, and stop-
rted her eyes with a palpitating

: the soft confusion his ardent
he forgot the woman in Kara
he pure and disinterested spirit

some remarks upon the improve-
which he was told were the effects
's exertions, adding, "Thou must
h the miraculous kindness with
, and consequently pleased with

orded Sebastian the opportunity
ad important favours," he said
dge in my own person, and in that
abiting this place, but while I la-
e of your indulgence by a peace-
oluntary acts of service, remem-
o not conceive myself bound to
ty: my heart is filled with it;—
ghts are on it; I warn you there-
t any thing can make me aban-
ak my bonds, if possible. You
in you are merciless and tyran-
free me from the obligation hon-
mpose: would you accept mon-
or me (however exorbitant this
myself away, and defraud you
hough liberty tempted me from
now, I hold my conscience un-

shackled: if I can escape, I will, but wherever I go, be assured I shall bear with me a salutary remembrance of Moorish virtues."

"Is not this fellow a madman?" asked El Hader, turning with a smile to his daughter. "This confession of his may clip his wings. Christian, (he added) dost thou not believe I can abridge thy present freedom, and so prevent thy escape?"

"Assuredly I do," returned the impetuous monarch, "but that consideration ought not to deter me from asserting my right to use every means of restoring myself to my country. I tell it you, that you may n hereafter call me a base, ungrateful hypocrite; I tell you, that you may not impute to others my imagin guilt. God forbid that I should be the occasion of man's disgrace! should I effect my purpose, recei it will be all my own work, and that neither slaves nor your servants will have had the sm share in it."

"Rash, but amiable man!" exclaimed Kara A regarding him with a look of admiration, "O that couldst forget thy country and be happy in Afric

The tenderness of her tone penetrated the h Sebastian, he did not reply by words, but his e eyes fixed for a moment upon her, spoke only dently the gratitude she inspired: again the som of Kara Aziek palpitated with an unknov tion, and covering her figure still more with h (as if fearing her soul was visible)—she hast drew.

El Hader detained the King a few momen jesting him on his extravagant hopes, an him, that though still indulgently used, he well watched. Sebastian listened in silen then quitted him, completely satisfied with tual understanding.

While he returned to toil and the society who was now able to bear a moderate part of the gardens, Kara Aziek retired to her rents agitated with pain and pleasure: herself, the pity with which she had at the young and handsome Christian was into a sentiment less disinterested but m his situation and character were alike in conversation insensibly stole her from h graceful image contrasted with the swar pallid slaves around, was ever present the sound of his voice or his flute, (he from the gardens,) she would feel tumultuously; and when his pas

memory, a delightful thrill would run
veins.

Benevolence was content to administer to
d to secure him from hardships; now Love
round him with the delicacies of refine-
o procure for him exemption from every
She would send him the choicest fruits
essences and fragrant oils for his use after
oks, music, and becoming apparel; she
his looks with silent anxiety foreseeing
ere it approached him, and providing
medicines prepared by her own hand: a
d cautiously conveyed these things to the
Sebastian, who received them silently and
em with discretion.

dulged in a freedom perfectly singular in
ek dared not openly pour upon a Chris-
ower of benefits, she was obliged to find
loyment for him, that she might see and
a him unsuspected. At those times she
him not merely of his country but upon
as enlightened her mind and displayed
of his: thus did she unconsciously weave
ns, little dreaming that the heart she thus
olize, was the property of another.

voted to the remembrance of Donna Gon-
much occupied with his various anxieties,
ver once thought of the possibility of de-
eace of his benefactress; he beheld her
erest and most exalted admiration; and
l to Gaspar nearly equal compassion, (for
ear to her on his account,) he considered
ture formed by Providence expressly for
f succouring unfortunate Christians.

order of things was now established
El Hader's residence, and Sebastian be-
y anxious for its success. By adapting
ion to the peculiar powers of each man,
them more rest and more food, he knew
short of determined industry would ren-
ter satisfied with the change; he was
ged to urge these motives unremittingly
i till he conquered their habitual languor,
m feel that the persevering activity of half
l insure to them repose and comfort dur-
inder. The perfect completion of his
n *free to think* solely of his escape.

promise with El Hader, and avert de-
Gaspar, Sebastian refrained from telling
ose: alone, and in secret, he meditate

Though he was permitted to ran
part of the Cassavee demain, it was
of great height and thickness, upon
distances, were placed sentinels day
only possible avenue appeared to be
narrow river washed the eastern w
there were far apart and relying on th
watched carelessly: here Sebastian t
ble to cut a passage through, and so
side to the other, creep through the
river, and swim across.

The eastern wall was not far from
building in which he slept, and he m
and repass with less danger of disco
door was locked nightly, his windo
and from it he could easily descend

On reconnoitring the particular sp
he found that a cluster of very thick
ceal him from possible observation,
not many paces distant, would serve
the rubbish and stones: inspirited
tial circumstances he commenced hi
ing night.

The implements of daily toil serv
struments of freedom; Sebastian
labour, and rendered expert by pra
he worked during the half of it, lea
chasm, masked with stones well-fitt
ed to await him; no one hitherto
nocturnal employment, and Gaspar,
health he feared, (as he resolved n
in a dying state,) rather strengthen
Meanwhile peace and comfort reign
abode of El Hader; his slaves look
formed more than they had ever
sighs were no longer heard in the C
captives still wept for their country
in the privacy of their own chambe

Kara-Aziek continued to move
the angel of pity; she compassion
she loved one, whose "looks w
food." Sometimes she sent for h
in the Portuguese songs and the
and then, though her father were
speak to him in Italian of the
heart. Sometimes she would loit
for hours beside him in the garden
giving orders about her bowers a
when in reality it was to hear t
and to "suck in the honey of his

leel Kara Aziek could no longer command, she would willingly have served; respect ever panies love; and her worth inspired affection trunk from those acts which reminded her that ject of her devotion was in a state of humilia-

uch interviews the ardent manner of Sebastian red her unintentionally: those eyes that spoke the slightest emotion more distinctly than any eyes, seemed when expressive of gratitude, to be ssive of love; at sight of her he remembered a Gonsalva, and that enchanting recollection dif- g over his countenance the most touching ten- ss, made Kara Aziek fondly fancy herself its ob-

these frequent opportunities she saw him under variety of his various nature; alternately the se- t and the most tempestuous, the tenderest and the st of human beings: her gentle character often bled at the violence of his; but when the storm gone, and the sun smiling in his face, she felt only nder anxiety and the deeper interest.

e saw him quick to avenge the wrongs or relieve ains of others, but regardless still of his own: how could she denounce that very rashness which lieted her, since it arose from the excess of a e?

t she was solicitous to have this rashness moder- , and often took occasion to converse on the ects of prudence and forbearance: she reminded that there is no such thing as swaying others, re we have learned to command ourselves; she ted out to him several instances in which the eness of his temper had frustrated the effects of nevolence: when he sought some indulgence for llow captive suddenly overpowered, with heat or ness, if the task-master demured, he would blaze indignation, and harden the heart he disdained to en.

ara Aziek ventured to shew him the superior dig- and utility of employing reason at such times rath- han anger: he would listen with delight and con- on, though his former habit of exacting obedience n others, rendered it difficult for him to obey him-

.

ziek saw that to conquer his natural infirmity would Sebastian infinite trouble,—and to her, it would *e been no visible blemish*, since she loved him with *nderness that veiled* his very faults;—but she fe *his faults made himself* unhappy: how then co

they continue a matter of indifference?—with su patience and imprudence he must ever carry in h mind the seeds of sorrow and remorse.

Unconscious of his hazardous purpose, she wa advancing towards the object he desired: her never left her without bearing away with him s gument in favour of the Christians, and particu Sebastian: not daring to ask at once for his lib she was gradually softening and preparing El H mind for such a request.

Meanwhile time rolled on, and Sebastian, ro his laborious task. When he first caught a gl the moon-lighted river shining through the im aperture, it seemed as if that sight alone had r him from his bonds; he kissed his bosom cro rapture of gratitude, and emotion for awhile pre him from thinking of his indiscretion in suffer chasm to remain uncovered; he filled it up in ately, at both extremities, for the night was ju ing.

On returning to his chamber he found it imp to sleep; his heart was too full of anxiety for th of his enterprise, and for the effect it might hav Gaspar: to disclose the secret to him, Sebastian b absolutely necessary, as that would soften the p being apparently deserted, and yet could not subject him to the vengeance of El Hadar.— might conscientiously swear that he had in no w tributed to the escape of his countryman.

Agreeable to these reflections, Sebastian sel opportunity the next morning, and detailed his p for awhile the affectionate soldier stood agha quickly recovering, he faltered out a mixed exp of joy and sorrow: he then ventured to solicit his eign's bounty for his mother and sister, prayi to relieve their poverty, and to remember that left behind in slavery. The poor youth was freq on the point of asking to accompany his King, often the conviction of his infirm health check selfish request.

Sebastian saw only liberty before him, and s for those he left behind; yet he grieved to part h tiny from that of Gaspar, and at thought of the Aziek, he felt the most piercing regret: her rare ness and refinement was worthy a nobler fate th to which she seemed born: she was not adapted to with a Harem the capricious favour of an ig Mussulman, she was calculated to win and to a heart polished by culture.

Kara Aziek did not appear in the gardens

rds evening Sebastian spoke of her to Hafiz:
from him, that she was gone to Mequinez, to
feast of El Ed Geer, with the Almogadem!
nformation his joyous feelings were damped:
hen parted from that amiable being for ever,
having uttered afresh those animated senti-
hich filled his heart, and which she might here-
ollect as a grateful farewell!
in of this thought would have tempted Se-
o delay his departure, had not the image of
onsalva, sorrowing over his supposed grave,
im onwards; he could not however depart,
had left a slight memorial of his gratitude;—
urpose he entered the labyrinth, and cut with
pon the chalk of one of its stones, a few words
.
his tribute to the gentle spirit that had bless-
ven in captivity, he hastened from the spot,
now the hour of retiring.
waited for him in his sleeping room: the
s dark and gusty; a circumstance that awaken-
friendly fears in the former; but Sebastian's
roused with the prospect of freedom, and he
d the gloom which alarmed his friend, as fa-
to his concealment. They sat together in a
hamber, watching with extreme anxiety the
tillness that spread around them: by degrees
l of voices and steps died away,—the closing
became less and less frequent, till at length
silence settled over the scene.
carcely exchanged even a whisper during this
ense; Gaspar's heart was full almost to burst-
he felt that in losing the King of Portugal as a
isoner, he was losing a friend: that King seated
n a throne, would not surely acknowledge and
vate soldier! he had heard that "the favour
is not fastened by nails of diamonds to men
ey affect," and while his artless mind dwelt
ying, the deepest dejection stole over him.
f such a nature changed his former ease and
e into awe and distrust; and at the verymoment
Gaspar most longed to throw himself at his be-
ster's feet, there to pour forth all his feelings,
adly silent, scarce venturing to breathe or to
eyes from the earth.
an comprehended these emotions: he took
hand with a warmth and earnestness which
is words, and pressing it repeatedly, assured
neither the pomps nor the cares of a crown
k *those bonds in which mutual suffering and*

mutual obligation had united them
promise of immediately placing G
competence, and of dispatching an e
ley of Morocco for the purpose of ra
the rest of the Christians.

"Rely on the word of a King, a
friend!" he concluded, "all this I
perform should heaven restore me
When we meet again, may it be i
land!—then Gaspar thou shalt see
thee."

Transported with such goodness, t
youth wept like a woman; his sove
high with hope, and could not admit
pated a blissful hour of future me
chiding his companion, leaped the
chamber:—Gaspar followed more ca

Sebastian was lightly clothed in a
Kara Aziek, which he had never ye
fore could not be described by; in h
a small hatchet, and a Moorish knif
of defence: over his shoulder was
ket containing a few Tourkia cakes
which he had saved from the daily p

A short circuit brought them to t
nation. pushing aside the trees, they
the loose stones that concealed the a
sound of the river was heard throug
ed fearfully to the sky: the clouds
and dull, but something like light
them in parts proceeding from the
full: Sebastian whispered him to
then turning hastily round, he g
heart without speaking.

Both the King and the soldier tre
er's embrace; at length sinking fr
arms, Gaspar embraced his knees
to articulate a single word: Sebas
him, embraced him once more, th
the aperture.

With breathless attention Gasp
rustling of the bushes on the op
which Sebastian had rushed: the n
tinctly heard him plunge into the
crisis he crossed his breast and h
mained kneeling in an agony of sup
denly recollecting his friend's ley
filled up the chasm of the wall at e

At every blast of wind sweep
branches over his head (while th

most fancied that he heard the drown oice of his
King: once he thought the sound of a g d mingled
with the blast, but it was not repeated his appre-
hension ceased.

By degrees the wind sank into a l oan, only
mixed with the hoarse dashing of the r; neither
voice nor step came any longer to his e e faithful
soldier then sorrowfully arose, and retu l to his soli-
tary chamber; piou to cast his
cares upon that A who alone is able
to destroy and to sa

C VIII.

Sebastian had to contend with a strong current, but having stripped off his clothes and fastened them above his head, he was able to breast the powerful water with equal strength; a few strokes of his nervous arm brought him to the opposite bank; he sprung on land, and shaking off the wet, quickly redressed himself.

While he was fastening on his rude sandals, he looked up to the Cassavoe, from whence he had escaped; the faintly glimmering moon now cast a momentary gleam over its high dome, and silvered part of the line formed by the wall, upon which were seen a few sentinels walking to and fro: one of these men appeared to stop and bend forward; Sebastian glided behind a cluster of sallows; the Moor called out, and receiving no answer, discharged his harquebuss; but whether Sebastian's profound stillness deceived him into the belief of having mistaken the shadow of a tree for a human figure, or whether he thought all his duty performed by this act, is uncertain,—he waited awhile, then moved away without further scrutiny.

Sebastian crept slowly through the underwood till he found himself in a path gradually declining between tolerably steep hills; no longer afraid of discovery, he rose from his stooping posture, and ran swiftly in a direction leading towards the interior. Happily the moon began to shine distinctly, for a rising east wind scattered the clouds that had before ascended from the west, and now her steady light brightened every hill and every valley.

The royal Portuguese proceeded with rapidity through *scenes which* increased in wild solitariness: at every *step the heights* assumed a bolder and steeper form *the thickets of* oak and locust trees became more f

except the din of a torrent which grew upon
thing was heard to startle even momentary
ion.

his course by the stars, he continued to ad-
ong the mountains with the utmost celerity:
ad habit had made him capable of bearing
gue without injury; he now flew rather than
nging over the broad beds of mountain streams,
ling from point to point of the rocky fissures.
dawned on him in these desert places, but
flocks nor dwellings appeared to warn him from
ow men: he pressed forward, eager to get the
f his pursuers, and resolved not to rest till he
do so with a prospect of security.

r journeying till mid-day, chance led him to a
rocky dell so overhung with shrubs and trees,
t appeared to promise a safe resting place; he had
oop under the pendant branches that shaded its
ance, but after passing through them, the foliage
down again like a curtain, and secured him from
ervation.

le advanced to the end of this recess, and sat down
a projecting crag; there, for the first time since his
cape, he had leisure to think and to calculate on his
ture movements: the earliest fruit of those reflections
as gratitude to that Almighty Being whose hand had
nus conducted him in safety; the next emotion was
ender remembrance of Gaspar and Kara Aziek, but
while he believed that he was hastening from the latter
never to see her again, joy brightened regret, for he
was returning to Donna Gonsalva.

Never before had Sebastian been sensible to such a
sudden translation from misery to transport: Freedom,
man's greatest blessing, the air he is destined to
breathe and to live by, and without which he dies—
Freedom, that pure element, which is scarcely felt
while it surrounds us, and seldom known but in its
privation,—was now his own again; it throbbed in
all his pulses, spoke to his senses from every outward
object and inward feeling, new-strung his nerves, and
turned hopes into certainties.

What bright visions of future happiness, transcend-
ing all he had ever yet known, now animated him—in
his own person he had acquired a keener relish for the
blessings of home and liberty, and he had learned such
important lessons as would make him respect those
blessings in the persons of others.

Thankful even for captivity, since it had ameliorated
his character, he gave no check to sanguine thoughts
[illegible] leagues of African ground still lay between

imself faint for want of refreshment, he
of his few provisions, and quenched his
the water of a neighbouring spring, then
himself to the protection of his tutelary
own to rest.

astian awoke, he found the day far spent:
e abridged his sleep so much, and been so
anxious, that this first repose, in a scene of
freedom, lasted longer than he wished;
awoke with renovated strength, and quit-
resumed his former track.

ot proceeded far, when he came abruptly
of goats, with a couple of stout Moorish
ng them; not allowing them an instant to
s or face, he darted down a side declivity
ng till seeing the hills opening in several
e chose one path at a venture, and soon
among thickets and precipices.—At first
boys' voices mixed with those of men; but
ceased to reach him, and he then concluded
eking him in a different path.

by this incident he deemed it best to pene-
into the mountains, ere he shaped his
wards towards Massignan, as by so doing
ot be so likely to encounter any Moors but
against meeting them, he must guard as
ible: it is true that by thus prolonging his
esert regions, he incurred the risk of pe-
r by famine or by savage beasts; but he
nself capable of warding off the latter, and
r he did not fear, as he learned amongst the
re to find roots and berries fit for suste-
ting up a fervent prayer, he resumed his

prised him in a thick forest: to proceed
have been madness; those enormous ser-
ons with which Africa abounds, were not
braved in the darkness of vast solitudes;
ascended one of the largest trees, where
away the remaining hours.

ness of his present situation, and the alarm-
his spirits, formed a striking contrast to his
on: every thing around was dismal; one
ce winds which constantly blow in Bar-
e north east, in the month of March, was
through the forest; this was mixed with
oar of lions, and the thrilling yell of hyenas;
ing blast shook the very roots of the huge
he lodged, he fancied it the fury of some
mal, and prepared himself to encounter it
het.

Night however passed away, and the
flamed over a track which Sebastian now
tranquil thankfulness; the beans of the Alco
his scanty breakfast, as he walked under its u
boughs: trusting that he had now baffled
proceeded in a direction which must bring
down among the green mountains, and lead
the Ardea:—Two hours brought him out i
plain skirting their feet; a broad river roll
this plain, and over it were scattered Alarbe

Sebastian's blood curdled with abhorrence
the tinkling of Zauphens; (a barbarous mus
ment he remembered too well) as he precipit
ed back to retrace his steps, the figures of m
from a side eminence forced him to retrea
shouted on seeing him, and rushed forwa
were quickly seen pouring from the tents;
on foot, some on horseback; they gained upo
till he distinctly recognised the voices of
whom he had known under the roof of El

Death or slavery was now before him;
the wind, outstripping even their lances and
their harquebusses: the opposite side of t
wards which he made was clothed with w
he reach them, (as there was no bridge or b
conveyance of his pursuers,) he hoped yet
shaking off his cloak and his baggage, he p
the water. Awhile he combatted its rapid c
alas! former fatigue, anxiety, and intense
nearly forespent his bodily powers: he stru
the waves till strength was exhausted and
ness gone: just as he was sinking, an Ala
into the river, seized his arm, and drag
shore.

The rude remedies used by these feroc
succeeded in bringing their victim to life
opened his eyes and beheld himself in t
the Almogadem's servants, once more a pri
slave.

At that moment it could not be said his f
sook him, though he closed his eyes again
of one bereft of hope: on the contrary, he
tally bowing to the will of Providence, an
rem in the phrenzy of extravagant rashness

Having secured the weapons with whi
have attempted resistance, and seeing him
enfeebled, the Moors loaded him with abus
of them was on the point of adding outr
tive, when Sebastian half-started from t
which he lay, faintly uttering the name c

nd the Africans shrunk back, staring on each
l pronouncing the Christian a sorcerer: he
d divined the only magic that could save
an extremity of insult; for on quitting the
these slaves had been threatened by Hafiz
lady's wrath should they injure the Porto-

wd of Alarbes that had joined El Hader's
orbade any attempt to ellude them; Sebas-
sed to return quietly, upon condition that
ot fasten his hands like a criminal. After
ultation together, the men at last consented
Vithout allowing him time to recover from
tion, they mounted him upon a horse, and
troop of Alarbes around him, proceeded to-
valley of palms.
outh habits and ferocious looks of his moun-
ociates, the mode of his conveyance, joined
umstance of his situation, forcibly recalled
n the period in which he was first carried
le of El Hader: thought then flowed back
nemory of Stukeley and the rare goodness of
; sigh followed sigh as he remembered
gh he envied the lot of the friend he lament-
d escaped the galling chains of slavery by a
death.
lections as these occupied him so entirely,
r him insensible to the brutality of his com-
ho frequently repeated with grins of horrid
at the Almogadem had sworn he should be
on the wheel.
ng in a beaten and direct road lying below
had mounted, Sebastian found that a jour-
had cost him two nights and days of weari-
was to be achieved in less than the fourth
; time: the Moors hurried on, not allowing
her refreshment than a draught of water, so
they reached the valley of palms, his strength
etely forsaken him, and he almost dropped
rse at the great gate of El Hader's residence.
ors conveyed their captive to one of those
where Gaspar had formerly been confined,
he must wait there till it pleased their high
almogadem to determine upon his punish-
astian gave no answer to their brutal infor-
owing himself along the damp earth, (his
g place) regardless of his own fate, alarmed
t of Gaspar.
ut too probable that the Almogadem might

have revenged himself upon his innocent head for the flight of his countryman: this fear had not before agitated Sebastian, because he believed Kara Aziek would interfere for the poor soldier, and that indeed El Hader himself was not inclined to cruelty: but the present appearance of severity rendered apprehensions for Gaspar perfectly rational.

This thought gave anxiety a new direction, and kept the unfortunate monarch from reflecting upon his own disappointment; he was now earnestly praying to see, or hear from Kara Aziek, from whom alone he could hope for an account of his friend: but Kara Aziek did not appear, and the King of Portugal counted the tedious hours of night in a dark dungeon, upon the bare ground, alone and unsolaced.

"When the mind's free, the body's delicate!" he that had been nursed on the lap of luxury, now suffered every human privation without missing any other comforts than those of freedom and friendship.

Morning was made known to Sebastian merely by the sounds of labour without; no cheering sun beam penetrated his airless cell; he lay on the unpaved floor his spirit subdued awhile by past exertion and prese disturbance.

Towards evening a Moor whom he had once bef seen, came to inform him that it was El Hader's pl sure he should be brought out the ensuing day into large slave-court, there to receive a thousand lashe the presence of the Almoçadem and all his househ

"Tell your merciless master that I will die fi exclaimed Sebastian, fiercely starting from the gr

"Peace! thou art a fool!" returned the phleg Ephra, "how art thou to escape this flogging, thou hast neither weapons nor strength to put

world?"

...th on some of *your* wea

... was Kara Aziek ... parting pangs with respect an...

confused apprehension that she would too de... ...ret his fate, trembled at his heart, softenin... ...ldness of despair ;—" Amiable, too tender Azie... ...e exclaimed, " when I am released from earthly ... ...erings, may some miracle be worked for thee !—... ...thine eyes be opened to the true faith, and thy days ...spent in other scenes than these, so full of horror a... ...iniquity !"

Hope, which hitherto had never completely left t... ...ntrepid breast of Sebastian, now fled far away ; the a... ...ence and sickness of Kara Aziek appeared his deat... ...rrant ; he therefore endeavoured to meditate on th... ...robable event of his approaching struggle, with th... ...riousness it demanded.

It was the middle watch of night, when having fall... ...asleep after a long train of thought ; he was awak... ...d by the sound of the heavy bolts which fastened ...prison door ; they were withdrawn by feeble hands, ...they moved gratingly : at length the door opened, ...he beheld two of Kara Aziek's women.

...ey advanced timidly, closing the door behind ...: the King sprung from the ground : hope ope... ...warmed his heart,—" Your mist... ...ess !" he exclaimed, " ...

ed air from his kneeling posture.

The gentle Moor wept some time in silenc how expressive was that silence! her eyes spok feeling of a fond and pitying heart; as they alte looked from the dungeon to its noble inhabita him whose feet were cut, and bleeding still fr sharp rocks he had traversed, and whose counte though pale and wasted, was yet bright with un ed heroism.

"Ah, Fabian!" she exclaimed at length, in that went to the soul, "why didst thou do th thing? If I should not be able to save thee?" st ped at this, unable to conclude the sentence, blood forsook her cheeks.

Wrung with grief, sick, pale, and languid Aziek could not have been seen by the man she to charm, at a moment more unfavourable for p beauty; but there is a beauty of the soul, s scending all mortal perfections, that it triumpl deformity itself; that beauty now beamed fr tear-dimmed eyes and colourless cheek; it see shed a glory round her, at once awaking love and ation. Sebastian must have yielded to its swee had not his heart been pledged to another.

The agitated expression of the Christian's

Hader (who was gone to rest) had ventured to assume a disguise, and pass the prison guards as one of her own servants.

Aziek anxiously tried to hide from Sebastian the distraction into which his departure had thrown her, by mentioning her illness as accidental; native delicacy taught her to conceal the tenderest and purest love that ever warmed a human bosom; to conceal it because she would owe nothing to gratitude, nothing to compassion; because his happiness was the first object of her generous heart.

The enthusiasm of Aziek's manner while she spoke of pity and philanthrophy, almost persuaded her grateful auditor, that she would indeed have done as much for any other man under such affecting circumstances; yet he could not help allowing that the peculiar esteem she felt for him, gave a charm to her benevolence.

He now blamed his late vain ideas, and thought, that in El Hader's daughter he beheld one who would learn with a sister's sympathy his affection for another, and lament with a sister's sorrow the privations of his love!—this belief restored him to composure, and after expressing much of his lively admiration, he ventured to inquire about Gaspar.

Aziek replied, that Gaspar had so adroitly parried the questions put to him (during the examination which followed Sebastian's flight) that the Almogadem could find no ground for supposing him privy to the runaway's escape, especially as it seemed more natural for the former to have escaped also, than to have remained behind: Gaspar had been dismissed without censure, and was now occupied as usual under the indulgent Hafiz.

This information relieved Sebastian's heart from its heaviest load, and again he blessed the gentle Being whose humanity imparted some of its own mercy even to Moors grown old in tyranny.

Benzaide at this period reminded her mistress of the late hour, and of her indisposition, which rendered rest indispensible; Kara Aziek reluctantly took her arm: "I am going to leave thee, Fabian," she said, "Alla alone knows when and how we shall meet again!—that frantic spirit of thine makes me tremble. If I should fail of softening my father, alas, what will become of thee! thy terrible look at this moment answers me but too plainly."

Her eyes swimming in tears were now fixed upon his violently agitated features; Sebastian strove to calm himself for her sake: "I dare not deceive you, amiable Aziek!" he said, "it is my determination not to survive disgrace: yet perhaps they will not seek to inflict

it. Let your father change my punishm[illegible] severest penalties of toil, famine, or impr[illegible] let him condemn me to unheard of suffer[illegible] will consent to live on, in the fantastic hop[illegible] miraculously delivered at last; but were fre[illegible] all those blessings comprised in the dear [illegible] try, to follow the execution of that senten[illegible] turns my cheeks to fire while I but think of [illegible] abhor life after such degradation.—No, no[illegible] Aziek, ask me not to bear it and to live."

"I do not ask thee!—I know not what I [illegible] of thee!" exclaimed the lovely Moor, in a [illegible] fraction, "thy life so precious—so dear—so [illegible] thy companions.—O Alla! is it to be thus [illegible] away! I would not have thee live disgra[illegible] would have thee live. Perhaps if thou [illegible] thy prayers with mine, and humble thyself [illegible] or—prostrate at his feet he could not surely—"

"Prostrate at his feet!" interrupted Sebast[illegible] darting on her a look of indignation. "[illegible] myself!—for a Mahometan's mercy!—[illegible] die as I have lived—a King!"

The magnanimous and proud spirit of Seb[illegible] unsubdued by all his mortifications, now sh[illegible] full force over his face and figure; like one [illegible] from some vanishing dream, Kara Aziek [illegible] him faintly repeating his last words: she [illegible] fixed, while thought, more rapid than ligh[illegible] stroying every former hope.

If a Christian King, what must be the da[illegible] Moorish noble, in his eyes?—an atom!—a [illegible] broad sunshine of regal glory: as well might [illegible] to scale the immeasurable Heavens, as to [illegible] friend and partner of a King: in one moment [illegible] buried from him to a distance so remote, the [illegible] madness to hope his heart would ever again [illegible] a single feeling answerable to her's.

Shocked, chilled, despairing, she silently [illegible] herself with her end, while half sinking [illegible] [illegible]

He stopt, and Kara Aziek extending her hand to him with a varying cheek, answered faulteringly, "the King of Portugal was said to have fallen at Alcazar, and to be now buried in his native land—but I believe indeed that thou art he.—Thou art then that Sebastian I was taught to *hate* ?"

A deep but tender sigh burst forth with the last expression: how did that sigh appear to change the meaning of the word she uttered!—the touching voice in which she spoke, the tears that floated in her momentarily fixed, and then suddenly-averted eyes, were only too expressive of an eternal devotedness; but Sebastian, self-absorbed, saw nothing; he rapidly recapitulated to her all that he possessed in Portugal, and was now on the point of abandoning for ever.

On the mentioning of Donna Gonsalva, whom love painted in the most seducing colours, Kara Aziek's countenance suddenly changed; it varied at every word, but she listened in silence: those fond hopes which had again sprung up, when she saw him at her feet, those hopes which formerly had been nourished by his tender manner, were now withered; could she preserve his honour and his life, and after that obtain his liberty, she would be doing this only to hasten the moment that would give him to another.

Her pure, impassioned heart almost exclaimed aloud, "Ah, it is not thy throne I covet to share: thy love alone would be to me a kingdom: with thee, a desert, or a dungeon, obscurity or poverty would bestow happiness."

But though this regret filled her bosom, it could not displace for one moment, that disinterested generosity which formed the basis of her noblest qualities; whatever might become of herself she resolved to renew her endeavour for procuring his release hereafter, should she succeed in saving him now.

Donna Gonsalva's beauty appeared from the description of Sebastian to be that of a Celestial, and her character delineated by the same partial hand could not fail of impressing Kara Aziek with the conviction that she was worthy to be adored: to such a rival she yielded with the less pain.

The King of Portugal was painfully affected by the changes he beheld in the expressive countenance of his gentle friend; it was impossible for him not to find his past fears recur, as he witnessed this ill concealed emotion: at one moment he repented, at another applauded the disclosure of those dear engagements which must reach Kara Aziek that he was not ungrateful in remaining untouched by her tenderness and charms; but his

heart saddened to think what the eventful
might prove to her.

Benzaide now warned her mistress that da
soon break and expose them to the notice of t
ish guards; Aziek started, and covered her
her veil, unwilling to shew Sebastian the exte
grief at bidding him farewell: incapable of spe
timidly held out her hand to him; it was
trembling—the King put it to his lips—"adie
less creature!" he cried, "may angels beneve
pure like yourself, watch over all your day
not my heart in Portugal with her who is mou
my sake, this transcendant goodness must eit
softened or sharpened the pains of slavery:—
have forgotten my fallen state, and dared to
lovely Aziek."—

The last sentence breathed in an agitated
over the soft hand he was pressing to his heart
through the frame of Aziek; she blushed,
moved tremblingly away, and seeking the s
Benzaide, faintly pronounced a parting bened
her senses were in sweet disorder at so deligh
unexpected a confession; next to the bliss of p
that noble heart, was the certainty that he bel
worthy of it. Transported with this assurance,
him a last look filled with gratitude and plea
then departed.—

Compassion heightened by admiration,
reigning sentiment left in the heart of Sebasti
after the departure of his benefactress, her e
image solely filled his thoughts: without a si
ment's infidelity to the exquisite Gonsalva, he
deeply interested in the happiness of her ri
could not refrain from thinking oftener of her
himself. Still hoping something from her inte
he commended himself to Providence and l
to sleep again, upon the floor of his dungeon.

Sebastian had been awake some time the
morning, when he heard a bell ring; at the
which he had been told to prepare for punishm
he listened, the blood forsook his face, and
chill suddenly ran through his veins:—Kara A
then failed!—recovering from the shock of di
ment (which had shocked him only because it
foreseen) he knelt down with the crucifix clasp
hands, fervently breathing over it a solemn
tion of forgiveness for all his sins and errors.

He prayed the Lord of Heaven to forgive
lighten him, if the resistance he meditated, w
of impious rebellion; he besought blessin

he commended his people
o places Kings upon their
lonsalva and Aziek were
e prison door opened, and
him to a scene of blood,
de.
r face, as she put aside
id follow her.—Sebastian
devoutly kissed the cross
le to Heaven, did indeed
sed with his companion
leading to Kara Aziek's
ai, Benzaide threw a large
e bade him wrap even his
unnoticed by the female
e deposited a pair of slip-
ng, that should the Almo-
e would retire according
ing that some neighboring
ughter.
, that in rendering him
Aziek perpetually risk-
ather: this thought did
ue of her protection.
r of Aziek, he found her
ded by thin drapery: she
her position or uncover-
and greatly agitated: her
er presence at such a pe-
him again, or to receive
n under a disappointment
e for him.
isly with her, when she
for the pardon of Sebas-
ar his daughter's petition,
r partiality to this ungov-
so many favours had al-
e ridiculed the idea of a
few strokes of the whip,
continued thus to protect
he was of her mother's
oclaim her an enemy to

herself to be called foel-
l her intercessions, avail
ress to plead with more
he prayed, she wept, she
, telling him that she had
never to cease protecting
t consequently, she could

not remain inactive now, without breaking
promise.

Her tears and touching feebleness at len
El Hader, and he consented to limit the pu
Sebastian to a month of the hardest labour
ries: "as the fellow is so strong and ing
concluded, "I will not part with him, bu
tryman, your other favourite, shall be sold
ly; he is a sickly, stupid, good-for-nothin
the sooner he is got rid of the better.—S
make no attempt to bring these Christia
leave-taking—if you do, I swear by the b
Prophet, that the slave Fabian shall pay
your fault.

This had been the Almogadem's partin
and Kara Aziek, for Sebastian's sake, did
to disobey,—she detailed her father's reso
many sighs and expressions of deep regre
turned pale and an exclamation of grief es
not for himself he grieved, but for the
Gaspar who had so long been accustome
from him comfort and assistance.—

The distress painted on his manly featu
ble to Kara Aziek through her transpare
hastened to efface it; "I must not detain the
said blushing, "even now my heart tremb
I have done wrong in admitting thee into
ments—but I could not deny myself the gra
telling thee that I will not lose sight of thy
if money may avail, Gaspar shall regain
and return to Portugal to prepare the way
Go Prince! (for I cannot call thee Fabian
believe that Kara Aziek knows no other b
than that of trying to resemble the minist
of Heaven. Thy rare example first taugh
is noble to live solely for others."

Sebastian's heart made a more animated
speech than he suffered to flow from h
disinterested goodness was exalted in hi
the very circumstance which threatened t
force if she loved him, and felt that her
piness was only to be found in his presen
roic generosity was it, thus to sacrifice
consideration, by seeking to procure for hi
of withdrawing to a rival and a distant lan

After expressing some part of his feelin
derly assuring her of his deep concern at h
illness, he once more wrapped himself in
and passed with Benzaide through the ou

On quitting that side of the Cassavee,
ceeded to see and thank Hafiz, to who

nterference of Aziek: his acknowledgments
eived with a mixture of kindness and anger;
: was to lose his services a whole month, and
t comprehend what he wanted with liberty,
indulged by him and the Almoçadem. From
ens the unfortunate monarch proceeded to the
new labour; their he toiled under a sky like
brass, without shelter, almost without suste-
but his mind was too full of interesting thoughts
him time for noticing bodily suffering: Gaspar
distant freedom, tortured remembrance.
gh the strict command of her father deterred
iek from attempting to see Sebastian while he
t his days of penance remote from Hafiz, she
d to send him every night various refreshments,
nied some times by short billets: in one of
e gave him the unexpected information of Gas-
ing free, and now on his way to Portugal.
a cautious negociation through the means of
ierchant, she had purchased the poor fellow's
y the sale of a few jewels, and now wrote to
Sebastian into hopes for himself:—ardent were
es her letter awakened! The King could not
nat Gaspar, who knew in common with eve-
Portuguese, his engagement with Donna Gon-
ould immediately repair to her with the news
e and captivity, and that consequently her fond
uld quicken the exertions of his release.
s not in man, however disinterested, to lament
which would thus convey to his ministers and
ids the knowledge of his existence: sincere as
determination of never calling upon his sub-
r that succour he had a right to demand of
e was not insensible to the joy of finding that
was gone to tell the tale of his sufferings, and
for his return. If the people of Portugal loved
ng well enough to tax themselves for his ran-
was well inclined to receive that obligation
eir affection, which both pride and principle had
en him to extort from their duty. Not doubt-
general sentiment, he surrendered himself up
hitful anticipations.
little while, and he would be free again! As
rt throbbed high at this blissful thought it natu-
rned with warmer gratitude to the generous
from whom it proceeded. Kara Aziek, still
han ever, from her unwearied goodness, was
r to be abandoned, and never more beheld! As
ght a brother have contemplated the prospect of
quitting a beloved sister; Sebastian would not

not remain inactive now, without breaking that inward promise.

Her te[illegible] and touching feebleness at length melted El Hade[illegible] and he consented to limit the punishment of Sebasti[illegible] to a month of the hardest labour in his quarries: "[illegible] the fellow is so strong and ingenious," he conclud[illegible] "I will not part with him, but his countryman, your other favourite, shall be sold immediately; he is a sickly, stupid, good-for-nothing dog, and the sooner he is g[illegible] better.—See that you make no attempt[illegible] se Christian fools to a leave-taking—if y[illegible] ar by the beard of the Prophet, that the [illegible] shall pay the price of your fault.

This had been the Al[illegible] em's parting command, and Kara Aziek, for Seba[illegible] s sake, did not venture to disobey,—she detailed [illegible] father's resolution with many sighs and expressions of deep regret: the King turned pale and an exclamation of grief escaped him; not for himself he grieved, but for the less healthy Gaspar who had so long been accustomed to receive from him comfort and assistance.—

The distress painted on his manly features was visible to Kara Aziek through her transparent veil—she hastened to efface it; "I must not detain thee here," she said blushing, "even now my heart trembles for fear. I have done wrong in admitting thee into these apartments—but I could not deny myself the gratification of telling thee that I will not lose sight of thy poor friend; if money may avail, Gaspar shall regain his freedom, and return to Portugal to prepare the way for thee.—Go Prince! (for I cannot call thee Fabian now) go, and believe that Kara Aziek knows no other bliss on earth than that of trying to resemble the ministering spirits of Heaven. Thy rare example first taught her, that it is noble to live solely for others."

Sebastian's heart made a more animated reply to this speech than he suffered to flow from his lips: her disinterested goodness was exalted in his eyes from the very circumstance which threatened to weaken its force if she loved him, and felt that her peculiar happiness was only to be found in his presence, what heroic generosity was it, thus to sacrifice every selfish consideration, by seeking to procure for him the means of withdrawing to a rival and a distant land.

After expressing some part of his feelings, an[illegible] [illegible]derly assuring her of his deep concern at her in[illegible] [illegible]illness, he once more wrapped himself in the [illegible] [illegible]nd passed with Benzaide through the outer c[illegible]

On quitting that side of the Cassavee, Sebastia[illegible] [illegible]ceeded to see and thank Hafiz, to whom he ow[illegible]

[illegible] freedom, tortured remembrance.

[illegible], the strict command of her father deterred [illegible] from attempting to see Sebastian while he [illegible] out his days of penance remote from Hafiz, she [illegible] to send him every night various refreshments, [illegible] some times by short billets: in one of [illegible] she gave him the unexpected information of Gas[illegible] being free, and now on his way to Portugal.

[illegible] a cautious negociation through the means of [illegible] merchant, she had purchased the poor fellow's [illegible] by the sale of a few jewels, and now wrote to [illegible] Sebastian into hopes for himself:—ardent were [illegible] hopes her letter awakened! The King could not [illegible] that Gaspar, who knew in common with eve[illegible] other Portuguese, his engagement with Donna Gon[illegible], would immediately repair to her with the news [illegible] life and captivity, and that consequently her fond [illegible] would quicken the exertions of his release.

[illegible] was not in man, however disinterested, to lament [illegible] act which would thus convey to his ministers and [illegible] friends the knowledge of his existence: sincere as [illegible] his determination of never calling upon his sub[illegible] for that succour he had a right to demand of [illegible], he was not insensible to the joy of finding that [illegible] other was gone to tell the tale of his sufferings, and [illegible] plead for his return. If the people of Portugal loved [illegible]ir King well enough to tax themselves for his ran[illegible]n, he was well inclined to receive that obligation [illegible]m their affection, which both pride and principle had [illegible] bidden him to extort from their duty. Not doubt[illegible] the general sentiment, he surrendered himself up [illegible] delightful anticipations.

But a little while, and he would be free again! As [illegible] heart throbbed high at this blissful thought it natu[illegible]lly turned with warmer gratitude to the generous [illegible]end from whom it proceeded. Kara Azlek, still [illegible]arer than ever, from her unwearied goodness, was [illegible] *never to be* abandoned, and never more beheld! As [illegible] *it might* a *brother* have contemplated the prospect of [illegible] *finally quitting* a beloved sister; Sebastian would not

dwell on it, but formed in fancy many romanti
each of which had for its foundation the religio
version of Kara Aziek.

Towards this new and pleasing project, now
ly conceived, he determined to direct the who
of his heart, that heart which had never ceased
with its original zeal: from this period he deve
leisure moments to the recollection and arrange
such arguments in favour of Christianity, as a
to him the most convincing, and when again
into the gardens, was enabled to press the
Aziek in the interviews she frequently afforded

Kara Aziek listened with attention and pleas
she loved to hear him talk upon any subject, n
pecially upon one which interested her deep
though she afforded Sebastian frequent oppor
for conversation, and almost wished to believe
did, her clear reason could not blind itself to th
strous system of Popery: unhappily the you
narch was not qualified to remove this veil fr
simple beauty of Christianity: he had been ed
a devoted son of the Romish church, and was
ble of perceiving that, but from its unscriptural
rity, and intolerant tenets, Kara Aziek woul
ceased to have been a Mahometan.

These constant interviews only tended to fix
tian more firmly in the heart of the gentle Mo
felt that they did so, but with an excess of ger
refused to purchase peace for herself, by the s
of his enjoyments: her society was evidently h
solace, and to her unremitting attention he owe
personal comfort; could she then afflict him by
or gradual coldness, by long absences, and assu
difference? Sebastian knew her only as a frie
to that disinterested character she was resolve
to lose a claim.

Consonant to this resolution, she accustomed
to talk with him of Donna Gonsalva, yet at hi
like description of her rival's enchantments sh
not control those tumultuous feelings, of which
so hopeless and so powerful was but too suscept

"Happy, happy creature!" she would often e
to herself, "could I believe that *thou* lovest hi
any one can love him as I do, what should I l
but who has seen him like Kara Aziek, a prisor
a slave, alternately the object of terror and admi
interesting even in his moments of wildest p
who therefore will ever learn to forget herself
whole world in him? Alas! how shall I live,
who is become the very soul of my life, i
me."

painful question Kara Aziek always turn-
lelay, striving to be indeed as indifferent
ved herself, to her own happiness: love,
deceit, fondly persuaded her that in sigh-
bliss of being united to Sebastian she was
ly by this idea, that no one's affection
er's, consequently that no one would ever
entively over his conduct and his com-

himself, hurried away by an earnest desire
ersion, no longer saw or thought of her
but dwelt with grateful enthusiasm upon
light bestow on him, would she yield her
doctrines of the church, renounce her
ry, and consent to become like a sister to
Gonsalva. At length he found that no
his availed to convince her of the fallacy
eligion, she had many specious ones to
fence, but still more to urge against papal
sorrowing and reluctant therefore, he
his attempt.

ow counted the days as they passed, wel-
on its arrival, as the day of freedom:
een absent above a month; Kara Aziek
t the Moorish court that the Prior of Crato
in Lisbon, therefore the King reckoned
fidently upon his release: time, however,
lays, weeks, months elapsed; as they fled,
with them some health and spirit from
e excuses he mentally made for his peo-
d hesitation hourly decayed, apprehension
on took their place.

expect succour from his grand uncle, Don
uncle now knew the gratifications of
r, and might not perhaps feel willing to
was he to hope for freedom from the
rifices of his people!—those people were
its of that pitiless generation who a cen-
d basely suffered the infant Don Ferdi-
captivity. Ferdinand had offered him-
loors as a pledge for the fulfilment of a
, the Portuguese refused to ratify it, and
guish out his youth in confinement. Such
light but too fatally influence the present
ortugal.

cing thought, the unhappy monarch lost
and, and no longer restrained the expres-
rs. Sometimes Kara Aziek would behold
to the bitterest grief, imagining his be-
a torn from him by death; at others, the

guised tenderness of Kara Aziek, there we
in which Sebastian felt her excellence so
that he doubted whether he could be quite
in Portugal with Gonsalva, unless she w
complete it: his imprudently-ingenuous n
the sentiment as it arose, fatally flattering
and inexperienced Aziek with ideas she w
conscious of indulging.

The different emotions of each, soon
visible effect: Sebastian lost his strength an
Kara Aziek suddenly became languid, sic
when with the King, her eyes no longer d
with an apparent forgetfulness of every t
that soul whose movements she was tracing
eloquent countenance; they were tearful un
and that irresistible mettingness which n
love visible in their floating orbs, was disp
expression of troubled anxiety.

Her careless attire, and unusual fits of ab
length led the King to suppose that some d
tress had a principal share in so painful a
interrogated Kara Aziek: as they walked to
Benzaide under the starry sky, while oth
gently strove to win from her the secret
tion; Kara Aziek alternately blushed and
sighed and wept, but refused to satisfy him

Such conduct only stimulated the efforts
whose tenderness was increased by this fi
its sympathy; but Aziek, mildly inflexible
left him at the usual hour in doubt and con

—0000—

CHAPTER IX.

SEBASTIAN's suspense did not continu
night he was summoned to meet Aziek
byrinth.

It was nearly midnight when his listeni
the sound of her unsteady and hurried st
leaning on her confidential maid: her v

roached her with extreme solicitude.

Allow me a little emotion," she said faintly, avert-
her head, "I believe we are about to part for ever!
I art the only friend Kara Aziek ever had reason
esteem and to regret—ah! if thou shouldst forget
entirely:"

he stopped, momentarily overcome, affording the
g an opportunity for uttering an exclamation of sur-
e and of affectionate reproach: "Prince!" she faul-
d out, "thou art free; to-morrow thou mayst re-
, to Portugal."

ncertain whether he had heard aright, Sebastian
ated her words, conjuring her to say if his senses
deceived him: her answer transported him to
w himself at her feet! he did not speak, but joy
mphed on his face, and burnt in the kiss which he
rinted on her trembling hands.

his excess of joy was what Aziek had thought her
prepared to meet, yet now it distracted her reso-
ons, and half-maddened her to exclaim, "Ah,
rateful man, is it thus that my friendship is re-
ed!"

liberty, home, happiness, every dear and oft remem-
d object was now present to the ardent imagination
Sebastian; the names of his country and of his

not say how it was granted—whether you did n
some wrath."

Aziek hastened to assure him that she had
her father's assent without incurring his displ
"Thy freedom was unexpectedly offered, upo
dition which I need not detail, as it does not
thee. Take thy liberty, prince! and be convin
though these eyes shall never more behold the
image—the memory of thy misfortunes—thy
—thy delightful converse, will exist in my hear
life and memory—"

Tears interrupted the sentence, and she cast
back upon the bosom of Benzaide.

Vehemently agitated by her emotion, Sebastia
ed her to trust herself to his honour, and to qu
ca with him: he promised her the friendship
Gonsalva, and protection in the exercise of h
religion; he urged to her the delights of polis
ciety; and perhaps Aziek would not have resi
pleadings had they been seconded by vows o
but now she was able to feel and to avow th
claim of filial obligation.

Her refusal to desert her father was grounde
guments which the King wished, but was not
shake; "Yet I will not say *farewell for ever!*"
"were I able to do so, Kara Aziek, I should
myself: you are dear to me as a sister, you are
ject of the tenderest and truest gratitude th
penetrated a human heart,—how then can I co
forego all thought of beholding you again?
vidence permit me to regain my former pow
Moors will no longer find me their enemy:
sake I will court their friendship, and when i
with their Xeriff, may tempt my Gonsalva to c
sea in search of her Sebastian's guardian angel."

Kara Aziek did not reply; she was overco
recollection of the price she must pay for his
ance, a price which would remove her far fr
seducing prospect he pictured; formed with
weakness and strength of women's mixed ch
she could command her actions but not her em
she could constrain every selfish considerat
the sake of another, though she knew not how
cual the grief such sacrifices cost her: her fast
tears now fell without interruption.

Shocked and afflicted at her excess of sorro
young monarch scarcely knew how to suppose
originated solely in the regret of parting from h
deed he wished to believe otherwise, and suff
imagination to take a new direction, impos

ether she had not heard distressing intelli
Gaspar, or of some of his dearest friends in

nstened to relieve his apprehensions, and by
erself to do so, gradually recovered her own
.

succeeded in calming him, she held out a
juring him not to open it till he should be
Donna Gonsalva; "In it thou wilt find a
ara Aziek's jetty hair;" she said, striving to
rou wilt sometimes look at it, and remember
ave it thee: perhaps thou wilt contrast it with
tresses and ivory skin of thy beloved; ah!
thou dost so, that the heart of Kara Aziek
han her face."

spoke, she lifted her veil, and fixed on Se
r lovely eyes, now swimming in tears; the
gave entered his soul: neither time nor dis
r effaced their impression.—Thrilled with
ration, and regret, he could only faulter out a
of his hope that they were not parting for the
Aziek faintly repeated that hope, adding,
now separate, to allow him some repose ere
his journey.

is instructed to provide for thy accommoda-
continued, "he has my father's commands.
Prince!—friend!—instructor!—light of my
mind!—may thy prophet, may my prophet
ee not merely to thy throne, but to the hearts
ople!"

ned aside her head while she spoke, and
out her hands to him: the half distracted and
d Sebastian made a movement as if he would
wn himself at her feet, but the feelings of
umphed over every idea of established cus-
he found that he had pressed her to his heart,
distantly saluting her hand.

mult of new emotions, Kara Aziek gently
m from her, "Leave me, leave me, Prince!"
ned faintly,—"think of me in Portugal; re-
e there, as the mutual friend of thee and thy
"

name the agitated monarch recovered from a
oblivion; he fixed his eyes earnestly upon
figure, then lifted them to Heaven, as if in-
asings on her, and hurried from the grotto.

d with contradictory feelings, the King
is own apartment: to sleep was impossible;
up and down, watching the dawn of that
was either to restore him to liberty, or to

sh him with disappointment. The capricious
the Moorish character made him dread some cha
the sentiments of El Hader; yet hope preponderate
nd the joyful tone now given to his mind, dis
ated those fears for Gaspar and Gonsalva which h
efore tormented him.

How rarely does our reason behold any object
coloured by the medium of passion! not a single
cumstance had arisen to warrant a change of opi
Yet Sebastian now banished every suspicion of his
ple's infidelity and his relations' unkindness; he
lected the timid spirit of his uncle, which might
procrastinated, without wishing to frustrate nec
and warm with present happiness, confidently
pated superior felicity in the future.

Giving himself up to the most gratifying
tions, he rapidly sketched out plans for times
and these still included Kara Aziek and the be
Abensallah;—to Sebastian's ardent romant
every thing it wished seemed probable.

An hour after sunrise Hafiz appeared: he
inform the Portuguese that their illustrio
Mahommed El Hader, had generously grant
dom, and that he might depart immediate
confirmation of what he had been so long an
so confidently expecting, Sebastian's emot
him speechless: meanwhile Hafiz poured
pathetic lamentation.

It was some time ere the King could
sufficiently to obtain information about
sole aim was to travel expeditiously and
some Christian settlement; this was an
attained. Unless under the protectio
licensed merchants, a liberated capti
likely to fall into a second captivity
way for his friend to avoid such a
by joining a party of travelling trader
were going that very day from Mequ
port, between Tangier and Ceutah,
passage might easily be obtained in
employed in carrying on a contra
coast of Spain, or the King migh
pedition alone, and strike across t
The journey from Mequinez
fatiguing, but it would be perform
the road lay near Benzeroel,
an opportunity of ascertaining
were yet alive. After settling
most momentous considerat
the expenses of this journe

the Almocadem had given orders that the Christian should be conveyed whither he chose, at his cost, and therefore nothing now remained but to take leave of his fellow prisoners.

Never before had the King felt so acutely for his brethren in affliction; the alteration in his own situation appeared to deepen the misery of theirs; he parted from them with many expressions of sympathy, charged with commissions to various quarters of the globe, and promising faithfully to have them all executed.

From the slave-court Sebastian returned through the gardens, bidding a joyful farewell to every structure and every plant that his labour had formed or fostered: yet regret mingled with gladness, for these gardens were the peculiar property of Kara Aziek, and her gentle image appeared to rise at every turning to reproach him.

Hafiz had obtained permission to attend his favourite slave to Mequinez: as they mounted their mules at the great gate of the Cassavee, Sebastian recalled the last time he had passed those gates after his fruitless attempt at escape; he was then returning he believed to eternal thraldom; but four months had elapsed since, and as if by miracle his chains were broken!

The mules were swift of foot, and well acquainted with their road; when they had conveyed their riders to the top of an eminence leading from the valley, Sebastian turned round to take a farewell look of the habitation that contained Kara Aziek. The gilded pinnacles of her apartment glittered above rows of tall cypress trees; he breathed unnumbered blessings on her, fixed his eyes for some moments upon that quarter of the Cassavee, then spurred his mule down the opposite side of the declivity.

An arrangement with the merchants was quickly made by Hafiz, who paid beforehand, the charges of his companion's journey; at parting, the good-natured man shed tears, which Sebastian repaid by sincere expressions of esteem and everlasting sense of obligation: he was preparing to commence his journey, when one of the Syrians brought him a packet which Hafiz had instructed him to deliver when he should be on his return; the King took, and eagerly opened it.

Its contents were a purse containing several gold sequins, some valuable jewels, and a number of those small shells which then passed current through Africa, and are still known there by the name of Barbary money; upon them lay a slip of vellum, with these words written on it—"Unforeseen accidents may render this purse of use to the friend of Kara Aziek."

This fragment
ble Moor almos
tently on the c
memory too fo
cour him she
packet with
mounted the
route.

The men
occupied in
rupt their co
with an or
Fabian his
and theref
a runaway
unmoleste
but safely

The tr
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King of
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The
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Stukeley might have been then living honoured and happy.

Struck with this thought he slowly approached the ruins, that he might look for the last time on the spot where he had found his friend's body; as he advanced, two men issued from the shattered gateway, and passed him; one of them started as he passed, and stopped—Sebastian moved on, thoughtless of personal danger. He had gained the place he sought, and had stood sadly contemplating it, when, on raising his eyes, as he turned away, they were arrested by the sight of faces peeping at him through the lower branches of some trees: in one of these he recognised the dark scowl of Ben Tarab.

Instinctively he grasped the head of a loaded pistol which he wore in his girdle; this action, and the sudden blaze of his eyes, made the cowardly Moor relinquish his hold of the tree, its boughs closed as he let them easily out of his hand, preventing Sebastian from seeing which way he went.

Somewhat disturbed at this unexpected rencontre, the young monarch stood for a moment to determine on his future movements, he was too conscious of Ben Tarab's animosity not to apprehend its effects, and therefore thought it best to rejoin his companions without incurring fresh risk by attempting alone to find the cave of Abensallah: regretting this necessity, he hastened from the ruins, and looking back, beheld Ben Tarab and his comrade stealing behind the trees and the wall in the same direction with himself.

Once more he turned round and stopt, determining to accost the Moor and be satisfied if the meeting were accidental; but on seeing him pause, Ben Tarab again retreated and concealed himself among the broken walls: Sebastian then resumed the road to his friends.

The travellers had pitched a tent on the plain, and were therefore visible at a great distance: through the loop holes of the tower Ben Tarab now watched the course of the King, and saw him enter their tent; he then descended, and rejoicing at the chance which had led him to this spot for temporary shelter from the heat, called his associate and ran off to the town of Alcazar.

On rejoining the merchants, Sebastian thought it best to speak of his adventure and the apprehension he grounded on it; one of the Syrians to whom Hafiz had peculiarly recommended his favourite, proposed immediate departure; If Ben Tarab wished to cast obstacles in their way, he might easily find means for doing so, by questioning the freedom of Sebastian, or

by informing some of the Emperor's officers
zar, who would then seize him for their mas
vice. Under this idea it was fit the whole part
hasten to get the start of the Moor.

Their tents were now struck, their camels re
and bidding adieu to the pleasing hope of seeir
sallah, Sebastian mounted a swift horse and
his journey.

They had scarcely passed the boundarie
plain, when a party of horsemen from Alcaz
took and detained them: the King gave himse
lost; but he dissembled this despair, and met t
tiny of the Moorish soldiers with apparent co
Surrounded by armed guards, Ben Tarab c
and threaten with impunity: he accused Seba
being a runaway slave; to oppose this assert
principal merchant simply produced the wri
signet of the Almogadem, purporting that th
tian who accompanied them was a servant of
ing important dispatches to the Alcayde of
At sight of this convincing testimony, the M
gan to excuse themselves, and were about to
when Ben Tarab called their captain aside an
few words to him in a low, furious tone; th
directly countermanded his men, telling the m
that as they were going to travel through a Cav
in a state of insurrection, he would honour th
gadem's messenger by escorting him to the
and afterwards protecting him back to Mequin

At this masterly trick of Ben Tarab's the bl
sook the face of Sebastian, but it rushed indi
back, while haughtily braving his fate he
Moorish captain to lead on.—Ben Tarab e
changing countenance with a doubtful look;—

"If thou art not a runaway," he said, thou
master will thank us for this safe guard; and
art deceiving us, thy punishment will not wait
sentence of El Hader, whose signet thou mu
stolen; the Alcayde of Kouf will doom thee t
immediately."

"*Thou* art not my judge," replied the K
recting a withering glance towards him: inti
by former scenes, the malicious wretch nimbly
to the ranks of his military comrades, and p
advancing in their journey; the merchants acq
None but the acquaintance of Hafiz knew the r
tiation of Sebastian, and they were therefore
to find, that instead of being detained by th
ture, it would expedite and protect them:
ceeded on their way, headed and flanked b

who were content to observe the object of their
ion riding in the centre:—
ile Ben Tarab was exulting in an accidental
g, which had thus enabled him at least to annoy,
to frustrate the supposed design of his former
, Sebastian was ruminating upon some mode of
: not one presented itself: he must either con-
at he was made free, and going to embark for
al, or try a bold experiment on the Alcayde.
are the former, would be madness, because all
ian captives above the rank of artisans or peas-
elonged by law to the Xeriffs; Ben Tarab could
re plausibly question El Hader's right to liberate
ntil his true rank were ascertained, and such a
y would be destruction: he then resolved to ha-
suddenly-conceived stratagem.
ng the time in which they halted for the night,
cted a superb diamond from the jewels of Kara
and placing it in the embroidered purse by
folded it in a piece of brocade after the Moresco
, and deposited it in his breast. The character
Alcayde had been given him by Hafiz's friend,
m he communicated his plan, and upon that he
r success.
some days of wearisome travelling, and days
agitation, the cavalcade came in sight of the
wn in the province of Kouf; the merchants
uffered to pursue their way to the port they
leaving Sebastian, whom they dared not at-
etaining, solely to fortune and his guards.
Tarab's ferocious eyes glared with satisfaction
ollowed his unprotected victim into the Al-
house; disdaining to notice him, Sebastian
proceeded.—While passing from the court to
ience-hall, his upright mind shrunk from un-
leception; he was tempted to risk the truth,
convinced it would throw him again into sla-
ut his country, his duties, his beloved, all tugged
eart strings, and aided by the universal tolera-
stratagem under circumstances like his, weak-
ery other impression; he sighed over the bitter
y of the act, besought Heaven to pardon it if
alpable, then entered the hall.
te was quickly decided: the gem he brought,
d an undeniable proof that he came direct from
er; he presented it in his master's name,
g that the Almoçadem had sent it as a friendly
equiring from his relation in return only a satis-
ccount of the province he governed, as it was
Iequinez, to be ripe for revolt.—The credu-

uld witness the whirlwinds of his characte
conceived himself abandoned by his subject
lations: resentment and sorrow then sway e
urns; and it was only at the sound of her
voice, or at the gaze of her imploring eyes,
would rein in his anger, or check the tide of la
tion.

So tossed by various passions, so agitated with
a fond fear, so surrounded and touched by the
guised tenderness of Kara Aziek, there were m
in which Sebastian felt her excellence so exq
that he doubted whether he could be quite hap
in Portugal with Gonsalva, unless she were
complete it: his imprudently-ingenuous natu
the sentiment as it arose, fatally flattering th
and inexperienced Aziek with ideas she was
conscious of indulging.

The different emotions of each, soon pro
visible effect: Sebastian lost his strength and h
Kara Aziek suddenly became languid, sick,
when with the King, her eyes no longer dwel
with an apparent forgetfulness of every thin
that soul whose movements she was tracing thr
eloquent countenance; they were tearful and d
and that irresistible meltingness which used
love visible in their floating orbs, was displa
expression of troubled anxiety.

Her careless attire, and unusual fits of abst
length led the King to suppose that some do
tress had a principal share in so painful a c
interrogated Kara Aziek: as they walked to
Benzaide under the starry sky, while oth
gently strove to win from her the secret
tion; Kara Aziek alternately blushed and
sighed and wept, but refused to satisfy hi

Such conduct only stimulated the effort
whose tenderness was increased by this
its sympathy; but Aziek, mildly inflexi
left him at the usual hour in doubt and

—oooo—

CHAPTER IX.

SEBASTIAN's suspense did not con
night he was summoned to meet
byrinth.

It was nearly midnight when his li
the sound of her unsteady and hurri
leaning on her confidential maid:

d he could not therefore behold any peculiar emotion her countenance, but he perceived it in her air and ice.

She answered his salutation in broken accents, then ting down at some distance from him, was awhile ent.

The green, and now fading lamps, with which the bterraneous passage was illuminated, cast a melan-oly light over the veiled figure of Kara Aziek; her ence, and the rapidly apprehensive mind of Sebas-n contributed to agitate him beyond measure: he proached her with extreme solicitude.

"Allow me a little emotion," she said faintly, avert-g her head, "I believe we are about to part for ever! ou art the only friend Kara Aziek ever had reason esteem and to regret—ah! if thou shouldst forget r entirely!"

She stopped, momentarily overcome, affording the ng an opportunity for uttering an exclamation of sur-ise and of affectionate reproach: "Prince!" she faul-red out, "thou art free; to-morrow thou mayst re-rn to Portugal."

Uncertain whether he had heard aright, Sebastian peated her words, conjuring her to say if his senses d deceived him: her answer transported him to row himself at her feet! he did not speak, but joy iumphed on his face, and burnt in the kiss which he iprinted on her trembling hands.

This excess of joy was what Aziek had thought her-if prepared to meet, yet now it distracted her reso-tions, and half-maddened her to exclaim, "Ah, igrateful man, is it thus that my friendship is re-rned!"

Liberty, home, happiness, every dear and oft-remem-red object was now present to the ardent imagination Sebastian: the names of his country and of his

not say how it was granted—whe
some wrath."

Aziek hastened to assure him
her father's assent without incu
"Thy freedom was unexpectedl
dition which I need not detail, a
thee. Take thy liberty, prince!
though these eyes shall never me
image—the memory of thy mis
—thy delightful converse, will ex
life and memory—"

Tears interrupted the sentence
back upon the bosom of Benzaid

Vehemently agitated by her em
ed her to trust herself to his hon
ca with him: he promised her
Gonsalva, and protection in the
religion; he urged to her the d
ciety; and perhaps Aziek would
pleadings had they been second
but now she was able to feel an
claim of filial obligation.

Her refusal to desert her father
guments which the King wished
shake; "Yet I will not say *farew*
"were I able to do so, Kara A
myself: you are dear to me as a
ject of the tenderest and trues
penetrated a human heart,—how
forego all thought of beholding
vidence permit me to regain m
Moors will no longer find me th
sake I will court their friendship
with their Xeriff, may tempt my
sea in search of her Sebastian's g

Kara Aziek did not reply; sh
recollection of the price she mus
ance, a price which would rem
seducing prospect he pictured;
weakness and strength of wome
she could command her actions
she could constrain every self
the sake of another, though she
ceal the grief such sacrifices cost
tears now fell without interrupti

Shocked and afflicted at her
young monarch scarcely knew h
originated solely in the regret of
deed he wished to believe other
imagination to take a new dire

er she had not heard distressing intelli-
spar, or of some of his dearest friends in

ened to relieve his apprehensions, and by
elf to do so, gradually recovered her own

ceeded in calming him, she held out a
ing him not to open it till he should be
onna Gonsalva; "In it thou wilt find a
Aziek's jetty hair;" she said, striving to
wilt sometimes look at it, and remember
it thee: perhaps thou wilt contrast it with
esses and ivory skin of thy beloved; ah!
ou dost so, that the heart of Kara Aziek
her face."
ke, she lifted her veil, and fixed on Se-
ovely eyes, now swimming in tears, the
re entered his soul: neither time nor dis-
ffaced their impression.—Thrilled with
ion, and regret, he could only faulter out a
his hope that they were not parting for the
iek faintly repeated that hope, adding,
w separate, to allow him some repose ere
journey.
instructed to provide for thy accommoda-
ntinued, "he has my father's commands.
nce!—friend!—instructor!—light of my
ind!—may thy prophet, may my prophet,
not merely to thy throne, but to the hearts
!"
d aside her head while she spoke, and,
her hands to him: the half distracted and
ebastian made a movement as if he would
himself at her feet, but the feelings of
phed over every idea of established cus-
found that he had pressed her to his heart,
stantly saluting her hand.
lt of new emotions, Kara Aziek gently
rom her, "Leave me, leave me, Prince!"
d faintly,—"think of me in Portugal; re-
here, as the mutual friend of thee and thy

he agitated monarch recovered from a
olivion; he fixed his eyes earnestly upon
gure, then lifted them to Heaven, as if in-
ngs on her, and hurried from the grotto.
with contradictory feelings, the King
own apartment: to sleep was impossible;
and down, watching the dawn of that
is either to restore him to liberty, or to

gate of her abode. The gate yielded to his ha
entered, and treading lightly across an angle
garden, passed into a pavillion whence issued
passage leading into the state apartments of the
The springs of every door were known to Se
he pressed one, which opening, led him into
terranean gallery: breathless, trembling, almos
he was at the entrance of a favourite room o
Gonsalva's ere he thought of the alarm his app
might cause her; he paused, and for that ins
limbs failed under him; but the sound of Go
voice banished every temperate consideratio
strung his nerves, and made him suddenly p
the door.
Donna Gonsalva was standing alone with
towards him, she turned round, and Sebastia
again that resplendent beauty which had ne
moment been absent from his thoughts.—H
forward and fell at her feet.
Overpowered with the violence and the
his emotions, her very name expired in sigh
lips, and he could only cover her hands with k
with tears.
At sight of a man coarsely hibited and
with dust, Donna Gonsalva uttered a cry
but the action of Sebastian, his emotion, the we
touch of his lips and hands, the very circum
his entering by a private way, made him ap
her: she turned deadly pale, and sunk upo
without speaking.
Her impassioned lover hastened to suppo
his arms: "Yes, Gonsalva!" he exclaimed,
broken by excess of joy—"My own Gonsa
your Sebastian who now presses you to his c
heart."
Amazement! Donna Gonsalva struggled in
brace. Still silent, she endeavoured to es
his arms, sometimes appearing on the point
for assistance, and then suddenly checking h
The young King hastily threw off his hat
ed aside his hair; "Look at me, my beloved
claimed wildly, "look at me and acknowl
Sebastian; changed as my person is, surely
this agitation—"
"*Release me!*" interrupted Gonsalva, a
head still more,—"I know you not:
dead."
The King looked at her with surp
stupefaction; "Dead!" he repeat
lieved me dead; and yet live on in

...tures appeared to mingle those of two ...: his eyes flashed from the couch to ...salva. Covered with confusion, and scarce-...ious of what she was doing, she hurried back, ...ew herself on the bed to conceal the child.

...aghast, speechless, lost in a mist of frightful ...ensions, Sebastian remained gazing on her; ...of agonizing recollections, of vanished hopes ...ses, floated confusedly before him. Was this ...ome he had expected? was this the fond Gon-...hose gratitude and friendship he had pledged so ...y to Kara Aziek and to Gaspar? was this she, ...se dear sake he had slighted, afflicted and aban-...the tenderest of hearts.

...salva!" he sternly said, after a long silence, ...now me, and you are false. Nay, attempt not ...he added, seizing her arm with an iron grasp, ...and explain this damned mystery."

...hitherto-confounded beauty now haughtily rais-...self, and making a bold effort, ordered him to-...her. "Whoever you are, she added, that dares ...the name of Don Sebastian, and intrude thus ...my privacy, I command you to quit me: the King ...tugal, were he indeed alive would not have pre-...d himself thus before me."

...e air of disdain with which she spoke was yet ...ed with terror. Sebastian's reason became un-...d: "by the blessed mother of Jesus!" he cried, ...now not what to think! is it possible that only ...een months have so utterly changed my person, ...voice, my manner, that *you* should doubt my ...ity? O Gonsalva, bless me but by saying that Se-...an's memory still reigns in your heart, and I will ...convince you that it is he who now stands before ...gonized and disappointed."

...ain love and hope, mingled with grief floated his ...*Donna Gonsalva* uttered a few inarticulate, eva-...*words: in* astonishment the King looked wildly at ...en at himself, and seizing the arm he had let go

he dragged her toward
tently for a moment up
a voice of thunder, "
me faithless, inhuman

The fury of his look
quail within her; fear
to the ground, implorin
her.

As self-preservation
besought him to forgi
the desperation of her
that the belief of his d
tunities of Don Antoni
her untrue. At the na
tunate Sebastian stagge
the side of the apartme
self at the same instant
his mistress!

Terrified at the cons
closure, Gonsalva beg
lover and her child: S
without speaking: desp
devouring look: it incr
and she clung to his kn
penitence.—Invincible
blance to her deceptive
that heavenly countena
swam, his heart melted,
Gonsalva saw her adva
ing contrition; but at th
order of her drapery di
again become a mother.

Recovered by this sig
to the cradle: for a whi
rible countenance; his
his joints shook, he did
on his forehead seemed
not betrayed me."

Hastily he averted h
child, and without havi
the apartment.

Darting along the pri
the first path that presen
miles from the groves of

The mind of Sebastia
state which is the ver
which every object of s
while memory appears s
of regret: like the wave
on thought, without ord

with Gonsalva and Antonio, and those ex-
which fourteen long months had cheered
of slavery, now thronged on him like
le traversed hills, valleys, and woods, with
of madness: vainly seeking to fly from

s far spent, when he heard himself address-
ranger; he stopt, and beheld an honest-
a standing at the door of a solitary little
ome travellers were just alighting from their

akes you journey through such a night as
the man, "If you have a mind for a shel-
e and welcome; by your garb you seem a
and not able to pay for a supper—yet you
omething to eat nevertheless."
paused at the voice of kindness, and found
s indeed roving about under a dreadful
rain falling in sheets had wetted him
l he was without a hat, having left it in
of Donna Gonsalva.—Bowing silently, he
benevolent innkeeper.
eshold of his door the good man paused,
a lamp up to Sebastian's face, uttered an
of surprise at his haggard looks, adding
there's something in that countenance that
n not going to harbour a robber, so come
w."
followed him into a large kitchen where
n who preceded him were already seating
ear a fire: by their dress and mien two of
ed noble, and the remaining four, their at-
They took no notice of the King, but called
omelets, and began discoursing about the
anwhile the humane landlord offered his
ing guest some cheese and onions; Se-
ow-voice declined the coarse supper; he
f up in his capote and stood remote from
thinking upon the past scene with Donna

ilt, and that of his cousin Antonio, he
y doubt; her own confession, and the ex-
e child, were proof undeniable, and from
age of the latter it was evident, that their
rcourse must have begun ere the period of
nt to Gonsalva: the conduct and conver-
n Emanuel (hitherto so mysterious) then
his mind, and his blood froze when he
but for his persevering conduct, he might
he husband of Antonio's mistress.

" ny part," said one, "I would never dra
sw rescue Don Sebastian, his court was too
foi neither Venus nor Bacchus was worshi
th d where they are not worshipped, I beg lea
to my congé. Besides, he put a public affro
" cousin, the young Marquis Cellamare
d to carry off the daughter of a merchant;
got her back after one night's absence on
complained to the King and he insisted
nourable reparation in p
own: the girl (tutored
Don ffected to dispise such re
rati veil, and refused him."
"Refu I the other.
"Yes, lation was thus made wo
than if sh illustrious blood by beco
ing his w in Portugal then, I know
"No, I was in Italy," rejoined his companion, "no
I know your sentiments, I will frankly confess tha
do not pray for the rash-brained monarch's return—
was liberal enough, to be sure, but then he exact
heavy returns.—For instance, he gave me a
gnent, but it was on condition I followed his m
course to Morocco: fortunately the opportune sickne
and death of my wife kept me at home. No, no, D
Sebastian made away with all his friends, when he le
on twenty thousand Portuguese like himself, to slaug
ter, at Alcazar.
Quivering with restrained fury, his eyes strikin
fire, the young monarch started from his seat, and hal
spring towards the ungrateful miscreants—but sud
denly recollecting himself, he turned away, and hasti
left the apartment.
As he went through a passage opening into a fiel
he heard the landlord had followed him: "What is th
matter with thee, friend?" said he, "my guests pr
nounce thee mad, and recommend my turning th
out: I have not heart to do that—Lopez Verna
never yet closed his door on the houseless."
Sebastian turned round with a look of anguish som
what sweetened by grateful feelings: "I am n
mad—not quite mad," he said, "though at this m
I am the most wretched of men. Fear nothing fro
me, honest Lopez—suffer me only to rest in some pla
where the sound of human voice may not reach m
I can reward thee, for I am not so poor as I seem."
The good innkeeper pointed to a barn at a little d
tance. "Go there," he said, "you will find plenty
clean straw, and no soul shall disturb you. Jesu
Mary poor youth, thou lookest at thy wit's end!"

z turned back into the house as he concluded, and bastian wildly trode the path before him.

The information afforded by the two travellers had own his mind into fresh tumults: to find himself is blotted out from his subjects' hearts, hated for his tice, derided by those he had served, betrayed by ose he loved, forgotten almost by the whole world, outcast even in his own kingdom—was a consum - tion to his misery, which not even misanthropy could ve imagined. Murdered for his sake, Gaspar seem- to cry aloud for vengeance; yet where was he to d the means of retribution, when the court, the army, d the people, were steeled against him?

What a return! and how fearful was the spectacle hich it presented!—as if a veil had been torn off by me invisible power, he beheld every heart in which fondly thought himself cherished, false to their ws, and panting for his blood! his sick soul—"sick to death,"—turned from object to object with in- easing anguish: the only human beings whose love uld be relied on, were out of his reach; De Castro, ough living, was beyond the Atlantic, Gaspar in the ave, and Kara Aziek in the hateful empire of Mo- cco.

These convictions half-disordered Sebastian's brain: walked with an irregular pace, sometimes stopping, en darting eagerly forwards; alternately striking his east and his forehead, repeating, as their images shot rough his mind, the names of Gaspar, Antonio, and e perfidious Gonsalva.

Though it was his wish and his interest to remain known, the mere circumstance of having passed un- cognised by two men whom he had so often noticed, ined to the singular fortune of never having been ice suspected for their King by any of the Portu- ese, now completed his anguish: distempered in ind, he saw not a single exception to the prevalent rgetfulness; but wild with grief, with indignation, ith blasted expectations, hurried into the barn and st himself on a heap of straw: "Leave me my rea- n, O, God!" he exclaimed, in a voice, the tone of hich proclaimed a reason just tottering on the verge f madness.

At that sound, a rustling was heard amongst the raw, Sebastian started up, the next moment a large ugh dog sprung towards him, and leaping against his reast *sent forth* a cry of joy: "Baremel! Baremel!— , *Heaven!* and art thou then the only one?" Inter- *pted by* a *gush* of tenderness, the houseless monarch *sped his* dumb friend in his arms; then recollecting

the last time he had seen him, and the words he had spoken, "Stay and be loved for my sake," his heart became so subdued that he burst into tears, and *wept* with all the vehemence of a woman.

Whining and fawning on him, Baremel lay at his master's feet, with upturned eyes, expressive of that instinctive attachment which so often shames the affection of reasoning man: the King now stood painfully contemplating this added proof of popular instability; "If thou hadst become hateful to Antonio's mistress," he exclaimed, "was there none of my court who would take thee in, and cherish thee for my sake!—poor Baremel! from a palace to a shed!—the favorites of fallen princes can hope for nothing better."—He smiled gloomily, and sinking down on the straw, laid his head upon the body of Baremel.

The happy animal seemed proud of his royal burthen; Sebastian then fell into a train of less distracted but equally wounding thought, till by degrees stupor succeeded to frenzy; his feelings became benumbed and "a waveless calm" spread over them: imperceptibly every agitating image faded away, till deep asleep, like midnight darkness, buried all things in profound oblivion.

Early the next day, after seeing his nobler guests on their horses, Lopez came to learn how the poor traveller had rested; he found him asleep with Baremel. On advancing to awake them, the dog sprung and seized the good man by his coat—Sebastian opened his eyes, and at his command Baremel released old Lopez. "Thou'rt an honest fellow I'll be sworn?" exclaimed the latter, "or this dog would not have taken a fancy to thee.—Come, get up and let me give thee some breakfast."

Briefly thanking him for his offer, the King enquired how he came to be in possession of a creature that had once belonged to their sovereign. Lopez eyed him curiously; "So, thou hast been a courtier, friend! or mayhap a soldier, and—" Sebastian interrupted him, willing to lull the curiosity which might otherwise annoy him.

"I am a soldier," he said, "lately escaped from Africa. After fourteen months' slavery, I have returned to my country to find some friends dead, many *perfidious*; my rights usurped by others, and the woman I adored, false,—false as hell!" he paused, and the before pale gloom of his countenance, was now changed to the crimson flush of frenzy;—then recollecting himself, he added, "wonder not that I am half distracted—the sight of this dog, which I remember

n following the King, has brought back
at ought never again to agitate this be
How did you get this dog?"
y, by good luck," replied Lopez, "one
you see, is under scullion in the kitchen
onsalva Vimiosa—she that our last Kin
married. Sorrow on her! what a jade s
worse, I reckon, than the woman you a
t—Come, come man, don't shake so; w
deceiving devils ever since the fall.—
your jilt had not played the harlot wit
s this Donna Gonsalva has done? all the
me on her. You see, in less than five n
King's sailing for Africa, she brings in
chopping child, at first my lady tried to
King's and said they were privately ma
on Emanuel de Castro's getting back
he disproved that story somehow, an
ave gone to die in the inquisition, had r
tonio boldly owned her and the child, pr
ation for them both from the Pope, a
e present King to pardon her.
e world now!—the other day she was s
body because both she and her par
disgrace at court, but since the King g
d seems so averse to fix the succession,
orships her again. People think, you se
onio will have the throne."
ere then are the Braganzas?" exclaimed
What claims can the bastard Antonio mal
, you see," replied Lopez, "this same
d have the best right if he could prove h
al son of our Cardinal King's brother, t
Beja; and so since he cannot prove
; that is, he gives out that his father an
e secretly married.—As for the Duch
t, she poor soul scarcely cares for a th
t is out of this world."
!" exclaimed Sebastian, "did she lose
in that fatal battle?" Surely the Duke o
s only taken prisoner?"
!" repeated Lopez, "Holy Mary defen
ers think nothing of such matters. I c
lady duchess did not make so light of it
er poor boy back again, with a face like a
er be the ruddy youth he was."
returned then? said Sebastian sighin
he noble Diego, that wondrous child"
ver came back," interrupted the
las, what a sad day was that whic

the disastrous news! My cousin, who has n
in the duchess's family, was there when an
who had received his last breath.—The pre
killed by a cannon ball: he fell in his plac
the King; and you may be sure then that h
thick of the battle."

At this passing tribute to his bravery,
Sebastian suddenly glowed; he turned asi
his emotion, and Lopez went on: "the
beat back the coward Moors that would ha
over his pretty page; so this officer that I
ing of, had time to stop and see if he coul
but the dear child made a sign that he w
taken off the field; he grasped the officer
said, 'tell my mother,'—he could not go
ing up to Heaven and raising his eyes with
as if he would have said he was going t
like himself, he fetched a gentle sigh, a

Lopez put the back of his hand to his
spoke, and when he removed it again, it w
with tears: the severer emotion of his to
ion shook his voice, as he hastily said—"
Lopez—you have not told me how it ca
possession."

"O, aye, the dog—why you see the Don
took an aversion to it, and ordered her
it out of her sight—that you know was
bidding it be killed—however nobody lik
and yet they were afraid to give it a courti
should see it again; so my cousin offers
me, because, as he said, I had a wonde
gaining dumb creatures' hearts, and wou
make him stay with me; and sure enough
out; for Baremel laid himself down as so
brought him in, and never seemed to wa
again."

Sebastian looked at the animal with an
piercing pain, for he could not forbear
Baremel had had no caresses to regret
Xabregas.

While such thoughts passed through
was tempted to ask himself whether he
a groan of bitter conviction followed the q
you remember Don Sebastian?" he said,

"Not I, Lord help you; I never saw
folks say he's alive still, and that he'll
when we don't expect it; but for my
may be dead; for he'd find but a dea
Portugal. All his young nobles con
Crato because he makes one in their

es sticking to the Cardinal on account of his
bleness; the poor folks not knowing which side
for fear of their betters; Donna Gonsalva turn-
a common harlot,—mercy on us! I'd rather be
dering corse in the shabbiest burry-ground that
as, than the living Don Sebastian with such vex-
to meet him."

stian suddenly laid his icy hand on the arm of
with so convulsive a grasp, and such a ghastly
that the innkeeper turned mortal pale, and began
able; he thought himself in the power of a ma-
whom he pitied and yet feared: the wretched
ian seeing his terror withdrew some steps, saying
oftened tone, "forgive my strangeness, worthy
: do not wonder that my own sufferings, and
thy with those of an unfortunate prince should
ansport me. I will trouble you no longer, give
me food, for I must be gone."

ez hastened to obey; alarmed by the varying
exion and eyes of his companion, by his irregular
and suffocated voice: he led him into the kitchen,
he placed before him some coarse food, though
st he possessed. Sebastian ate a few mouthfuls
ut sitting down, and with an averted face, for
were soldiers and servants in the place by whom
red a discovery; having finished his scanty meal,
lked quickly out of the kitchen, motioning for
to follow him.

the time the corpulent innkeeper overtook him
adjoining field, he had drawn from his bosom the
re of Kara Aziek, and selected from it a bracelet
ns: this graceful ornament forcibly recalled its
ous wearer, and fixing his eyes on it with a mix-
f regret, tenderness, and consolation, he sighed
and deeply.

gems sparkling in day-light rivetted the atten-
f Lopez, and he ventured to commend their beau-
vakened by this remark, Sebastian turned round:
hd!" he said, with an air of gentler sadness,
r kindness has not been thrown away upon an un-
ul man; I have found one heart in Portugal wor-
a Portuguese: take this precious present, turn
money, and continue, with added means, to suc-
the unfortunate. Do not eye me with distrust,
dded, seeing Lopez retreat doubtfully,) I came
stly by it; 'twas the gift of one to whom I owe my
m. *She is a* Moor, Lopez, an infidel, join your
s *with mine* for her conversion and her salvation
e *me that* you will never pray, without soliciti
ints to intercede in Heaven for her soul."

and gave up his title to Baremel. Sebastian [illegible] the hand of his host, and telling him to remember [illegible] Moorish lady in his prayers, plunged into a neighbo[illegible] ing thicket

The royal wanderer was now journeying towards t[illegible] river Zadaon, near the extremity of which lay the [illegible] of Gaspar: he hoped to learn there something [illegible] that humble friend, to have preserved whose life [illegible] would willingly have poured forth all his blood; [illegible] hope yet surviving every shock, began to soothe h[illegible] with promises of Gaspar's safety.

On that subject alone, could hope exert her [illegible] supporting influence, all others were desperate; [illegible] the wretched Sebastian, blasted in every tender exp[illegible] tation, dishonoured by the matchless depravity of [illegible] who was to have shared his throne, wished only to [illegible] some gloomy solitude where he might bury his [illegible] and his despair.

A betrayed lover cannot easily learn to think of [illegible] woman who once entranced him, in any other [illegible] than that to which he has been accustomed; impr[illegible] sions repeated again and again are not to be imm[illegible] ately effaced by one impression, however just [illegible] heart retains its first print of excellence long [illegible] faithless object has ceased to impress it; we [illegible]

Travelling through the wildest, because least frequented roads, the King procured food at goatherds' huts, or from passing muleteers; his remaining sequins gave him the means of paying these people well, and the watchfulness of Barèmel rendered any precaution for his personal safety wholly needless: at night they slept together amongst woods, and in the day journied along, rarely noticed by those who met them.

During his route, Sebastian had more than once taken out the letter given him by Kara Aziek, but his bleeding heart shrunk from the pain of reading sentiments so tender and so noble; sentiments which would revive too forcibly the vanished virtue of Donna Gonsalva. "Another time," he exclaimed, as he returned the sealed vellum to his breast, "another time, matchless angel! for *woman* I will not call thee. I was to have read this after my re-union with——," that perfidious name died upon his tongue; he started up, called to Barèmel, and hastened to lose thought, in the rapidity of violent motion.

Remembering the directions originally given by Gaspar, Sebastian left the Zadaon on his right, and entered some beautiful meadows, among which stood the cottage of his friend's mother. The mists of morning were but just beginning to clear away from its low roof, and no sound of man or cattle came from the fields around. He approached the cottage; its windows were closed, its garden in ruins: the silence that reigned there caused his heart to stop; could it be possible, he thought, for the family of Gaspar to have shared his cruel fate? grief and horror seized him at this suggestion.

With an unsteady hand he shook the fastened door, calling loudly for admittance; after several attempts to rouse the inhabitants, if inhabitants there were, he was preparing to relinquish them in despair, when a casement was cautiously opened, and a female voice was heard to ask, in a tone of extreme alarm, who was there; this question was only answered by a hasty inquiry of whether she belonged to the family of Gaspar Ribeiro.

At this demand the young woman uttered a faint cry, exclaiming "O, don't harm us!—indeed, indeed, he is not here."

Perceiving that she mistook him for some officer of justice, the King told her in a tone of convincing gentleness, that he was a friend, not an enemy; one that had shared captivity with Gaspar, and sought only the satisfaction of beholding him again.

At this assurance the girl hastened down, and oper

the nam...
he sat down to ...

The two young women ...
habit, indeed, was mean and shal...
ness of his countenance, the grandeur ...
awakened a suspicion of his real character. "My ...
ther spoke but of one companion in slavery," said M...
rakita, the eldest, hesitating as she proceeded, "and ...
him he gave a pledge at parting, a ring which—"

Without speaking, Sebastian held out his hand, ...
Marakita recognizing on it a coarse bauble that ...
once been her own, hastened to prostrate herself a...
feet of her sovereign: struggling in vain to repre...
extreme emotion, Sebastian raised her and her ...
desiring them to tell him the fate of their b...
Marakita took out a letter from an old leath...
which she had hidden under a stone of the do...
and gave it the King; opening it, he read ea...
follows.

"Most honoured sovereign, and may I v...
say, dear as honoured! should these ill-wri...
ever come into your hands, (and God alone k...
to bring that blessed event to pass) I hope ...
be given you on your throne; then you wil...
sire, the poor orphans who present it, nor ...
knowledge their self-exiled brother: but ...
...d be given to you after your unass...
... you to trust no man in ...
...corrupted every ...
... their K...

urpassed in virtue: he will hear and credit my
and assuredly will interest the powers of Europ
master's cause.

'Rely on him sire, and if he still rule in the
ld when your majesty receives this letter, fol
thither: O! trust not your precious life among
of traitors, who have thirsted even for the bloo
r humble messenger.

'Obeying the call of a superior duty, I trust
ily confidently to the Holy Spirit: fortunatel
knew more of me than my name, and my sis
y therefore live without fear of molestation.

'I invoke Jesus, and the Virgin Mother, to hea
se prayers I daily put for the good Kara Aziek
my injured sovereign!—I throw myself at his
t feet, and venture to kiss and to embrace his sa
nds.— "The devoted GASPAR

The first emotion of joy which had for some
rmed the frozen heart of Sebastian, now glo
re! transported out of himself by this unexpe
urance of his friend's existence, he exclaimed al
Not at his feet Gaspar, in your King's arms!"—
A profound sigh followed these words, and Se
n's mind was soon filled with so many torturin
mbrances of the worthlessness of others, tha
got both his situation and his companions. Sta
m a reverie at an action of Barémel's he addre
awe-struck girls, enquiring about their cond
d their resources.

From the younger he learnt that they obtained
by working in vineyards, (their mother ha
d while Gaspar was in Africa,) and that the e
ght be married to the son of a wealthy mule
she possess only a portion of five gold crowns.
How often had the present of Kara Aziek kep
stian from feeling the sharpest sting of misery
ability to reward services or to bestow relief! he
k out the Moorish handkerchief in which it
apt, and bidding Marakita advance, put into
nds some ornaments of precious stones; "
ese," he said, they are all that is left an injured
rch to bestow? they will enrich your husband,
able you to give a portion to your young sister
e is of an age to marry: the remainder I go to
th Gaspar.—Do not shew these gems for awhi
y then be far from pursuit—far from a
ere love, loyalty, friendship, the ties of bloo
closer bond of affection, exist no more for
larmed by the excessive wildness of the

their eyes, ...
benefactor and on ...
Much affected, the King ...
adding with a strangely-frantic ...
guardian saints of Portugal,—unless I am ...
outcast also!"

The sun's broad light now warned him to begone; and repeating his injunctions, he bade adieu to Marakita and her sister.

—oooo—

CHAPTER XI.

Directing his course downwards towards the co... the King found himself at night in a mean town ... leagues from Setuval; some shops were open, ... at one of them he purchased a homely dress, b... calculated for disguise than the mutilated habit h... brought with him from Africa: but alas! the ur... nate Sebastian scarcely needed any other disguis... the alterations wrought on him by hardships ... rows. The roundness of health and youth was ... to be seen in his figure, giving beauty to stren... proportion to grace: his cheeks were wan an... ...eyes dim, his brow furrowed with the freq... ...thought; that enchanting smile w... ...from all mankind, neve... ...recognize Seba...

ıg the sign of the cross over
gently breathed a prayer to
hom that lovely orb derived

with a calmed spirit: when
rior flashing splendor on him
crystals, he owned with ad-
lace could surpass the mag-
chance had conducted him.
t emotions that had agitated
reception from Donna Gon-
while to tenderness only: he
ntry and his people, he was
it of subjects, who, situated
globe, knew him solely by
governors. Could he expect
eful fidelity which his own
ad failed to shew! and was
l De Castro that he was to

" answered the noble spirit
etter recompense his virtue
e than by voluntarily afford-
serving me."
he determined to go, con-
ere recognized and obeyed;
ers to all the powers of Eu-
e, and requiring their assis-
f his rights; to regain those
was his earnest wish: his
ect of a civil war, should he,
give the different parties a
ı; for if those now in au-
ibts of his identity, he must
s to rise in arms for his sup-

he sought to avoid: indeed
e perfidy of his cousin and
making every well-known
ınd every friend to whom
vealed himself, an object of

ere gloomily displacing the
hich he entered his present
ıself along the ground, and
pport for his head, struck it
on moving out of the way,
th writing on it in discolour-
ıcuriously over the writing;
ief chord in his own breast;

and with his h
zling glare of t
effusion.

O that it w
Then wou
Then from
These eye
There gri
Nor hope,
Smote by
Locked in
No more t
Send war
No more
No more
But all th
And black
Whether
Or sleep
Till as ov
The awfu
But pard
To own a
So loathi
As but to
If when
Thought,
Say, wou
And stab
Mixed wi
Of chang
And here
To rende

*

O God o
This gui
Beam on
To how a
Teach m
I gave a
O teach
And bles

Pity, height
sympathy wi
Sebastian; he
for love began
the tenderness
tious; a confus

his soul; some rare moments of transcen-
ess again, re-appeared,—moments in which
, the accomplishments, the well-acted love
y of Gonsalva had exalted him to beatitude.
was it possible that this transport had been de-
, that this perfection of woman's charms was
then immersed in the low gratifications of illicit
on, in the horrible practice of systematic deceit?
After this hateful idea rapidly followed a recapitula-
n of her various arts while urging on a secret mar-
age, which was too surely destined to cover the proof
f her shameful conduct, as by no difficult manœuvre
her child might have been passed upon him and on his
people for the legitimate heir to the crown of Portugal.
Fury flashed from Sebastian's eyes at this thought;
tenderness fled; and the frenzy of a heart outraged
and betrayed in every point, suddenly succeeded.—
"No, perfidious monster!" he exclaimed aloud, "thy
crimes murder regret.—Thou hast not been commonly
frail, nor deserted me for another honourable lover;
then I might have lamented thee, pity might have unit-
ed with love in regretting that thou wast not perfect,
and I might have still doated on the past, like this fond
wretch: but thou hast fallen into such an abyss of
guilt, that even memory sees thee only as thou art
now."

He closed his eyes as if to shut out her image, and
turning to another part of the cavern, threw himself
down once more in the hope of obtaining repose.

It was long ere his tumultuous feelings and throb-
bing brain were stilled by sleep: piercing thoughts,
like flashes of lightning quivering by fits through the
blackness of some starless night, frequently shot across
the gloom that gradually succeeded to frenzy: but at
length the dumb caresses of Barémel softened every
emotion, and he sunk to rest amid the calm of rising
resignation.

Sebastian dreamt, and he dreamt of Kara Aziek.
He fancied himself once more going through the last
interview with Donna Gonsalva, and dragged by her
orders to a loathsome dungeon; there he beheld the
gentle Aziek braving death for the sake of pouring
balm upon his wounded spirit: he felt himself in her
arms, he heard her touching voice, her tears dropt over
his face, while bending down she impressed on it a
kiss of tender compassion.

At this instant of his dream, Sebastian awoke; his
heart was beating strongly; the kiss, the breath of Kara
Aziek, seemed yet warm upon his lips; so lively was
their impression that he stretched out his arms with

entranced look, believing he should indeed within them.—He leaped from the ground; visible; the moon had set, and profound darkness reigned throughout the cavern.

"Aziek! angelic Aziek!" he repeated tender as her own—"friend, comforter, be where art thou?" he stopped and scarcely for as yet his heart and his imagination w ing, and he expected to hear her speak, sigh.

While the echo of his own exclamation along the walls, his senses gradually reco their delusion, and he knew himself to be place remote from her he dreamt of: tender ly diffused itself over his whole soul, while h his dream realized, and himself held in t arms of Kara Aziek. Her artlessness, her her mild yet heroic goodness, her trembling duing love, her soft beauty, and still softer v ed before him, awaking hopes and wishes w hours previous, he would have deemed it for him to feel.

How naturally does the warm and yout cling to the source of man's sweetest emoti eagerly does it embrace the hope of finding ports renewed; of blessing and being bl learning again to behold the world with co for the sake of one amiable object!—Sebastia himself solely yielding to friendship, gratitud desire of atoning to Aziek for the wounds h intentionally given her peace, when he was t ing delighted on the probability of one day her husband.

"She would share my varying fate witho mur;" he said to himself, "if happy, she w and refine my enjoyments; if wretched, she leviate my afflictions. On a throne, or in with her my grateful heart could never know her love, boundless as her virtues, would s fill it."

While he uttered this sentence, a thrill of uine affection than had ever stirred his Donna Gonsalva, glided through his veins esteem, perfect admiration, perfect gratitu *are they, but the purest species of love?*

To these sentiments were now added *of no longer* possessing any other source

Delicacy gives law to woman's heart *of man:* woman blushes at the idea o *second passion*, yet naturally tender,

s anxiliary while Sebastian was in Africa; sporting emotions caused by Kara Aziek's in-le qualities, and those tenderer ones inspired by rotedness, had then been uniformly repressed by mbrance rather than by anticipation: when he re-cted whole days of exquisite felicity, he paused not cover, that after having become acquainted with a being as Kara Aziek, the less endearing charac-Donna Gonsalva could no longer satisfy him.

w was the moment for a perusal of the letter: Se-n drew it from his vest, and hurried to the mouth cavern; but clouds and darkness had succeeded moon's radiance, and it was impossible for him it. He returned with chagrin and seated him n a projection of rock, holding the precious vellum hand.

ile thus watching the dawn of day, his mind be-busied by a multitude of new projects to which onviction of Aziek's attachment gave birth; to w happiness on her, was now, he thought, an act tice: while Gonsalva appeared virtuous and faith-onour and inclination retained him in her chains; nce she had shamefully forfeited those rights, ide imperiously demanded him for Kara Aziek: isinterestedness of her love had been proved, he nerefore no circumstance to lament or to dread in ion with her, except her hateful religion.

this serious obstacle the ardent character of the

nly when he had a throne to share with her: the project was most in character with a generous ce, and he resolved to adopt it.

y the former scheme, he might indeed earlier and ve certainly secure Aziek, but then it would be self- ly tempting her to share exile, difficulties, dangers, rhaps ultimately disappointment or death: by the tter, he would merely delay domestic blessings to em are their permanence; and reflecting on the delicacy f her character, he felt assured that years must elapse ere she could yield her heart to any other affection, or obey the customs of her country by wedding a man to whom she was indifferent.

These considerations reconciled him to the prospect of removing for a while yet further from her, and the bliss he hoped hereafter to bestow, gave him such ex- quisite delight in contemplation, that even the guardian angel of Kara Aziek must have smiled with satisfac- tion on reading the reveries of Sebastian.

"Yes Aziek!" he tenderly repeated, folding her ter to his breast, "we shall meet again, even in faithless world! A time will come when thou only reign in my heart: to appreciate thy tenderness know thy unrivalled excellence, it has been necess for me to learn what demons charm under the of women. Ah! who is there like thee?"

At this impassioned question Sebastian sunk train of thought, in which he remained absorb morning shot her first beam into the cavern. acters made on the vellum, than he hastened what he believed would reanimate all his hope solutions: who can describe the dismay whic upon him when he found this letter contai Aziek's eternal farewell?

To procure his freedom and restoration Gonsalva, this generous friend had consented the wife of a Grandee who had long solic her father: by this time she was his, and liv Morocco. Immured within the walls of a noble and delicate soul had no other enjoym the conviction of having sacrificed herself of him she loved.

It was not from passionate complaint planation of her feelings, that Sebastian extent of her generosity—no—her relati and brief, yet she was forced to te rying the Bashaw of Syria she wa the customs, of his nation, and re for her to retain a male friend.

Sebastian was too well aware o

ck of her hair was now in the hand of Sebastia
s were intently fixed on it, without his seei
aking of it; the complete destruction of all l
s was contained in this fatal letter; the bright
of gratitude had vanished, and misery's last bl
med both thought and feeling.
uch a benumbing influence was on him, that he
ned nearly on the same spot from sunrise to su
without food or sleep, or the consciousness of wa
either.
happened that towards evening a sudden sto
ve some countrymen into the cavern for shelt
noise they made roused Sebastian; on seeing hi
y naturally concluded that he had taken refuge fr
same motive with themselves; and entering in
versation with him, he learnt that there was the
sel in the bay of Setuval bound for Brazil. He
ger contemplated with lively emotions a voyage
new world, but he was sick of that which he inh
l; and to the wretched, change of place seems e
irable. He accompanied the men to Setuval, wh
fortunately procured a passage in the ship describ
l she sailed at midnight.
While the vessel was tossing among the turbul
ves of the Atlantic, Portugal's self exiled mona
l leisure to arrange those events, which by th
nful rapidity had unsettled his reason; he gave
hope of happiness; with a moody smile he g

till his heart took so deep a print from despai
make him wildly doubt whether he had ever
what happiness was.

In this state he was ill-adapted to share in t
garrulity of his fellow voyagers; he shunned t
ciety, sitting retired in an obscure part of the
from the deck of which he seemed to be
watching her track through the waters.

It was on the sixth morning after their d
from Setuval, that the clearing away the thick
covered a Turkish galley which had been blow
sea, striving to re-gain her course, and bearin
wards the straits: the captain of the Brazilman
fellow of an adventurous spirit, proposed givin
fidel chase; though his vessel was inferior in
weight of metal, the hope of a rich booty anim
sailors: by general consent their track was
they crowded sail, and soon came along-side th
whose heavy decorations impeded her motion.

The infidel perceiving flight impossible,
himself to necessity, and prepared for action.

At the first broadside, Sebastian, who had
sat desperately inattentive to the hasty prepa
started up; his brave heart, roused at the alarm
and every nerve was braced; but suddenly rec
those reflections in Barbary which had promp
to vow he would never wantonly draw the
sword, he cast himself again on the deck wher
inactive.

His limbs shook with an internal struggle;
lors supposed he trembled from fear; but as t
showered over him, they changed their opini
pronounced him mad.

Though the Portuguese were lavish of thel
and their ammunition, they were no match for
perienced enemy: he manœuvred his vessel
quickness and dexterity which soon gave him
ed a superiority, that the Brazilman, in des
dered his crew to strike. At that command S
sprung from the deck, threw himself before the
and exhorted the sailors to defend them from
hands; then seizing a weapon, he rushed for
the most exposed station.

It was no longer for mere conquest, but for
for the honour of the Christian name, and th
guese flag, that he was about to fight: his ey
flashed with their former fire, his figure seeme
late, and his inspiring voice roused and influ
heart. Used to command, and theoretically
naval tactics, he was unconscious that he

, that those orders were instantly approved and
l: the captain had just knowledge sufficient to
ve that he had got one on board, to whom war
miliar, and he therefore suffered his people to
the dictates of their new leader.

Turk fought ably; his vessel skillfully worked,
voured by the wind, for a long time bade defiance
ry effort at boarding her: her shot and fire-balls
through the rigging of the Brazilman, but hap-
e wind fell, and the Portuguese rapidly throwing
eir grappling-irons, succeeded in fastening her
side.

remembrance of former combats, and the fire of
valour, now shone on the brow of Sebastian:
blaze of lightning he flamed on the enemy's
his voice, his looks, his gestures, called on others
ow; in one moment he fell with the force of a
erbolt amongst the infidels, whom his powerful
rushed and scattered in every direction. After
t, yet desperate resistance, the Turkish captain
gloomy look over the blood and devastation
d him, then dropping the point of his sword, he
red it to Sebastian.

King having returned the captain's sword, flew
place to place to stop any wanton slaughter; de-
ion then ceased. The commander of the Brazil-
yed him with gathering discontent; "What share
expect of the booty?" he asked sourly. "None,"
ed Sebastian, "I ask only care and compassion
se wounded men."

gentleness of his manner testified sincerity, and
leased to be so cheaply served, the captain pro-
prompt obedience. While they were speaking,
rieks of a woman were heard from below; at that
Sebastian sprung over a heap of arms, and leaped
into the cabin: there he beheld a group of women
ng together, as if seeking to protect the entrance
inner room where a lady had fainted. At his de-
voice, some sailors who had alarmed them, fell
his intrepidity had gained their admiration, and
ation is quickly followed by submission.

y friends, we do not war with women!" he ex-
ed, in a tone of noble reproof; the men blushed
withdrew. Pleased with the effect of his ascen-
, the young monarch hastily fastened the door
dvanced respectfully; sobbing, the ladies pros-
themselves at his feet: touched with their dis-
he tried to re-assure them, while he approached
who had fainted, and was lying wrapt up in her
t full length upon the floor of the inner cabin.

Bending one knee to the ground, he raised her gently, and in doing so discomposed her veil; trembling, agitated, almost transported, he lifted hastily the long black hair that her fall had disordered, and beheld the soft features of Kara Aziek. "Gracious God! am I awake?" he exclaimed, gazing on her, and clasping her to his breast. The consternation of her attendants at this bold action was painted in their faces; Sebastian regarded them not, he held Kara Aziek still, calling on her to revive and behold her protector in him.

Did that voice, so beloved, penetrate the dull ear of insensibility? Aziek opened her eyes, and they met those of Sebastian fixed tenderly upon her: doubtful rapture flashed over her countenance, she sprang up, drew quickly back, looked at him an instant, then uttering a joyful cry, precipitated herself into the dear arms she had quitted.

This was not the action of one conscious of belonging to another: Sebastian was exalted to the extremest point of human felicity; happiness, lost happiness, he now clasped in the form of Kara Aziek, and enjoyed in the certainty of being able to confer it. "We part no more—we part no more!" he repeated.

Bewildered in a maze of delight, and merely conscious that the looks and voice of Sebastian breathed love like her own, Aziek forgot awhile every obstacle between them; her tears and sighs mingled with his, as she rested on his bosom with the sweet serenity of a pure heart, sure of loving and being beloved; his name, coupled with endearing epithets, breathed repeatedly from her lips, and her soft arms returned the pressure of his: at length, starting and trembling, she averted her eyes, and pronounced the name of Donna Gonsalva.

Indignation alone appeared on the brow of Sebastian; in a few words he detailed her perfidy and his own disappointment, and was about to paint to the horror-struck Aziek his new wishes, when voices at the door of the outer cabin called him away.

It was the captain of the Brazilman with his m Sebastian hastened to demand respect for Kara He informed them that in their fair prisoner discovered a Moorish lady, to whom he had indebted for liberty: "I owe her my lif "and I will defend her with my life: he ation ought to ensure her generous and believe they will; but if not, t protect or avenge her."

"And a rare strong arm it is," "we'll keep to windward of it,

t we find in the money way
oin nor jewels to pay the
r and the rest of the wo-

o reply before Aziek her-
rth from her cabinet sur-
unsteady step and tearful
him, for whom alone she
what she thought violence
th an apprehension of being
y told her in Moresco, that
that these men command-

pale, she trembled, and
the captain advanced bow-
glittering armlets, spoke a
she hastened to take them
im: at the same time she
, the keys of which one of

of these chests, Aziek re-
, lost in painful conjectures
e: alas! was he a prisoner
he have power to succour
on his countenance; the
he smoothed brow, and en-
rmanent protection. What
ooks of him she loved bade

jewels and several purses
y seaman shut the boxes;
e lady to yourselves," said
y try to reconcile her to a
n't like that, she may go to
that as she pleases."
d, with your coarse doublet,
v, and have a right to share
women better than money,
or you."
rd," interrupted the King,

hing, and Sebastian again
er women having retired
proceeded to satisfy those
r eloquent eyes had so long
detailed the circumstances
he conduct of his supposed
th which he was leaving it
letter; he painted the emo-
with all the force of tender

"Such were, such are my feelings,
added, throwing himself at her feet,
I was when your generous pity first
beggar, and a fugitive—one who m
thing or nothing;—it remains for y
dearest part of my destiny. Spe
they shall be obeyed; if they be to f
with the Bashaw, I will myself
but if a friendship more sacred
titude exalted to adoration—ev
except passion itself; if these
can condescend to accept a
former wound—a heart th
where your image is worshi
"O say no more!—no
interrupted Kara Aziek,
on his shoulder, "thou k
mitted to dwell but o
heart, is happiness to K
How eloquent was th
few words! how did
each, seemed to incor
destinies for ever!
It was long ere e
ciently to converse
Aziek timidly ex
Sebastian that he
the Bashaw of S
ing avowed an
least to marria
tries,) her ind
nity: his wis
ing the oppo
posed Fabia
her compli
At first
rejected
revolted
caresses
fancy
mune
block
wit
of
me
na
ter
fle
th

d with her consent, El Hader did not give
to retract, he released the Christian, and im-
dispatched messengers to his kinsman: the
braham was at that time with the Sultan his
Constantinople; he sent from thence a sump-
ey, laden with presents for his young bride,
s on its return with the self-devoted victim,
idence threw them into the hands of the
e.

Azeik the event did indeed appear an es-
of Providence, since beyond her fondest
ot only restored Sebastian to her, but re-unit-
at the very period in which they were privi-
er to part again. In her secret mind she did
the loss of his throne, for it was with Sebas-
sted of power and grandeur, that her heart
been woven: accustomed to profound retire-
inexperienced nature shrunk from the vast
' duties which surrounded sovereignty; it
s if the love of one little heart would be lost
: an ocean: she looked with partial eyes to a
narrower views: to a home, private yet not
where the social virtues might have full room
and to adorn what they supported.

an amiable weakness in Kara Aziek, yet it
akness, to desire only that situation in which
would be always felt, and always necessary;
d rightly, that power and luxury are not
the existence of any sentiment which is de-
selfishness.—In accompanying Sebastian to
hoped that he might be induced to resign
teful people altogether, endeavour to forget
' state, and find in the bosoms of Affection
dship those calm delights which are never
nions of high responsibility.

ll with him any where, to see him, to hear
nually,—what joy did not such a prospect af-
seemed too short to her impassioned heart
nplete enjoyment of so much happiness...Ne-
d, did woman love like Kara Aziek: it must
ered, however, that her attachment concen-
the ardour of her nature; the habits of her
e habits of her country did not suffer the
en of friendship; she had no sisters, no bro-
l hitherto she had lived devoid of any other
than that of duty towards her father.

stian contemplated the mixed expression of
arying countenance, his enraptured feelings
n that in her's his soul had met its partner;
ed to think they should have met so late,

of this conviction all its other emp[illegible]
—Cold as ice were the sensations awak[illegible]
beauty of Gonsalva when compared with the [illegible]
penetrating, ennobling glow! he looked back on [illegible]
with amazement, and with something of that joy with
which a man recalls a danger from which he has re-
cently escaped.

These new feelings enabled him to speak of the per-
fidious woman with composure; to Kara Aziek this
calmness was animating: for though at one moment
she believed herself indeed rewarded by his preference,
at another she trembled lest Sebastian were self-decei-
ed, and might hereafter find gratitude and esteem but
feeble substitutes for love.

Having calmed the fears and satisfied the scruples of
his gentle friend, Sebastian remembered that humanity
had other claims upon him; the ascendancy he had
gained over the captain and crew by his valour and
disinterestedness, rendered him in some degree an-
swerable to himself for the treatment of the Turkish
prisoners; he therefore reluctantly quitted Kara Aziek.

By his advice the Brazil trader consented to send all
the Turkish sailors, with their commander, into the
first neutral port, whence they might easily
conveyance home, and in that port the prize m[illegible]
[illegible] all the King

..... His remonst
... of commands, and the Mo
permitted to live as retired in their cab
it have done in Morocco.

nto their apartments no one intruded exc
an and Barémel: that faithful animal, i
rom the peculiar circumstances under whic
recognised his master, was constantly fed and
by the gentle Aziek; he formed the amuseme
women, whose simple minds sought no highe
tion than that of seeing him fetch and carry:
her he was an object of affection.

Often, while looking at Barémel, and pond
the incidents his figure recalled, she shuddere
incomprehensible conduct of Donna Gonsalva, a
to remember that Sebastian witnessed her de
ere she could persuade herself of that depravity
tence.

From the King's mind the remembrance of G
va was vanishing like a confused dream; to the
f betrayed love had quickly succeeded indigr
version, and finally contempt: the charm of
nd tenderness united in the person of Aziek, com
is cure, and his soul, formed for freedom, e
lzed again upon its natural right.

How do our desires grow with ...
possession of ...

e trials and the triumphs of the virtuo
s to exalted stations, its fame here, and
reward hereafter; he spoke to her then
er joys which public duties endear and en-
se delightful throbbings of the heart, sacred
es of husband and of father, which contrast-
e severer virtues of royalty, seem like the
titude of Heaven.

ce, his eyes, his smiles, heightened the effect
oquence: Kara Aziek no longer saw before
captive Fabian, but the powerful monarch of
l and the two Indies, who, in selecting her
l the world to share his throne and to fill his
was yielding the most delicious proof of his ten-
s; she saw in him only a beneficent (not an an-
s) sovereign, who sought to extend the dominion
ppiness.

these moments she kindled with congenial enthu-
m, and her soul soaring after his, left far below its
humble and personal wishes.

but how were these ardours chilled, these transports
rested in their flight, by the spirit with which Seba
an spoke of his wrongs! he thirsted for vengeance
ith the expectation of one day returning to take
place amongst the monarchs of Europe, came the fi
belief that he must wash out his stains in the bloo
his injurers.

At mention of Don Antonio, a terrible light fl
on his brow, his limbs shook, and his articulatio
came smothered; every look and every word an
ed still that imperious and fierce character whic
so often in Barbary blazed before Kara Aziek lik
den earthfires.

Her soft nature trembled and grieved; for it
this intemperance of feeling, this want of self
ment, that all his misfortunes were attributabl
it continued to rule him, there was no securi
happiness either on a throne or in a cloister.

On the present subject, however, she fou
cult to oppose any arguments that were not
ly overturned by his impetuous and irresis
ric; neither her education nor the precepts
gion afforded support to the merciful plea
nature; she could only urge that instin
which cries aloud from the depths of
heart, that forbearance and forgiveness
virtues of erring man.

Sebastian's vehement passions were
of her softer sentiments; pity and mer
themselves heard, where insulted

...oned in the catalogue of hon

...ous!

...ziek had nothing to urge against opinions which ...e was thus told were sanctioned by great authorities; ...he could only repeat her native abhorrence to whatever was the effect rather of passion than of reason. To appease justice and to satiate revenge, were in her estimation very different things, and she strove to convince Sebastian that true dignity resided with the former.

Sometimes her gentle persuasives conquered: he would listen delighted to the music of her voice and the tenderness of her sentiments; his heart would melt under their genial softness, till the perfidious Antonio, his court, his crown, his wrongs, and his deprivations, all forgotten, he would remember only that he lived to love and to be loved by her.

—oooo—

CHAPTER XII.

Hitherto light airs and cheering suns had accompanied them on their voyage, but now the weather changed; thick clouds arose, volume after volume, from ... horizon, till the whole Heavens ... ...

trembling in her cabin, listening to eve
sensible to hope only when she saw S

Aware of their danger, for the shi
rapidly towards a lee shore, the Kin
covered itself in his pale and disturbed
he presented himself perpetually at the
cabin, as if to see that he had her stil
hurried away again to assist in the lab
men.

Whenever he appeared the devoted
terrors disperse; it seemed impossible t
ven should abandon him she loved, to a
Her women, drowned in tears, on their
distracted, mingled shrieks with their
mentations; the soft soul of their mi
coward for their sakes, and she wept m
prehensions than from her own.

In the midst of this awful suspens
heard, the next moment Sebastian ent
look and hurried step transfixed Kara
first time she believed they were abo
gether: without speaking, he snatched
her in his arms to the deck; she fou
violently: Yes Aziek, but it was for th
—that great soul knew no other fear!

Merciful Heaven! what a sight p
the vessel, with her masts swept by th
ing a mere hull upon mountainous wav
blackness of midnight, by repeated sh

lly, "I call God to witness at this awful moment, you only share my thoughts with him!"

ziek raised her speaking eyes to Heaven with a of ineffable emotion—"O grant," she cried, "di- e prophet, that we may live together in thy para- se!"

At that expression, mortal pains seized Sebastian, his blood froze, cold damps stood on his forehead; Aziek, the beloved and generous Aziek was a Maho- metan and in the other world they would never be re- united. Pierced with pious sorrow, he uttered a deep groan, his arms lost their strength, they slackened their hold, and the sea breaking over them, carried with it the last earthly blessing of Sebastian.

The next moment the ship struck upon a steep coast; confusion, terror, despair, followed; the frantic King calling on Kara Aziek, ran from side to side, yet hoping to find her he had lost. Some of the crew clung to the shattered wreck, others threw themselves into the sea on planks and spars; the women shrieking and invoking their prophet hung round Sebastian, his heart was wrung with pity, and regardless of his own situation, he exerted his small remains of strength to succour these unfortunates.

A sort of raft, hastily constructed, offered the only means of safety; to that he committed them, while he sprang to the topmast part of the stern, madly striving to catch a broader view of the ocean amid the blazes of lightning.

Aziek's name, coupled with that of the awful God he implored to save her, were soon the sole human sounds heard mingled with the roaring elements; alone and hopeless, his eyes were still straining round, when another shock loosened every plank of the vessel, and scattered her in fragments upon the waters.

Sebastian sunk; but his guardian angel yet watched over her charge, and he rose again: cold, motionless, spent with grief and fatigue, insensible to every thing, he was seized by his watchful dog who kept hold in defiance of the storm, and at last brought him safely to land.

The chill morning air contributed to awaken Sebas- tian from that lethargy into which his senses had fallen; when he unclosed his eyes, they fixed upon Barémel, who lay shivering at his feet; he turned them from him to the objects around: nothing was to be seen be- yond *arid rocks*, and a measureless ocean whose turbid *waves sullenly* heaved under a leaden sky.

He gazed wistfully, for his thoughts were dim an *imperfect*, and memory seemed blotted out from h

faculties; the confused idea of Kara A
mained.

He lay some time looking steadfastl
while his senses roused slowly; on s
escaped him, he leaped up, and glance
maniac's wildness; the perfect recollect
fortune had shot through his brain, enli
it maddened him; he tried to articulat
her he lamented, but the sound expired
smiting his breast, he sat down again u

It is not at first that our hearts feel
a blow which breaks them in pieces: w
comprehend how a few hours or mom
made us so utterly wretched; 'tis only
our thoughts measuring the extent of
calamity, ascertain its existence and its m
rush forth regret and lamentation, then
past joys surround us like demons ass
shapes to torture us more keenly; and
words, *lost, lost for ever!* resounding p
our souls, fill them with desolation and

Pale and motionless, Sebastian sat
leaning on his hand, gazing on that wi

is state of abstraction, the king was perceived
roup of natives, who had come to the strand,
e of plundering such vessels as they might find
d there; it cost them no trouble to make him
risoner; the formidable Sebastian had not then
re for himself—having explained to them as well
difference of their provincial Moresco would
, that he had been cast on their shore by the late
and was consequently too much enfeebled for
exertion, they were induced to let him walk
.
led him towards some mean houses, which lay
stance up the country; there they left him, and
again to the wreck. Baremel, though beaten
y those surely Africans, had still returned and
ed his master's steps, but plunged in profound
Sebastian ceased to think of his faithful dog, and
d a hut, unconscious that clubs and stones were
riving the poor animal far away.
ld woman within offered him some coarse pro-
, and pointed to a miserable bed of dried
, where she said he might sleep off his fatigue:
ian threw himself down in silence, and the wo-
itting him, bolted the door on her charge.
certainty of being again a slave, made little im-
n on a heart already exhausted of its capability
ring. There are periods in our existence, when
m able to refuse any further sacrifices to grief,
e moments a species of sullen resignation suc-
he transports of despair, and life or death ap-
qually a matter of indifference.
were the feelings of Sebastian; he lay on his
ed, gloomy and tearless, careless of the passing
which were to bring back his new masters.
as evening when these men returned; they
t with them many things from the wreck, which
godily shared. Their captive's silent acquiesc-
n his destiny, moved them to promise that they
ell him only to a good master, and that in the
ue he should be well fed and kindly treated

While tempting him to eat par
me one opened the outer door, and
n, sprung to his master's feet: one of the Mo
have thrust him out, had not Sebastian besought
comfort of retaining his only friend: after a short de-
mur, consent was granted; and having devoured some
scanty fragments of the supper, Barémel was suffered
to retire to rest in the same corner with his master.

As the King put aside his doublet and vest, he ob-
served on the back of them the deep indents of teeth;
the miracle of his preservation was then shewn to him;
grief mixed with gratitude, and a sentiment nearly
amounting to tenderness, swelled from his heart to his
eyes; it burst forth in tears, while hastily glancing from
his clothes to his mute friend, he exclaimed, "Ah Ba-
rémel, what a life hast thou preserved?"

The feelings once melted are not soon restored to
their former state; Sebastian wept silently a long time;
for he thought of Kara Aziek, and wished that Bar
mel had saved her only.

Vain were these wishes, these poignant regrets;
hollow blasts sweeping over the roof which shelt
him, and the hoarse waves resounding from afar, s
ed to repeat again and again that Aziek had been
victim.

It was now that Sebastian felt conscious of
that generous Being, her loss had torn a
self-delusion, and convinced him that
ilicitude for her happiness, was
—Ah wretched conditi
begin to feel the f
rested from
er to

d before his fancy, and absorbed every
ient in that of regret; he paused, sighed
and tears stole down his cheek.
an looked at him with an air of compas-
ook encouraged Sebastian to ask if Barèmel
his destiny, the request was granted, and
ese inseparable companions were removed
able abode in the town of Mesa.
astian's master, was a native of the king-
and having made a pilgrimage to Mecca
, bore the title of Hadge; (a religious dis-
iferred only on such as have visited the
and the tomb of their prophet) far advanc-
ad naturally averse to domestic cares, the
neither wives nor children, so that all the
of Sebastian were to work in a little garden,
charitable offices.
part of his duty was one to which his be-
ture yielded with delight, and by sharing in
d to esteem his master, and to obey him
ters without reluctance. Assuredly there
gradation in serving the good.
mane employments softened the bitterness
n's regrets, but though he complained no
no more, an austere sadness settled on his
he virtues and the love of Kara Aziek had
he utmost depths of his heart, and now de-
vain remorse at having ever preferred an-
he abandoned every other wish, and every
of enjoyment.
ity and his dejection, but above all, that
ch the divine hand had stamped upon his
interested the Hadge; he would frequently
o draw him into conversation about his past
dition, and would often urge on him what
the only true religion; but Sebastian con-
ude his questions, and silence his argu-

had not elapsed, when Tefza informed his
ney were on the point of commencing a long
had a brother in Fez, dying of a lingering
o had sent to beg he would come and close
was therefore about to set forward on the

tumult of sweet and maddening remem-
not the prospect of this journey awaken!
een the scene of Sebastian's principal mis-
was once the residence of Kara Aziek; he
gain to tread that ground, bathed in th
bravest warriors, and sacred to the mem

place which he had left only two or t
with love and a kingdom before him
worthy Tefza have been amazed, c
of the movements of that heart, wh
mysteriously reserved!

Accompanied by Barèmel, sometimes
camels or on mules, the Hadge an
quitted the territory of Tarradunt, c
of Atlas, and journeying over the pl
penetrated through the passes of the
into the kingdom of Fez; direc
westward, they came at length to t
Hadge's brother, a solitary house
Riffa.

Death had already sealed the eyes
but as his property devolved to the
after providing for his widows, th
solved upon spending the remnant o
his native place: they returned the
Tarradunt.

Days and weeks now revolved in
some round of trifling employments
tirement? Sebastian almost wished f
which might distract his attention
body; his attention alas! was occupie
Regret assuming the form of remors
incessantly, reminding him of the wo
whose sake he had slighted happine
have secured it with Kara Aziek.

With this regret was mixed som
hard destiny which had never prese
but under circumstances of humili
she had seen him in his prosperous
by pomps and pleasures, yet disdain
and emulous only of fame! he wish
the man she loved in the full plenit
preference then, might have appeare

Fruitless were these wishes! that
now never be gratified by laying wor
feet of one chosen object. Once a
sion suddenly sprung out of these
Aziek might have perished doubting
rights, surely their strange rencon
might authorise such a suspicion!

Not even the pang inflicted by he
that which now wrung Sebastian
self to have been suspected an inj
was maddening to honour.

It was many moments ere that

claim itself sufficiently to silence so preposterous a fear: gradually it was tranquillized by the recollections of Aziek's ingenuous looks, where respect ever mixed itself with love.—But the vanquished alarm had left behind it some thoughts which roused the slumbering energies of Sebastian: he felt that Kara Aziek's memory required that he should endeavour to restore the man she adored to the rank and the duties allotted him by Providence.

Often when plunged in deep fits of gloom, during which his faculties seemed benumbed and his feelings callous, an inward voice would cry out to him, "Awake! arise Sebastian! days of glory yet await thee!" then the blood would pour in tides of fire through his veins, he would start from his desponding posture, and look round with an inflamed countenance, as if on the point of breaking the bonds which held him.

Had they been real bonds how soon would his powerful arm have burst them asunder! but they were the bonds of gratitude and honour!

The Hadge confided in him implicitly, treated him like a son, ceased to exact his attendance, save where humanity demanded their united cares, evinced the liveliest interest in his salvation, in short, offered him every thing, granted him every thing except his freedom.—Could he then basely turn these benefits into engines of ingratitude?

At liberty to go whithersoever he pleased, Sebastian was more a prisoner than when shut up within the cells of El Hader's residence: the generosity of his present master was a wall of adamant in his eyes.

Unable to use stratagem, he tried the effect of entreaties; he combatted his unsocial melancholy, and spoke unreservedly to Tefza of his desire to quit Barbary: Tefza's questions forced him to confess that he had neither parents nor dear connexions to whom he wished to be reunited, that he was a solitary wretch going to cross the Atlantic in the forlorn hope of finding a lost friend.

"I love thee too much poor youth, to grant thy foolish suit," said the Hadge, one day to him: "thou hast owned that death and perfidy have swept away all thy possessions, where then wouldst thou seek happiness? believe me it is only placed in piety. Stay contented with me, listen to my instructions; it will be impossible for such a soul as thine to remain long in darkness. I shall convert thee at last to the religion of our holy prophet; then, thou wilt bless thy misfortunes which brought thee to covet the bread of life. No, no, thou shalt not go; I am interested for thy soul."

This vain idea had fixed itself so fi
Mussulman's mind that no protestatio
could shake it: the more the one re
the more the other redoubled them; a
his slave resolute in rejecting every p
to be present at one of their religiou
merely shook his head, telling him the
when he would look back upon his
blindness with shame and compunctio

Neither the indulgence, nor the
Tefza, moderated that mixture of so
ment with which the still-impatient m
gal received this decision: disdainin
tion, and resolved never again to reve
it was in the power of adverse accid
of doubt to such an assertion, he wit
within himself; and like the proud ste
under man's subjection, who champs
the ground with indignation, he perf
of a slave with the haughty air of a pr

Adversity hardens some hearts, a
Sebastian's unfortunately did not sof
of calamity: his eyes, not yet opened

thful dog, whose attachment always affected
ssessed no object for tender solicitude. Was
l then, that he should become cold and un-

rt winter of that sultry climate had now
y, and the almond trees were already cov-
heir bright, rosy blossoms; one of the Mo-
was approaching, at which the Hadge urg-
e to be present: from such a proposition Se-
rted with horror, hastening to redouble his
strations before a wooden cross which he
for himself, and kept within his own cham-
Hadge left him disappointed.
vening when he returned: the captive mon-
lone on one of those terraces which the
e upon the flat roofs of their houses, and
odorous shrubs; he was stretched out under
of a citron tree, whose branches enveloped
lunged in a reverie, did not hear the Hadge
llowing words.
, I have brought home a venerable traveller
d refreshment, see that you prevent all his
nust go out again, and trust him awhile to
"
e Tefza made in closing the door that open-
terrace, roused Sebastian, he started round,
with rising emotion, an aged man clad in a
n garment, whose silver beard descended to
the mildly-intellectual look, assured him it
sallah.
an exclamation of joy, Sebastian pressed
kiss his hand; the dervise put his finger on
y were both silent: at length, venturing to
efza beyond hearing, he stretched out his
pressing him within them, shed some tears.
at last, my son," he said, in a low feeble
e gracious Mahomet has heard my prayers,
me for this pilgrimage in search of thee."
rch of me!" repeated Sebastian, "surely,
have not been wandering throughout Africa
of me, ever since the day we parted."
n smile gently moved the old man's lips.
on, I have not; for I knew not then, wheth-
arture had not been voluntary: since that
ave heard the whole of thy sufferings; they
severe—but I come to thee now with com-
g thee a strange present from a band de-
ear." As the old man spoke, he put aside the
his mantle, and drew out of his breast
dove which nestled there.

"This bird," he ... intelligence of thy safety ... scarcely values life preserved, th...

The violent emotion of Sebastian ... pale, trembling, oppressed with sudden hope ... agony, the King vehemently seized one of Abensallah's hands in both his, while his eyes only articulated the name of Aziek: the dervise hastily replied to them.

"She lives, my son—she sends me to thee."

At these life-giving words, Sebastian's transported countenance might be said to emit visible rays; he dropt the hand of Abensallah abruptly, and raising his own to Heaven, uttered with his heart the acknowledgment his lips could not pronounce.

When this rapturous disorder of the senses would allow him power, he exclaimed, "She lives—you say she lives, Abensallah!—how saved?—where sheltered?—This bird, soft and tender like herself, (ah, ... emblem of Kara Aziek) why is it sent?—assure ... that she lives—you would not deceive me."

The impetuous agitation of youth was here gr... fully contrasted by the majestic calmness of age: A... sallah listened with mildness to these broken and ... tuating sentences, then exhorting him to be comp... began to detail the circumstances of Kara Azie... cape.

At the dreadful moment in which she was ... away from the arms of Sebastian, Providence ... that a large wicker basket should be swept off ... ...inctive action she snatched at it for sup... its elasticity, continued flo... ...that every surg... ...nearer

called on Sebastian, but her doleful
eturned on the echo.
wl's eggs deposited in the cleft that hid
o keep nature from perishing; but grief,
nds her tender body had received while
nst the rocks, had nearly terminated her
when a Moorish child clambering up in
birds' nests, descried her, and ran off to tell
ts.
er complexion, dress, and language, assured
e was a native of Barbary, these people carried
their fishing-boat with great care; she fainted
ey reached it, reviving at last only to a state more
eath than life.
this situation she was taken to their hut some
further down the coast, and remained there many
almost expiring; at length the hand of Heaven
l her, and she was able to tell her name and rank.
rived of her soul's treasure, Kara Aziek believ-
at she should not tarry after him on earth, but
as willing to die on the bosom of her parent, and
eive the consolations of religion in her parting
She therefore gave orders for being conveyed
Alcayde of the province, who deeming it his du-
forward her to her father, supplied her with
s and a physician, under whose protection she,
moved in a sort of litter, by easy stages, from the
om of Suz to that of Fez.
this part of his narrative, the dervise suddenly
off, "alas my memory!" he exclaimed, "this
was to have been dispatched with tidings if I
thee—I see Tefza approaching along the road—
nst no time to write—the sight of her bird will
."—
tay Abensallah!" cried Sebastian, catching his
s it was extended to give the dove liberty;—the
e paused, while the King hastily pulled from his
lock of hair, and pushing aside the loose sleeve
habit, untwisted a braid of Kara Aziek's, which
its length surrounded his wrist several times.
sight of that lovely-soft hair, revived the memo-
her lovelier form, and Sebastian's emotions now
ed a more passionate cast! his eyes sparkling
vehement wishes, floated in a kind of rapturous
ness; half-closing them, he leaned for support
st the shoulder of Abensallah; an ardent sigh
from his oppressed heart.
oderate this transport, my son!" said the dervise
y, "or turn it towards that God to whom thou
so much."—

Sebastian blushed, and roused him
does overflow with gratitude;" he r
reads it: but surely I may be permitt
ue of what that Heaven restores?"—

As he spoke, he was weaving the
gether, intending them to convey to
sentiment of their inseparable union.
scarcely fluttered in Abensallah's gras
fastened the precious knot under her
was it fixed, than running to the fur
terrace, he unloosed the bird, which
the velocity of light.

Her white pinions, rendered visible
twilight, enabled them long to trace h
air, but at length she diminished to a
the next moment disappeared wholly

The eyes of the King remained fix
of the sky where she had vanished
just time to whisper that he would r
the morrow, before Tefza joined the

When the Hadge found that the
partaken of any refreshment, he wa
his slave, when Abensallah turned h
sure, by assuring him the young mai
by attending to his discourse.

Concluding that so pious a perso
have talked upon one topic, Tefza s
and leading his guest down to a cove
dered a dish of kusscason, and dried f

During supper, Sebastian discovere
had introduced himself in the chi
Hadge, and proclaiming himself the
zeroel, had immediately received an
for the night under his roof: he wa
the ensuing day.

"A charitable errand brought me t
addressing Tefza, "our blessed pro
me to fulfil it: by sun-rise to-morrow
my mountain, for many unfortunates
waiting for me there to ask my fe
this Christian accompany me a little

Tefza joyfully consented, and they
night.—There was no sleep in the bro
agitated by anxiety to learn more of
and thrilling with a multitude of sw
he left his bed, and traversed his roo
stopt and embraced Baremel, thanking
preserved a life now unspeakably de
oftener he prostrated himself bef

ıded up his whole soul to the delightful duty of gra-
ıde.

It was in these moments that the proud spirit which
d rebelled against its trials, and dared to question
vine justice, became soft and malleable, and melted
o penitence: how was he touched and overcome
ıen he reflected, that at the very time he was resist-
g the Almighty Hand, that bounteous hand was pre-
ring for him the most miraculous blessing!

Struck, penetrated with remorse, he wept his fault;
d never was the imperious monarch of Portugal more
mble, more impressed with a sense of human de-
ndance, than at this period when happiness seemed
woo his embrace.

—oooo—

CHAPTER XIV.

Day dawned over the high top of Atlas, bringing
e hour for Abensallah's departure; Sebastian was
st ready: they set off together, the former seated on
quiet mule, which Tefza kindly forced the dervise to
cept; the latter walking by his side.

No sooner were they beyond the precincts of Riffa,
d passing under the refreshing shade of trees, than
bastian besought his companion to proceed with his
rrative: Abensallah hastened to acquiesce.

"My story will not be much longer:" he observed,
t is enough to tell thee that Kara Aziek reached
r home in safety, where the ablest physicians were
ıployed to restore her health: but her soul languish-
for thee, my son, and medicines cannot reach the
al—her father too, happy in beholding her again, and
wed by her melancholy, though ignorant of its cause,
nsented to defer sending information of her safety
the Bashaw of Syria, till our prophet should have
ard the prayers of the physicians: this indulgence
mewhat revived her, yet her heart drooped again, for
e believed thee lost. Wasted by sorrow and sickness,
ery one supposed her fast descending to Hades, when
, her looks brightened, her spirit overflowed with
y, and she revived to a second life. This wonderful
ange was wrought in her, by one of those events
hich Providence orders, but which erring mortals so
ten attribute to chance.

Dost thou not remember, prince, having found a
veller in the road to Riffa, whom robbers had strip-
l and left covered with wounds?—thou didst carry
in thine arms to the house of thy master, thy

ous cares restored him to h
ve days, at parting, thy words
o not thank me, thank Christ, whose se
who has taught me to succour even those
his name.

"Yes—I remember this man, but what had he to de
with my fate?"

"Much," returned Abensallah, "see how good
actions bless themselves!—this man came to Mequi-
nez to visit a brother, who is married to Kara Aziek's
favourite woman; he spoke of thee, he detailed thy hu-
manity, described thy person, and thy discourses, but
chiefly he spoke of you faithful animal, whom he had
heard thee call thy preserver from shipwreck: at this
relation Benzaide ran to her bosom, and quickly suggested her
own hopes into her bosom, and quickly suggested a
mode of being satisfied.—The Almogadem El Hader,
had been just offered the government of Benzenel,
Kara Aziek was to persuade him to accept it, as the
would bring her into a cavila near thee.

No sooner was she removed thither, than remem
step
ing thy accounts of Abensallah, she dispatched her
messengers for me, partly that I might teach her health, pa
to thank the prophet for restoring her own anxiety: the sad su
interest me with her own anxiety: the sad su
had to tell of thy misfortunes, renewed all my a
I set out, and found thee.

At these words, Sebastian precipitated hi
of the benevolent dervise, his exce
him of utterance: "Ah my
"if Providence destine
promised to sheath
has desolat
cann

enly recollecting the commission
the dervise, he enquired who-
t out the Portuguese prisoners.
tisfaction opened to him when he
h's charitable exertions had pro-
several, and that amongst them
e Castro.
De Castro of his sovereign's exis-
received that information? What
ttered? These, and a crowd of other
each other with such impetuosity,
arcely found an opportunity of re-

the ring thou didst instruct me to
ensallah, "his otherwise calm and
, became suddenly as changeful my
: his cheek alternately reddened and
eyes bent on the momentous signet,
with past events: once or twice he
brightening into joy, he put it respect-
and devoutly blessed thy prophet for
d thee. Having told him of thy strange
he seemed greatly disturbed, although
to make him believe that some hasty
ompted thee to brave thy fate, without
he then won from me the ring, assur-
ouldst thou not be returned to Portugal,
d produce that, such of the grandees as
interest to doubt, might plausibly sus-
alsehood. To this reasoning I yielded,
r, journeying to Tangier, made my way
or, and brought back with me a redemp-
reat for Don Emanuel's ransom.
f his rank, the person to whose lot he had
have sold him for a trifle, but thy friend
ke advantage of this circumstance: he left
ven purses of gold crowns."
se De Castro!" interrupted his once intem-
, "nobleness and he were twin-born! Fa-
ne of my sins to have used that man unwor-

an unworthy passion must that have been
nded thee!" exclaimed Abensallah, with an
ss unusual to him. "Were I to paint Truth,
stic portrait should have the lineaments of
de Castro."
an unworthy passion," returned the King,
eyes down, yet somewhat proudly still—
ed the object of it, which she

This oblique defence produced some obs-e
and admonitions from Abensallah which carri
with them infinite instruction; Sebastian listen
profound attention, and many of the exhortat
then heard, were remembered in after years wi
advantage.

They parted near a village where the good
had some charitable visits to make.

Reflective but happy, Sebastian returned home
too much occupied with Kara Aziek's safet
Abensallah's friendship, to recollect that he w
now remote from enjoying them; fortunately
man nature, it is ever inclined to take one good
earnest of another; and sweetly cheated by t
delusion, the King of Portugal already looked
dently to the ultimate possession of all his wish

Tefza welcomed him back with many an enc
upon the pious dervise, whose discourses he v
to hope would not be thrown away: encoura
the complacency with which his slave heard h
renewed his own arguments in favour of Ma
promising to make the Christian his heir, prov
would embrace Islamism. At any other period
proposal would have drawn down on him a stor
dignation, but the harmonized feelings of Se
were at present inclined to put the most amiab
struction upon every thing, he therefore saw on
and affection in this weak attempt at bribing
abandon his peculiar faith, and answered him
ately yet firmly.

This unusual gentleness on a topic which had
to roused fiery opposition, gave the good Hadge g
for believing him not unmoved by the convers
Abensallah.

While he was indulging unreal satisfaction
the days which followed this, his royal slave
patiently watching the re-appearance of that
messenger whose speedy return Abensallah
him to expect. The first glow of blissful surpr
now over, chilling fears began to succeed; and
portion to the value he set on Liberty and Love
creased his doubts of ever obtaining them.

Kara Aziek under the command of her fath
himself in slavery, were ill able to give a happy
to their mutual destiny: it is true Abensallah
formed him that she would purchase his f
through the medium of Benzaide's brother in
observation of the Hadge's character warned
to rely too much upon his acquiescence, and
templating the blind zeal of that devotee, h

k, that after all, this bright dawn might darken,
e sun of felicity sink in clouds.
forth day elapsed without bringing any intel-
from Benzeroel: every hour of those days had
ng hurried to the terrace, and hastily glanced
the whole circle of air; in the evenings when
was at the mosque, he repaired to his station,
with a throbbing heart, which mistook every
for a bird.
day was done, Tefza had come home and retir-
est, Sebastian sought the terrace again; he lean-
er its railing, and his eyes wandered round a
of solemn beauty.
moon walking in brightness," cast her sub-
hadow upon the city below; the minarets of its
es and the flat roofs of its houses were covered
ight as with a mantle; profound repose rested
ese buildings; but a moment before they had
full of hurry and noise: distant groves of tall
and the far-off mountains of Atlas with their
summits, glittered faintly on the horizon, filling
agination with yet nobler images, and prompting
and piety to awake together. The whole pros-
reathed peace, and all nature appeared to feel in
ajestic stillness the immediate presence of her
hty Maker.
astian's heart was touched, a sweet melancholy
ated and filled it, never before had he thought of
Aziek with so little passion or so much love;
before had he contemplated eternity with her,
o much enthusiasm; he repeated her name soft-
l some tears stole down his cheek.
beautiful planet!" he exclaimed, fixing his swim-
yes on the orb above, "Thou alone art like my
d! perhaps she is looking on thee at this mo-
and thinking of her Sebastian: our souls are
meeting Kara Aziek, sympathy unites them,
a hard fate separates our lives.—Are we not
ed to live together in another world?—O yes,
vilt abjure thy error, and give thyself to the God
hip."
topt, mused awhile, then recollecting the dove,
looked wistfully round. Perhaps some disaster
ppened to her, some wandering Alarbe might
hot her as she flew! at so probable an idea com-
vanished, and anxiety blended with pity began
ease insupportably.
it that instant a bright speck is seen on the deep
the Heavens; it increases, approaches! soon

e white wings of a bird
ey pause, it is the dove!
She drops from her height and
Sebastian seizes her hastily, but his trem
almost fears to grasp his prize; he covers her
her wings, with kisses, he feels the letter beneath them
yet, as if afraid of too much joy, is unable to do more
than to renew those kisses and to call on Heaven as
the witness of his gratitude!

Having at last secured his treasure, neither humanity nor justice would permit him to enjoy it, till he had rewarded its carrier; he ran with the little creature in his bosom to his own chamber where he gave it food and water and caressing it all the time with a fondness which excited Baremel's jealousy; he barked, and leaped upon his master as if to remind him that he too had served him.

"What a change!" exclaimed Sebastian, musing "from a court and crowds of serving nobles, to th Moorish hovel, and these two mute creatures! ah we they love me and are faithful."

He now placed the pigeon in a cage of osiers w he had before prepared for her, and while her w eyes closed in sleep, and Baremel was comfort licking his master's hand unchidden, the mom letter was opened and read.

All that the tenderest and freest of hearts co tate when addressing the object dearest to it c letter contained; it repeated vows of ete assured him that his freedom mpted: but the joy diffuse romise was blighted order had se Aziek

r emotions on receiving the proof of his
n. Sebastian did not require so lively a
Kara Aziek's devotedness to be convinced
ed only in him, and that while a sacred duty
ner from sharing his fate, immediately, she
ng her heart to obey its dictates. Alas! if
quit Barbary without her how many years
s ere he could return to claim her!
yful tumults excited at first, now sunk into
trouble and apprehension took possession of
st which so lately seemed filled with an eter-
ppiness, and reclining his head on his hand,
wful Sebastian sat thinking away the hours of
cheerless solitude.
had settled that Babee (the dove was so call-
uld remain in his care till after the arrival of
le's brother-in-law, and that then the pretty
ger was to be dispatched with news to his in-
mistress; Sebastian was to journey with his
ser to the house of Benzaide, from whence it
not be difficult to manage an interview with Kara

se were all the arrangements Aziek had yet
at least all that she had written down; for in her
were multitudes of contrary wishes, fantastic
, seducing hopes, which she meant to communi-
o her lover when they met. She was indeed me-
ng a full avowal to her father, whose sanction
could reconcile such opposite affections; this pro-
however, required infinite consideration, as El
er might not easily give credit to the royal dignity,
base injuries of his former slave, or if he did, might
n it an act of conscience to betray him into the
ds of his own sovereign: at any rate a Mussulman's
ipathy to a Christian would cost much pains to over-
ne.
After the lapse of a few days, Benzaide's brother
peared at Riffa; the Hadge instantly recollected in
m the merchant whom his slave had succoured, and
lcomed him, as he did all strangers, with benevo-
ent hospitality: but when he proposed purchasing his
enefactor, and so returning his goodness by the gift
of freedom, Tefza turned pale, stammered out some en-
comiums upon his gratitude, and refused the request;
a look of indignation from Sebastian made him cast
down his eyes.
The traveller ventured to name a decided sum
money, and receiving no answer, doubled its amo
he Hadge replied by a short angry negative;
his offer, and again Tef

fused it; the whole day was wasted in fi
sals on the one side, and firm denials on t
Meanwhile Sebastian watched with breat
the countenances of each; the letter Ka
sent him by Benzaide's brother increased
as it contained an account of her father'
danger, warning him to prepare for many
cies if he were not free at the moment of
snatch her from the power of her relatic
obstinacy almost irritated him to utter bitt
against that bigotted religion by which it v
never before had he expressed himself so
The Hadge was grieved, somewhat dis
not shaken. "Come, come, no more of
you speak the language of the evil-one, a
fain make prey of that well disposed hea
I know what is good for you—my freque
not arise in vain—some day our proph
them, and you will feel that he does. Wh
to me?—I have plenty of it—I covet only
of good works;—and is it not a good wo
soul?—once for all, I say I will not part
Traveller you have your answer."—
Kara Aziek's agent sorrowfully departe
Sebastian hesitated a moment, then
that he owed her a sacrifice, he surmounte
ing spirit, and threw himself at the old
there he implored his generosity, he acknc
obligations, he described his own affection
but then he painted his passionate longing
in the liveliest colours, and ventured to to
own fidelity in having so long borne the w
vitude, rather than act treacherously te
master. In short he left no persuasion u
Tefza shed tears, and raised him tend
began upon the old argument, repeating h
termination.
Lashed into fury Sebastian now flung av
ge's hand, and looking at him with an infl
nance, exclaimed—"Take back then, all y
—at least oppress me with them no more
jure them, tell you I abhor them—will ret
longer!—from this hour I hold myself r
every scruple of honour, and will emplo
soul in trying to fly your accursed country
to me then—say not I have basely deceive
tell it you in the face of Heaven.—Why
me to this ingratitude, old man?—you
most graciously—may God bless you for

faltered as he spoke the last words, but impe
ply, he rushed out of the apartment.—

Blinded by passion, his reason did not s
of a too hasty communication to Kara Azie
ried to his own chamber, wrote her a sho
his disappointment, ending with an assura
would break his bonds at any rate, and soo
her: having taken Babec from her cage, an
the vellum under her silver wing, he opene
ment and let her fly.

Scarcely waiting till she should disappe
his room and ran with the quickness of chai
towards the town, where he had several si
to visit, and much alms to distribute: this
by reminding him of the Hadge's best qualit
him to regret having expressed his purpos
determined, in such harsh terms: regret incr
fully, and brought him back sooner than his
hour.—

Tefza was out, and did not re-appear till
far wasted: on seeing his slave quietly star
gate watching his return, he uttered an exc
joy; Sebastian then found that the Hadge
all these hours in search of him, whom h
gone to put his threat of flight into executio

The garments of Tefza were dripping wit
it had rained heavily after sun-set, and he w
itous to get tidings of his runaway, to think
ing himself: he now embraced Sebastian
trusted that Alla had made him repent his t
and disposed him to continue happily wit
loved him like a father.

Gratitude and compunction did indeed
the King's reply, but he gently repeated hi
determination, even while occupied in cl
old man's soaked galebia, with a careful
hostile to his words. Tefza sighed, sq
Christian's hand, and withdrew shivering t
ber.

The night was spent by Sebastian in su
ance of mind as keeps sleep far distant: p
gratitude urged him to fly to Kara Azick
joined by honour forbade him to escape
In the storm raised by those contradictor
reason's voice was unheard; what passion
pronounced lawful, what her rival attempte
hastily silenced.

Never before had Sebastian found it d
cover the path of duty; he dreaded his
because it might be influenced by

nearly leaned to the erroneous side merely fron
ing himself too much.

The next morning however, found him resol
regain his rightful liberty by any means, since h
neither consented to part with it, nor forfeit
claim by the commission of crimes: accident
not even the chance of War, had brought hi
bondage; perhaps, he thought, they who enlist
her banners bind themselves to abide by he
laws; here, however, no laws exist to chain me.

Cheered by the serenity which always follows
solution grounded upon conscientious deliberati
lightly left his room, and was proceeding out
house with an intent of purchasing in Riffa some
habit to serve as a disguise, when a low groan a
his steps; he listened,—another, and another f
ed,—they came from the sleeping-room of his ma

Forgetful of all those anxieties which but a m
before had engrossed him, he pushed open the
and cautiously entered; the sound of his tread s
Tefza, he faintly unclosed his eyes, exclaiming
is it you, my son!—give me some drink—I am ve

Sebastian hastened to his bed-side, on touchin
za's hand he found it dry and burning; his eyes
heavy, his breath short—every symptom anno
one of those malignant fevers which so frequentl
age Barbary, and are produced by excessive m
after intense heats.

Struck with the conviction that it was to the
for him that Tefza owed his malady, Sebastian's
smote him more powerfully than justice require
hurried to rouse the household slaves, and ha
physician sent for, then he returned to the old ma
sat watching and soothing him by turns.

The Moorish doctor was just skilful enough
ceive his patient's extreme danger, and to pres
few innoxious useless simples; he repeated his
night, by which time the Hadge was delirious, a
fever alarmingly increased.

Observing the ignorance of this practitioner
remembering the remedies resorted to by the
guese, Sebastian assumed some command, and ve
to act according to the suggestions of his own
standing; the medicines he administered were i
degree successful: but a fierce disease must ha
course; the fever raged for one-and twenty da
it had spent its fires, and then they went out of
selves.

During this tedious period Sebastian was agi
the greatest inquietude for Kara Aziek; Be

n-law (having delayed his return a few days,)
the bearer of a letter describing the tie which
nd him to Riffa, and Babec had afterwards ap-
ith the information of El Hader's death, and
val of Aziek to the neighbouring house of an

d in filial sorrow, she had scarcely said more
her sad heart needed the consolation of its
bject, though at the same time she urged him
sacred law of gratitude and humanity not to
e Hadgé till death had released him, or health

astian sat by the old man's pillow, contem-
is wasted figure while it lay composed in sleep,
ever had left him,) he could not refrain from
deep and repeated sighs; a tedious conva-
must follow such a violent disorder: Tefza,
to infantine feebleness, would long require the
t care—who would bestow it in the absence of
n?—Alas, even goodness cannot always insure
a comforter in the time of need! most men
ble of making *one* great sacrifice to their bene-
ut how few are disposed to yield without mur-
their time, their enjoyments, nay their rest
onal liberty, in a continued round of priva-

childless old man!" said Sebastian, looking
on him, "thou hast thy wish, I remain with

s virtuous resolution, some sweetness mingled
pain of regret; O delightful emotion of self-
, how amply dost thou repay the soul for any
!

ian's heart was calmed yet elevated, and he
voutly—"This is Heaven's will."
his purpose to stay at Riffa, till Tefza should
iently recovered, and then he hoped to obtain
from his gratitude, without having recourse
t measures. Kara Aziek, shut up in her un-
ise with the privacy of mourning, would be
accessible, were he near her abode, and it was
as well, perhaps, for them to be thus far
, till her grief was enough abated for them to
ogether a mode of flight: two or three weeks
nd he hoped to be with Benzaide in the cavila
roel.

s recovery was tryingly slow: and though he
acknowledged his obligation to the heroi
ss of Sebastian, he had not the heroism hi
ay it instantly by freedom:—he would o

promise freedom hereafter, but no intreaties could pre-
vail on him to fix the period.

The sickly state of his body and mind pleaded so powerfully for indulgence, that Sebastian forebore to press the subject, secretly making up his mind to a decisive step, should the old man's wearying irresolution render it necessary.

In the midst of these inquietudes, another billet arrived from Kara Aziek, it was written hastily, and with a trembling hand: "Alas!" she said, "we are lost, my beloved! my uncle has just informed me, that the Bashaw of Syria, acquainted with my existence, has reclaimed my person—he is set out to receive me—light of my soul! am I again to be torn from thee? art thou to be lost to me at last?—despair and love change my whole nature; I am no longer thy timid, starting Aziek. I meditate a rash, ah me! perhaps an immodest step: I am going, disguised like one of thy sex, to seek refuge in flight; Benzaide and her husband will accompany me: we will bend our course to the dwelling of Abensallah, his piety will be our protection and our guide, wilt thou not meet me there? Sebastian? at least when gratitude and humanity have no longer claims on thee, wilt thou not hasten to he whom the most passionate wishes, the wildest fea consume hourly?—but oh! how sweet is it to feel burning out for thee!

"Providence opens to me the door of liberty, night perhaps, this night, ah! haste my beloved."

The most frightful pangs seized Sebastian on r ing this letter, in their first paroxysm he was on point of hastening to Tefza, casting himself at his declaring his situation, and imploring permission t part; but the next moment he trembled at the suggestion, confident that Tefza's bigotry, would pardon a Mahometan woman for loving a Christi

He then sought to allay his apprehensions by r ing on the safe asylum Kara Aziek had chose how would she arrive there? she, so delicate, so so inexperienced! was her tender frame made haste and fatigue of flight! and that flight t formed under burning skies, upon uneasy anim exposed to numberless accidents! were her se vered in that relentless country, (where wo deemed impious if they believe themselves without roots) shame and punishment would

At that thought the devoted lover fancie ready to pay any price for her safety,—nay, of wholly resigning her; he thought so only her soft beauties in the arms of another, w

it, that it maddened him as it passed, and ba
ll wish for her delay.
w hurried out in search of Tefza, and found
tched along a paillasse in his garden, enjoying
ling air; as he approached, the infirm old man
m with an expression of thanking kindliness,
ained while it pleased Sebastian: having ut-
veral assurances of reviving health, and eaten
of some dish brought by a servant, he afforded
atient King an opportunity of remarking upon
alescence, and consequently of re-urging his

ubject was once more discussed with vehement
nity by the one, and useless arguments by the
Sebastian was again inflamed to passion, and
e weak Tefza became sick, and tearful, and re-

one trial more!" he cried, detaining the King
antle, "thou knowest how my heart yearns
onversion—gratitude for thy late goodness in-
this desire, and makes me seem cruel to thee,
mean to be most kind. Only accompany me
; with the first caravan, I go thither to bless
het for my life, and to implore him for thee:
e not hear my unworthy prayers, should thy
nain unconverted by the piety thou wilt behold
swear to thee by Mahomet himself, that in
ys after our arrival, thou shalt be free!"
ian turned quickly round, and fixed his eyes
with a look that searched his soul: "Swear it
' he exclaimed, then as suddenly stopping, he
" Tefza I cannot consent, it will be too late."
te at this period depended on the chance of a
noment: a day, an hour, might ravish Kara
om him, and with her all hope of future hap-
om the attainment of minor objects. Tefza's
refusal and desolate ill health, by turns mad-
nd melted him; yet was he just enough to re-
e old man's motive, even while suffering un-
ernicious effects.
w thought struck him: "we are not many
from Benzeroel," he cried, "let us go thither
you venerate the worthy dervise who dwells
ls mountains: we will state our case—you shall
ry argument suggested by this fruitless wish of
ng me,—I will simply state the mode by which
e a slave, my desire of freedom, my dutiful
you in illness, and your indefinite promises:—
me go with you to Arabia, I will comply,—
tort you to torture me no longer, but fu

your promise, may I not expect that y
him?"

Transported out of himself, Tefza ca
King in his arms, exclaiming—"I
out to-morrow."

Leaving him no time for consid
hastily obtained permission, and le
der preparations for their journey
reflected with some confusion
had used: his ingenuous nature
pearance of artifice, and this
his life that he had given tha
To conceal any thing from
subject of that concealment,
him a species of insincerity,
without extreme repugnance
covered his brow with th
paused and considered, "
mean to make of this artifi
not himself sanction; we
Abensadlah's counsel; he
that equity demands my
their religion authorize
suade him, possibly,
Arabia,—if not, I do n
Abensallah, I will per
back from Mecca to D
stratagem may besto
seeing my beloved,
can wait securely f
Sebastian's hear
deavoured to think
motive of his pres
deceiving, thoug
By day-break
Tefza on a came
bastian on a sto
nel, and cheris
This tender
eyes, a part o
ed its warm
through his
tress appear
thousand
him, and
As he n
the bird's
his lips,
the look
her first

himself from impatiently urging a quicker metho
soul was already at the cave of Abensallah. Im
tion had placed him in the embrace of Kara A
that timid, ardent embrace, to which love at on
ment gave the most transporting character, an
next instant changed it into tremors of apreh
and shame: he fancied her pitying tears over the
of his friend; at that sad image, passion's intoxi
reveries suddenly fled, Sebastian's thoughts assu
severer cast, and many were the pangs of self-rep
which now tyrannised over him.

Reflections like these happily abstracted som
tion of his anxiety about Aziek, and the attentio
quired by his feeble companion completed their e

They reached the extremity of Mount Benzerc
he evening of the ninth day.

At sight of Abensallah's tranquil abode, whe
astian had experienced so much goodness, whe
had performed the last melancholy duties to Stu
where so many hopes and wishes (now annihil
had once agitated his heart, where at length he
ome to seek the most faithful and tender of wo
e was inexpressibly moved; a variety of feelings
d him; he stopt, gazed wistfully on the rock, an
ipitately concealed his face in his garment.

in that gently expressive face: [illegible]
too distinct a transcript of his distur[illegible]
ternate flushings and mortal paleness [illegible]
could not escape the notice of Tefza, he
they were occasioned by the workings of
began to feel the true religion.

In fact the Hadge was now diffusel[illegible]
errand to Benzeroel, and calling upon
assist the great work he had humbly ta[illegible]
Abensallah bestowed many sincere en[illegible]
his pious intention of visiting Mecca, [illegible]
hear the Christian's sentiments ere he
pronounce his own opinion.

"Speak to him alone if thou wilt; sai[illegible]
ant Tefza, I will yield him every advan[illegible]
confess at least, that I am solely actuat[illegible]
for his soul."

At this acceptable proposal, Ismael wa[illegible]
the Hadge up a flight of steps out in the r[illegible]
to another cell where lay the Koran a[illegible]
books, and which the dervise denominat[illegible]

Sebastian started up on their depart[illegible]
trembling with repressed eagerness, t[illegible]
their feet above, was no longer distinct,
ed Abensallah's arm with one hand, whi[illegible]
out the other towards the spring of the
"She is here? my father?" he said, in
half determined and half asked the ques[illegible]

"No my son, she is not: prepare thy
further trials: she is with the servants [illegible]
on the road to Syria."

Abensallah's first words were suffici[illegible]
tian; his soul, already enfeebled by an [illegible]

wairs, too certain, that with Kara Aziek would go his happiness; ashamed of his weakness he look aside with a flushed cheek; "O my father!" he sa "think not that I am thus vanquished by selfish regr no, I call Heaven to witness it is for *her* my heart wrung so sorely."

The compassionate Abensallah hastened to allevi this pain, he informed him that Kara Aziek had h just despatched her last letter to Riffa, when a nun rous cavalcade of camels, horsemen, and presen headed by an officer of the Bashaw's army, had arri ed at El Hader's mansion: the Bashaw himself was Syria, where he was detained by a war with the P sians, and having learned from the uncle of Aziek th she still lived, had sent his people to claim her.

Callous to her tears, intreaties, and protestations being released by her father from this hated engag ment, her relentless uncle insisted upon her immedia departure: she could not doubt that he was actuat by avarice, as he would inherit that fortune the pro Bashaw refused to accept, were she to quit Barbar and she therefore offered to resign every thing into h hands: but her kinsman persisted in his command for he mistrusted her sincerity.

Narrowly watched, and so precluded from escapin

She wrote to tell him so, and to intreat that he would soften to Sebastian the dreadful blow which her forced departure must inflict. In the most solemn manner she besought her lover to believe that she would perish rather than yield herself to the Bashaw; that wherever she might be conveyed, however oppressed or threatened, she would consider her heart and her person equally the property of her absent Sebastian, and that he might be certain, that whether Aziek lived or died, she lived or died worthy of his love. She coupled this declaration with an earnest intreaty that he would follow her into Syria, where during the months sacred to mourning in those countries, she might find some mode of escaping to him, were he near enough to aid and to receive her.

Many tears had blotted the characters traced by her hand, but the feelings of Sebastian instructed him in hers, and he was obliged to turn away from Abensallah, that his weakness might not again be visible: when he came to that passage which announced her future intention, and required him to follow her, his emotions were suddenly changed; the Phœnix hope sprung from her own ashes, and made him now as impatient to fly with Tefza into the vicinity of Syria, as he had before been solicitous to avoid it.

Strange vicissitude of human affairs! how often do the changes of a single hour convert events from curses into blessings! Sebastian had considered the Hadge's pilgrimage as the most fatal mischance that could have arisen, now it seemed only a kind of interposition of Providence in his favour.

The re-appearance of Tefza abruptly terminated the discourse which his absence had permitted! Abensallah then pronounced the decision required of him, and became the witness of that compact which bound Tefza to give his slave freedom in three days after their arrival at Mecca, should he still require it.

The lively satisfaction which this decision afforded to Sebastian's master, was somewhat damped by hearing sentiments from Abensallah different from his own: that excellent old man mildly tried to moderate the other's flaming zeal, and at last convinced him that it is not given to fallible man to tyrannise over the consciences of his brethren.

But see the inconsistency of human nature! Tefza had not resolution to act conformably with this conviction; he still adhered to the plan of leading his lover over desolate and dangerous tracts of country for the mere chance of converting him by the imposing spe

f Mahomet's crouded tomb. The piety and
n of Abensallah he could not doubt, but he se-
complimented himself upon greater fervour in
he faith.

e the two Mussulmen were earnestly convers-
the life and doctrines of their prophet, Sebastian
ut to visit the grave of Stukeley. He found it
adorned with evergreens, which the dervise
nted round it: nearly two years had elapsed
hat period, and the myrtles and box were ex-
into perfect luxuriance.

old cluster of locust-trees still cast its deep sha-
ong the solitary mound: but the ground about
thickly set with flowers, whose balmy breath
ed the honoured clay, and whose charming co-
ave beauty to the bed of death.

t was approaching, and so gloomily, that the
n Sebastian carried, scarcely threw light enough
to discover more than detached parts of the
soon however, flashes of pale lightning, which
to quiver at distant intervals among the clouds,
tarily illuminated every object, and distinctly
l the fearfully-steep rocks, the grave at their
d the moss-grown crucifix which surmounted it.
stian's heart was heavily oppressed: a mortal
s weighed it down, but he shed no tears: he
efore the cross, and there poured out his regrets,
ed his errors, prayed for Stukeley's soul, and
ed a blessing on the desperate enterprise he was
o attempt.

t was that enterprise? he knew not—he consi-
not;—it must grow out of circumstances: all he
sured of was, that to rescue Kara Aziek, he
attempt impossibilities, and meet destruction in
ape.

n his thoughts reverted to Stukeley, and again
traced with anguish, that happy period in which
lant Englishman had become known to him.
y period indeed! for then the youth of Sebas-
as in its first gloss; then, he looked round upon
, and saw in it only the reflection of his own
and ingenuous spirit; all men appeared to him
enevolent, and faithful, and every thing he pos-
, secure and permanent: now, experience had
away these vain pageants; security was no
doubt and apprehension had succeeded.

e leaned sadly against the cross, his reflections
eptibly assumed that form which a poetical mind
rally gives to melancholy subjects: as the ideas

flowed, he cut them with the point of a Moorish knife upon the wooden base of the crucifix.

Rest, rest, ye ashes dear!
I come not here
Your peace to alter, nor remove you where
Honor and Pomp attend,
To wait the buried friend,
And yield his hov'ring shade, the choral prayer.
Singly I come, alas! with tears alone,
To mourn youth's trusting hour, for ever flown!
O friend beloved! O brother of my soul!
How long shall time and fortune various roll,
Yet bear no pang away,
With which this honoured clay,
Now rives the heart that wrongs have turned to stone!

I think of thee—and with that dear-lov'd thought,
Comes many a melting thrill for human kind:
Thou wast of mortal make, yet I did find
Each grace celestial in thy fabric wrought.

O Genius! Friendship! Heav'n attaining youth!

He came to say that his master was going to retire for the night, and waited his Christian guest.

Sebastian arose, fixed a long look on the earth which covered the brave Englishman, and turned away. He never saw it again.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.